Your Own Personal Savior

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Summary: Hoping to forget her depression, Astrid Hofferson decides to call a hotline number she finds on a flyer posted on her university campus. Astrid talks with one of their angels, a young man known simply as "Hiccup" which greatly helps. If only she could find this "Hiccup" and talk with him face-to-face. Can't be that hard, right? Not with a voice as unique as his...or so she thinks.

1. Heavenly Hopes Hotline

I promise that this is the last new HTTYD story I will post for awhile. For this story, I, again, have a basic outline of how I envision the story going, but it's pretty open at this point. The storyline's already been altered a bit since I started planning it. Hope you all enjoy anyway.

P.S. Title options? I originally was going to call this story Personal Jesus because that's the title of the song I'm using as my inspiration for the story, but I didn't want to offend anyone, so I went with "Your Own Personal Savior". Which is better for the story: "Personal Jesus" or "Your Own Personal Savior"?

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><p>Chapter 1:Heavenly Hopes Hotline

Astrid Hofferson was depressedâ€¦and she did not even know why. She had been depressed for as long as she could remember. It came and went. For days she would be fine, able to suppress it and hide it with a practiced mask. Then, it would return; it always came back.

She had tried many methods to make herself feel better. Everything from prescription anti-depressants to more physical temporary solutions, but nothing helped. They were all just that.

Temporary.

What had brought the depression on for the first time, Astrid did not know? All she remembered was a crushing feeling in her chest, as if her very body was crumbling in upon itself. She had read up on depression and learned that many in the world lived with depression, but were able to successfully hide it. Often it came without warning or reason.

As a 20-year old college student, Astrid knew that she should be living it up and enjoying these years of her life, but it was just too hard. She wasn't very good at making friendsâ€¦or keeping friends that she made. Everyone she knew was intimidated by her. How she managed to keep a tough front day in and day out while the depression tore her apart from the inside out, Astrid would never know.

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Astrid was walking back to her dormitory room after class when she noticed the flyer. She did not make it a habit to look at the posters on the bulletin boards in the buildings where her classes were held. Most often, Astrid did not care what was posted as they were usually for clubs that she had no interest in or people looking for roommates for the upcoming semester or schoolyear. Again, she didn't care; she tried to avoid living with others. Her roommate, Heather, was bad enough. That girl's bubbly personality was enough to send her spiraling back down into the depths of the depression.

The flyer had caught its attention because it had been so plain. Its background showed a painted representation of a blue sky with fluffy white clothes. Letters on the flyer spelled out "Heavenly Hopes Hotline". Astrid scoffed and was about to walk away, but she kept reading. "Having struggles in your life? Depression bringing you down? Our angels are standing by to talk with you. Call today to speak with your own personal savior." Below the words was the number that would connect callers to this hotline.

Despite her best attempts to keep walking and forget about the flyer, Astrid pulled out her phone and typed the number into her phone's notes application. So she wouldn't forget, Astrid, also typed down the name of the hotline.

The flyer did not say how much it cost to dial the hotline and talk with these so-called angels and Astrid doubted she would ever call this number, but she just had to copy it down. Just in case.

Lately, the depression had subsided and Astrid found that avoiding her roommate helped with that. Staying on top of deadlines for her class assignments also helped. Stress tended to bring on her depression.

Unfortunately, Astrid was unable to avoid her roommate this time. As Astrid entered her dormitory suite, Heather was preparing to leave, claiming that she was going to her job. Astrid had always suspected that this "job" of hers was a lie. Heather would leave wearing the same designer (but casual) clothing she wore to her classes. What kind of job would allow their workers to dress that way?

"Oh, Astrid, I feel like I never see you anymore. Are you free

sometime soon? We should get dinner together."

Heather's bubbly voice, like always, churned Astrid's stomach and she could feel the tightening in her chest. "Not hungry. I have work to do." Astrid brushed past the other girl. Before she could make it to her private bedroom and shut the door, she heard Heather tell her to "get back to her" about making dinner plans. Like that would ever happen!

Placing her phone on her nightstand, Astrid plopped down on her bed and stared up at the plaster ceiling above her. From outside, she could hear the familiar sounds of campus: students conversing, students skateboarding on their way to class, just students in generalâ€”they could be pretty loud sometimes.

The crushing feeling in her chest intensified. She had not anti-depressant pills to take; she had not yet refilled that prescription. Glancing over to her nightstand, Astrid saw the sunlight glint off the blade of her razor. Reaching for it, Astrid stopped as her fingertips slid over the smooth screen of her iPhone. Rolling onto her side, Astrid looked between the two, attempting to make a decision.

The pain she could cause with the razor and the blood she could draw from those wounds was sounding like a good option right now, but it would still only be temporary. Still, she knew so little about this hotline. That might only be a temporary solution too. Her hand hovered over the razor, ready to grab for it and drag the blade over her skin. Yet, she couldn't; the phone number for the hotline was calling to her, telling her that talking with the angels would be a much better solution. _**But what if it isn't?**_

Astrid's hand hovered between the two options for another minute. Before she could change her mind, Astrid quickly grabbed her iPhone and typed the hotline number onto the keypad. She did not immediately press the call button, but, instead, stared down at the waiting number._** I only have to try this once. Then I can trash the number and never think of it again.**_

Pressing the green call button, Astrid waited as the number dialed and connected her with the hotline. On the second ring, an automated answering system picked up, thanking her for calling Heavenly Hopes Hotline and stating again that "their angels are standing by and waiting to talk to you". The recording asked if there was a specific angel she wanted to talk with and that, if there was, to press 1. Astrid waited to hear the other options. The next option was for those who wanted to be randomly paired with an available angel to press 2 or stay on the line.

That's the option I need. Astrid pressed 2 and waited as the hotline connected her with an available angel. It did not take long before a young man's voice came onto the line. "Thank you for calling the Heavenly Hopes Hotline. My name is Hiccup and I will be your personal angel tonight. What can I help you with tonight?"

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><p>Wowâ€¦I can tell that I haven't written in a while. This isn't my best workâ€¦well, in my opinion at least. Still, I'm really excited to write this story for you all, because Iâ€¦well, I guess I

have a lot planned for it and it's one of those ideas that wouldn't leave me alone until it got written.

There might be a touch of dual perspectives in this story because I have some great backstory ideas for our "Hiccup" character. Still debating that.

P.S. Yes, I have a type of depression similar to the one Astrid mentions in this story. I'm writing that from personal experience, so some things mentioned in this story might not apply to all types of depression. Just wanted to throw that out there. I tend to like to write about things I know and can relate to. That is all.

Anyway, I hope that everyone enjoyed. Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: October 12, 2014

2. Hiccup

**Thank you everyone for the support on the first chapter. Over 400 views just on this first chapter! Yay! Because it was so well-received, I decided to specially write up chapter 2 and get it posted pretty early (considering my busy schedule). **

A few things from last timeâ€¦I have decided to intermix Hiccup POV chapters into the story. Unlike my story "Wheel", it won't happen every other chapter, but they will happen every so often. Lastly, I'm gonna keep the title as I have it. I kinda like it.

Review Replies:

**Guest (anonymous)****:
Thanks.**

**hpnarutardsjedipirate1234****: I don't anymoreâ€¦well, not likeâ€¦umâ€¦this isn't working. Let's just say I use less "Band-Aids" now than I did in high school.**

**TheChickWithTheAwesomeUsername****: Yeah, but it's hard to write a depression story that isn't at least a little dark. My depression comes in spurts, but usually I can suppress it.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: Thanks. Yeah, Hiccup would be quite interesting on a hotline.**

**Guest27 (anonymous)****: It's not as much of a problem anymore. Also, not as muchâ€¦and by that I mean rarely. Which is likeâ€¦never, yeah.**

**MrHoneyXBadger****: I'm thinking it'll be fairly long. Unlike some of my stories, I have a pretty loose plan for this one at the moment (meaningâ€”I have ideas, but might add more).**

**tsk91****: Yes, Hiccup can't save Astrid. She'll have to do that herself, but Hiccup can help.**

**Angryhenry****: Thanks!**

**Andy493****: You got it!**

**warorpeace****: I'm really glad you gave this story a chance and that you'll continue to read. I hope that this story can live up to expectations.**

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><p>Chapter 2: Hiccup

It did not take long before a young man's voice came onto the line. "Thank you for calling the Heavenly Hopes Hotline. My name is Hiccup and I will be your personal angel tonight. What can I help you with tonight?"

When Astrid had called this hotline, she didn't know who she had expected to talk to, but she had never expected for a boyâ€”young manâ€”to pick up her call. Thinking on it now, Astrid had probably expected her "angel" to be some woman with an overly cheerful voice. This boy, though, (for she was convinced, from the sound of his voice, that he couldn't possibly be much older than her) was down-to-earth, not overly cheery, justâ€¦normal. Realizing that she had left the line hang dead between them, Astrid scrambled for a reply to Hiccup's initial question. "What kind of name is 'Hiccup' anyway?" Not the reply Astrid was going for, but it'll have to do; she'd already said it.

"Well, Milady, it is a nickname. You actually think that "angels" have "real" names?"

Astrid didn't know what she thought. Her former perceptions and thoughts about this hotline had already changed and she'd only been on the line for, maybe, two minutes, if that. "I don't know. I guess."

"Well, enough about me. I would like to know about you. What can I help you with tonight?"

Astrid sighed. "Iâ€¦I don't know, actually." The problem, she did know, was that it was hard to explain. This "Hiccup" person probably didn't even care anyway.

"I know that's not true," he replied, his voice soft and welcoming.

"How do you know?" Astrid retorted immediately. "You don't know me."

"That is true," he remarked, "but I do know that you called this hotline. If you didn't need someone to talk with, you would not have called this hotline."

"Don't be so sure."

"Well, then it seems you don't need my help after all," Hiccup answered. "It has been my pleasure toâ€¦uhâ€¦talk with you this evening."

Astrid could sense that Hiccup was preparing to disconnect the call. Making a split second decision, she spoke up, "Wait! Maybe you can help me after all, Hiccup." As much as she hated to admit defeat and show weakness, Astrid did not want to end her call with Hiccup. She didn't know what it was about him, but hearing his voice made her want to open up and tell her darkest secrets.

"Well, in that case, what can I help you with tonight?" Hiccup asked again for the third time, his voice cheerful as if he knew that Astrid would stop him from ending the call.

"Okay, before I start, I want you to know, "angel", that I am not the best with words, so don't laugh at me or anything."

Astrid could hear the smile in Hiccup's serious voice. "You have my word."

"Okay, wellâ€¦soâ€¦" Astrid stumbled over her words, unsure exactly how much of her messed-up life she wanted to reveal to this stranger. Taking a deep breath, Astrid continued, "For as long as I can remember, I've had depression. I justâ€¦don't know how to control it. I don't know how to make it go away. Everything I've ever tried has just been temporary. It always comes back. And today I saw this poster here at my university for this hotline and I was depressed andâ€¦" Astrid trailed off, not realizing that her words had quickened as she'd spoken to Hiccup. She could not believe that she had just revealed all this to someone she didn't even know. That was so unlike her.

"Depression, huh? Not the first time I've heard that one. It's actually quite common, you know? One out of everyâ€”"

"I don't care about everyone else, Hiccup!" Astrid cut him off before he could launch into some nerdy statisticâ€¦because she was certain that was where his conversation had been heading. "I'm not everyone else." For some strange reason, Astrid did not want to hear Hiccup talk about the others he had talked with on the hotline.

"Yes, of course not. I'm sorry," he replied, sounding genuinely apologetic for not focusing on the girl he was talking with currently. "Anyway, what I meant is that depression is a common problem today with the high demands placed upon young adults such as yourself."

**How does he know how old I am?** Astrid briefly wondered before she remembered that, in her rush of words, she had mentioned her university.

"I once heard about a calming technique to use when you start to feel depressed. It's pretty easy, really. All you have to do is take a few deep breaths," Hiccup advised.

Astrid scoffed silently. Why was she wasting her time talking to this "Hiccup" if all he was going to say was that she needed to just breathe? "How is that going to help? I breathe already. All day, every day. It's never helped before."

"Just try it. If it doesn't work, you don't have to take my advice again. Ever," Hiccup answered.

Astrid rolled her eyes. It wasn't like she was ever going to talk to him again anyway. _**This is a win-win situation for him**_, she realized. _**He's going to make me try his silly idea and I'll never have to take his advice again regardless if this breathing thing works or not.**_

Hiccup didn't wait for her reply. "Okay, try it with me. Ready?"

"Fineâ€¦"

"Alright. Breathe in," Hiccup instructed. When he heard Astrid do as he had asked, Hiccup continued, "Now, breathe out." He waited a moment and then told Astrid, "Now, again. Breathe in." Another pause. "And breathe out."

As much as Astrid didn't want to admit it, this breathing technique did help to calm her stress. Perhaps she would have to try it next time she started to feel that familiar clenching in her chest.

"Did that help?" Hiccup asked and Astrid could hear genuine concern in his voice; this "angel" actually did care about the person he was talking to and he would try his best to help them, Astrid realized.

"No," she lied. There was no way that she would give him an easy victory. Even though it did help (for the most part) Astrid wasn't about to tell him that.

"Well, that's probably because you aren't depressed," Hiccup replied, never missing a beat. "You haven't been depressed since this call began," he finished, speaking with absolute confidence.

"How can you even say that? If I wasn't depressed, would I have called this hotline?" Astrid did not like the way Hiccup spoke so confidently, as if he knew her. He most definitely did not know her...even though he clearly thought that he did.

"Maybe you were depressed when you first called the hotline, but I can guarantee you weren't depressed when I picked up on this call. I know what you're probably going to say. 'Hiccup, how do you know this?' The answer is simple, really. I've often heard depressed people speak. I know what a depressed person sounds like on the phone and you sound nothing like a depressed person. You aren't depressed. Not anymore."

"Whatever. Then I guess we're done here," Astrid scoffed, giving upâ€¦but only because she could just tell that Hiccup would press on if she resisted.

"I guess so. Well, it was my pleasure to help you this evening. Remember that this hotline is always available whenever you need some Heavenly Hopes," Hiccup finished, sounding very rehearsed, as if he had repeated that very line many, many times.

Astrid disconnected the call. _**If I ever talk with that "Hiccup" again, I'm going to have to let him know how lame that closing statement sounds.**_

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><p>Ahâ€¦that failed. The chapter built up so much in the conversationâ€¦all just to come to that ending. I'm sorry. It sounded good in my head and then I wrote it out on paper.

Anyway, thanks again for all the kind words and support for this new story. Hopefully it continues to entertain, amuse, andâ€¦.well, just be worth the read for you all!

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: October 16, 2014

3. Hiccup's Thoughts

Wellâ€¦long time no YOPS. Fear not, though for I have brought you another chapter! I think it's time for a little venture into Hiccup's life. Just to see what kind of character and where he's coming from. What do you all think?

Review Replies:

**century99**: Thanks. Half the reason for such an ending is because I only have a vague idea of what will happen in this story. Most of it is just being written as I go along, really.**

**Midnight' Dragon Conqueror**: That would be because Heather plays a larger than usual role in this story. You'll soon see what I mean (maybe even in this chapter, perhaps). As for relationships, most will be largely one-sided. Of course, I did say "most" and not "all". **

**bedheadforeva**: There'll be an explanation (though probably quite simple) about Hiccup's closing statement sometime in the near future.**

**Angryhenry**: Yep. More explanation about that will come up eventually.**

**Hoytti**: Thanks! Sorry to keep you waiting.**

**Dragonbow117**: Thanks. I don't know why it felt lame to me. Glad to hear that it wasn't, though.**

**Guest (anonymous)**: That's good, but I decided against changing the title. Yes, it is serious. That is why I hope to include light-hearted moments (such as that first phone call) to take some of the weight off the topic. **

Sullyranger: Here's the next chapter. Sorry for making you wait so long for it.

Nowâ€¦on to the chapter with the title that is not creative!

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><p>Chapter 3: Hiccup's Thoughts

Hanson Harrison Haddock III disconnected his most recent call. That womanâ€¦girlâ€¦had been something else. Having worked as a personal angel for Heavenly Hopes Hotline for almost three years, Hanson had talked on the line with many people, young and old, male and female, but that girl was unlike any others. She claimed to have depression (and Hanson most definitely was not disagreeing), but her voice had sounded so confident.

**Why am I overthinking this anyway? I'm never going to hear from her again. That's how it works here. I, of all people, should know that well enough.** Surprisingly, many angels do not stick around very long. In fact, most do it simply for some type of community service and then leave without looking back when they've met their requirement. Hanson was one of the "angels" who had been there longest.

He liked the work. It was not usually hard to talk with the callers and they never had to see him. Not that Hanson was unattractive. He had been pretty geeky back in high school, but once he'd entered college, Hanson had grown out of the nerdy stage in his life. The only thing that Hanson felt self-conscious about was his prosthetic foot and lower leg. When Hanson was 15, he had a major accident involving his Black Labrador, Toothless, and an oncoming car. Long story short, his left foot was crushed beyond repair by the front tire of the car and the doctors in the emergency room of Berk General Hospital were forced to amputate it. Toothless had also lost his back left leg that day. Hanson knew that he should not feel self-conscious about this, but he still did and that's why he enjoyed coming in to work for the Hotline. No one at the call center and none of the callers knew there was anything different or strange about him.

On the walls of the plain call center, were posted "rules" for which the "angels" were to abide. Hanson had read the various posters many times; he practically had the words memorized now. He knew them well enough to know that they weren't actually rules. Instead, they were suggestions made by the Company to "prevent unnecessary hardships". Reading the posters, Hanson could just imagine what was going through the minds of those who came up with the posters. "The callersâ€¦you wouldn't want to personally get to know most of them. They'reâ€¦differentâ€¦strange. So follow these absurd rules." Hanson could just imagine some higher-up, perhaps even the developer of the Hotline, saying those words (or similar ones) to some committee who would just merely nod their heads and agree.

Hanson had a wild imagination which would run even more while in the plain call center. Perhaps that was just another reason why he was such a great "angel" for the Hotline. He did not have to see the callers with whom he spoke; he could help them feel better just by talking with them. Like tonight with that girl, for instance. He had just known that she would feel better if she would just take deep slow breaths and it had worked (even if she did not want to admit it).

Returning his attention from the sign on the wall that he had been absently staring at for several minutes, Hanson checked the computer screen in front of him. Phone numbers displayed upon the screen. They were the phone numbers that belonged to the callers, people waiting

for "angels" like Hiccup to pick up their call and talk with them. The "angels" could choose any of the numbers; that was the most common way that calls were connected. When callers called the hotline, though, there was an option to connect to a specific "angel". If a caller selected this option, the phone that sat upon that "angel's" desk would ring. That was the only way those phones would ever ring. Personal calls were only to be taken on cell phones. Company phones were to be used strictly for business and nothing more.

The numbers displayed upon his screen did not look familiar. None were local and there were none that he had answered previously. Some callers were so regular that Hanson could hear the caller's voice when he saw certain numbers. He also knew which of those "regular calls" to avoid (although, he did not try to make a habit of this). Because he only had about ten minutes left in his night, Hanson closed out of the computer program and shut down his computer. That was another lesson he'd learned very early in his time with the Hotline: Don't start a call too close to your ending time because you might end up staying for at least an extra hourâ€¦and the Company hated thatâ€”they did not like to pay out at the overtime rate.

On his way out of the call center, Hanson's eye caught one of the other "regulations" posters. This one stated to never reveal personal information to your callers. Again, Hanson laughed to himself. _**Wouldn't want to get too friendly with depressed people, that must've been what the Company Heads had been thinking.**_ Because of this poster, Hanson had adopted the alias "Hiccup". The name had been a childhood nickname and most of his friends automatically called him Hiccup already anyway.

When Hiccup had told his name to that girl and she had questioned it, this poster was the one he had been thinking about as he calmly gave her his answer. Some "angels" still preferred to use their real names, but "Hiccup" was the name Hanson was more used to hearing, so he was quite okay using it here. In fact, the only people who called him by his birthname were his parents and his teachers. His parents did not see how their son could like such a strange nickname.

By this time of the night, there were very few "angels" left at the call center. This particular center, because it was located in the small town of Berk, was not staffed around the clock. There were some centers (mainly the ones in larger cities) that did keep "angels" in the center overnight, though. Hiccup would never want to work at such a center. He couldn't anywayâ€”not with his college classes taking up his daytime hours; as much as he liked his job, he still needed sleep so he could do well in his classes.

Finally, Hiccup was ready to leave. As he left, he heard one of his fellow "angels" call out a "Bye, Hiccup" to him. She must not have been talking with a callerâ€¦or maybe she was. Hiccup knew her well. He was certain that she had a crush on him, but he could not say that he reciprocated the feelings. No, Hiccup was far too busy right now to worry about love and girlfriends. Succeeding in his studies at Berk University, his parents constantly reminded him, was top priority. Not that he understood why it should matter anyway; he was doomed to succeed his father as CEO of the biggest company in the area. What need would he have for the business degree that his father had all-but-forced him to pursue?

It would be a short drive home so Hiccup did not rush right out to his car. The nights were getting colder and in a few short weeks it would be near or below the freezing point after dark. This was the norm in Berk, Hiccup would know. He had lived in this town his entire life. Though Hiccup was used to the cold, he still walked quickly to his car once he had left the building.

The car would barely even be warm before Hiccup would arrive home, but the car seats and steering wheel did not bother Hiccup. In fact, he barely gave much thought to them. Instead, his thoughts were elsewhere. As he drove home, Hiccup's thoughts returned back to the girl he had talked with just before his night ended. He was still thinking about her as he pulled into his driveway five minutes later.

When Hiccup had chosen to pick up her call, he had decided on her number because it was the only local number on the list. It was only now as he was walking into his house that Hiccup finally pieced together everything he knew about the girl. _**She has a local number which means that she lives around here. She said that she attends a university so that must meanâ€¦that she attends Berk University! Just like me!**_

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><p>Would've posted this sooner, butâ€¦well, personaloffline issues. Basically, my family (who I've told before many times that I have undiagnosed depression) decided to say and do some things to trigger thatâ€¦purposefully. Likeâ€¦again, they said that I was wasting my time by writing. How is that...nevermind. Then, I was kind ofâ€¦stood up by friendsâ€¦which was just fantasticâ€¦y'know seeing those same friends posting statuses and pictures andâ€¦uhâ€¦yeahâ€¦sorry for rambling. It's been a bad day and, no, I really don't feel like talking about it (even though I did just rant about it).**

Long story shortâ€¦I just didn't feel like writing the very last little bit. At least I did get it out though (cause my parents went to bed and I can just be alone now). Good thing is a longer chapter, yes?

P.S. I can't believe I haven't updated this story in over a month. Sorry, guys!

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: November 23, 2014

4. The Second Call

Thank you all who showed concern forâ€¦what I mentioned in the last chapter. Things have improved. Now that I'm on break, my goal is to get as many of my stories updated as I can between now and December 2**nd****. We'll see how well that works out.**

Review Replies:

**Sullyranger****: I'm glad the chapter was worth the wait. I hope

that the gaps between updates will never be that long again. We'll see, though.**

**Rumbling Night Cutter****: Thanks! I will do my best to keep updates more consistent and often.**

**Bimori****: I'm glad. That might have something to do with the fact that I'm mainly making this up as I go along. I don't have a solid plan for the story yet. Not even a confirmed ending! This is different for me, but it's working out well so far.**

**Whenwrongfeelsright****: Thank you!**

**Foxmorgorth****: Well, I will say that both Hiccup and Astrid attending Berk University will mean something, yes. I won't say how because that'll keep you all reading. Haha.**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: I would say your guess is a pretty good one. Haha. Thank you! Here's the next chapter.**

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><p>Chapter 4: The Second Call

Astrid could not stop thinking about the phone call she'd had with Hiccup. It had been almost two days now and the conversation was still fresh in her mind. _**Why?**_ she wondered. _**It was one conversation.**_ _**Why do I keep thinking about it?**_ Maybe it was the witty responses Hiccup had given; he was so unlike the "typical hotline speaker" that she had envisioned, so different from her expectation when she'd called the phone number for the Heavenly Hopes Hotline. Maybe it was his strange voice. He did not speak with the soft and slow tone that was meant to gently soothe a troubled mind. Hiccup's voice was a little raspy and rough, but, yet, so natural. What Astrid knew for certain was that it was not because she liked Hiccup as a friend or more. No, that must definitely was not it.

Okayâ€¦that was it. Even after just one conversation, Astrid knew that she was falling hard. She loved the witty approach Hiccup had taken to make her feel better. She loved his strange voice. She even loved the fact that she did not even know this boy's real name. How could she even let this happen? This was so unlike her. Somehow she would just have to forget about Hiccup and everything related to him and that stupid hotline. _**I should not feel this way. I don't even know what he looks like. He might be some creepy man trying to lure in younger girls with his witâ€¦or maybe he's a genuinely nice guy who has a wonderful girlfriendâ€¦or fiancÃ©eâ€¦or wife**_. Astrid could not say with certainty which possibility sounded worse, actually.

**I need to stop thinking about this. I need to stop. I am not obsessed with a person I don't even know. I'm notâ€¦Okay, I am, but I don't want to be.** Reaching for her iPhone, Astrid unlocked it and opened the Notes application. There was the hotline number she had typed directly from the flyer she had seen two days ago. Astrid's thumb hovered over the little trashcan icon at the bottom of the screen, ready to delete the number and never have to look at it again. Lowering her thumb, Astrid pressed the home button and locked

the phone, tossing it aside. She couldn't delete the number. Calling it was still better than some of the other moreâ€¦painful options. What would it matter? She'd probably never talk with Hiccup again anyway.

Right now, Astrid had more important things to worry about. Midterm exams. Astrid was a good student and so she was not too stressed about the test she would soon be taking. What did worry her, though, were the results. Astrid came from a broken family, but her parents still expected nothing but the best from their daughter. Failure was not an option.

The weather was turning cooler, so Astrid pulled on her favorite pair of boots. Why was it always so cold in Berk? Even Astrid's hometown of Raven Pointe (though not too far from Berk) was usually a few degrees warmer than Berk.

As Astrid walked out of her suite-style dormitory, she noticed that Heather was there. Knowing the other girl, she'd probably already finished her exams. She'd probably taken them early. Astrid hated her roommateâ€¦but that's already been stated.

Quickly, so as not to have to listen to Heather speak to her, Astrid left the dormitory and walked to the main entrance of the dormitory building. The evening air was brisk. _**Why did I ever think that scheduling an evening class was a great idea?**_ Astrid wondered as she approached the building where her class was located.

Arriving to class early, Astrid took her seat and pulled her notes from her backpack. She would use this extra time to study just a little more. There was no way that she would allow herself to fail this exam. While other students filtered in and spent their time on their cellphones, Astrid poured over her notes, absorbing as much information as she possibly could.

The professor arrived right on time. She wasted no time in getting started with the exam. "Okay, all notes and textbooks away!" she greeted the class the minute she walked in the door.

As she packed up her notes and transferred them to the floor, Astrid felt confident. She just knew that she would do well on this examâ€¦and all her other ones.

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**I failed! How did I fail this exam? I studied extra hard for this one! **

It had been a few days since Astrid had taken her midterm exams. Her professors had graded their exams quickly and were giving them back in class. So far, Astrid had done fairly well. Unfortunately, her grades on the tests she didn't fail (and that failure was only on the exam in her hardest class) were rather quite average. _**These grades will not be good enough for my parents**_, Astrid knew. She walked back to her dormitory with her head down.

**Not good enough. Not good enough.** The chant rang through her head. She would never be good enough. These words still echoed through her head as she entered her dorm suite and retreated immediately to her private bedroom.

This was not the first time Astrid had felt this way. When you have parents who strive for you to aim for absolute perfectionâ€”parents who shun their child for achieving anything but absolute perfectionâ€”it was very simple to feel this way. Worthless. Never good enough. A loss of great potential.

Astrid could feel it. Her depression was returning again as these thoughts played through her head. It was like a gaping hole, digging its way through her chest and crushing all the happiness in her world. It hurt to breatheâ€”the mental pain tearing into her heart.

On Astrid's nightstand, there sat her two options. The razor waited side-by-side with her iPhone. Which one should she choose? Pain was an immediate fix, but temporary. It would not last and then would she feel any better? However, if she called the hotline, the fix may not be immediately, but it would (hopefully) last longer than the pain of a deep razor cut. That isâ€¦if she talked with Hiccup again. What if she talked with some other "angel"? Would they be as helpful as Hiccup had been several nights ago?

She'd just have to take the chance. Reaching over her razor (which was luckily sitting blade-down), Astrid picked up her iPhone and unlocked the device, waking it from sleep mode. Tapping the phone icon, Astrid easily found the hotline number in her recent calls section of the application.

Her finger hovered over the number. One little tap on that number and it would call. Still, she hesitated. She did not know why. Why was it so hard to just admit to herself that she needed to call this hotline? Was it that she was self-conscious? Probably.

Still, she needed this. Whether it was Hiccup who picked up her call or not, Astrid needed some advice. Tapping the number, Astrid waited for it to dial. Two rings later, the automated answering system thanked her for calling the hotline. The recording, like before, cheerfully asked Astrid to press either 1 or 2. She could press one and try to talk to Hiccup, but that would just be too weird. He'd surely think that she was a stalker. Astrid pressed the number two on her iPhone screen and waited to be connected with one of the available "angels".

Like last time, it did not take long until her "angel" picked up the call. A familiar voice came across the line. "Thank you for calling the Heavenly Hopes Hotline. My name is Hiccup and I will be your personal angel tonight. What can I help you with tonight?"

**Just the person I wanted to talk with tonight! What was the chance that he would be my "angel" again?**

* * *

><p>I knowâ€¦nothing happened in this chapter. Sorry. That tends to happen when I don't really fully plan out a story (which is why I don't do that very much). Well, the story will move forward soon, but this transition chapter was needed. Got to have Astrid make another call to Hiccup after all!

**Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal

Savior!**

Posted: November 27, 2014

Happy Thanksgiving!

5. Astrid

**It's been awhile and I apologize. Seems like I'm always doing thatâ€¦ Still, it's been busy with my two jobs so my free time to write has been nonexistent. Then, when I did get a day off, I went to see Big Hero 6. Such a great movieâ€¦I'm totally obsessed. Good news is that I have a pretty epic (well, I hope soâ€¦) HTTYD/BH6 crossover fanfiction in the works. It's gonna beâ€¦twistedâ€¦yeah, I guess. **

Review Replies:

**Rumbling Night Cutter****: I know it was short. The later chapters should get a little longer, but I may also still keep them on the shorter side. Faster (yeahâ€¦) updates.**

**Lily-D13****: Thank you! I'm glad that you like it! Here's the next chapter.**

**Jesusfreak (anonymous)****: I'm glad that you like the story! Thanksgiving was very nice. The break went by too quickly, though.**

**LeCheesecakes****: Well, I am aiming to take this idea and make it something newâ€”something not seen often in the fandom. We'll see how well that turns out. I make no promises on updates (as always), but when my time opens up (which should hopefully be soon), the updates will come faster, I promise.**

**Sullyranger****: This review gave me a sigh of relief. I've never had any call center experiences (in fact, I have telephobia) so I did not know if Astrid's instant crush was over the top or not. Thanks for the reassurance.**

**blackhawk015****: I do not believe in "bad reviews". It was wonderful to hear feedback. I will continue for you.**

**Angryhenry****: I am truly sorry that it took so long to get this posted.**

**Foxmorgorth****: Interesting idea. I'm taking note of that. Never know. It might show up again when you least expect.**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: That she does! Oh yes, the love triangle shall emerge!**

**Guest (anonymous)****: Wellâ€¦I tried. Didn't exactly work. Curse this "not having any time" thing. **

* * *

><p>Chapter 5: Astrid

Astrid, almost like the last time she had spoken with Hiccup, did not immediately answer. What could she say? Would he even remember her from when they had talked almost a week ago? "You again? Are you the only 'angel' or what?" she began.

"Ah, I recognize that voice," Hiccup answered on the other end of the line, ignoring Astrid's sarcastic question. "Are you actually depressed again or did you just want to talk with me?" he asked and Astrid could hear him laugh.

**Is he mocking me?** "Of course I'm depressed, stupid! Why else would I call this dumb number?" Astrid did not know why she became defensive and harsh when talking with Hiccup or why the depression that consumed her would disappear almost instantly upon hearing his voice.

"I'm hurt. I thought you called again because you love hearing my voice," Hiccup teased, but Astrid could hear that he wasn't actually upset.

There's was no way in hell that she could tell Hiccup that she actually did love hearing his voice and talking with him. "Don't flatter yourself. I didn't even plan on talking with you again," Astrid admitted before she could even think about what she was saying. "Besides, aren't you supposed to be helping me feel better? Isn't that your job, 'Angel'?"

"That it is," Hiccup answered. Astrid wondered how he always seemed to instantly know what to say in reply. Did that come from years of practice or was he just that good? "However," he continued, "for me to do that, you have to tell me what's wrong. I'm many things but a mind reader is not one of them."

At Hiccup's words, Astrid remembered that she had, in fact, not given the "angel" an overview of the events that led her to call the hotline again. Sighing, Astrid figured that she might as well just get it over with; maybe Hiccup would know how to make her feel better. "Midterms. I thought I was going to do so well andâ€¦then I got them back. I even failed one." Astrid hated sharing these secrets. It made her feel like she was whining. Hiccup had asked to know, though, so it was his own fault that he had to sit and listen to her complain.

"Is that all? That's really nothing to get so depressed about. They're just stupid tests. You'll do much better on the finals, though, because you'll know the types of tests that your professors giveâ€¦"

"No, no!" Astrid interrupted Hiccup's kind advice. "It's not so much the test that depresses me. It's my parents. They know I took midterms recently, so they're going to be asking me about the results. They'reâ€¦perfectionists and they hold high expectations. If I don't meet those expectations, wellâ€¦" she shuddered at the thoughts.

"Don't worry so much," Hiccup advised. "Calmly tell them that you studied thoroughly but the tests were still harder than you expected. Finish by saying that you will do better on the finals."

As Hiccup gave his advice and suggestions, Astrid listened to his voice. It was so calm despite the roughness it held. She really wanted to take his advice and suggestions, but she knew it would not help. "Youâ€¦you don't understand. That won't help. It just won't." Even to her own ears, her voice sounded broken and weak; Astrid hated itâ€”she hated the ease with which she let down her walls when talking with Hiccup.

"Just give it a try. It doesn't hurt to try."

"Fine," Astrid obliged. Only because she could hear his insistence; seemed he could be quite stubborn. "I will try it, but I already know it's not going to work."

"But at least you will have tried," reasoned Hiccup. "Sometimes that's all you can do in such situations, Milady."

Astrid's grimaced internally at the title Hiccup had just used. _**Milady? Does he live in the Victorian age or something? Who freaking says stuff like that nowadays? Evidently, Hiccup does, butâ€¦stillâ€¦**_ "Astrid," she spoke her name, not giving herself time to think before saying it.

"Uh..what?"

Astrid could've cheered internally. Finally, she had figured out something to say that would throw off Hiccup. Not that she had been trying to do that, but it did feel satisfying to hear Hiccup stutter over his words. "Astrid. That's my name. It's better than saying "Milady". Who even says that anyway? Besides, I already knew your nameâ€¦wellâ€¦sort ofâ€¦but you didn't know mine. That's why I decided to remedy that issue."

"Umâ€¦okay then."

Smirking, Astrid could picture this once-confident "angel" now sitting speechless, not knowing what to say in reply. Somehow, the roles had quickly reversed. No longer was she the one with the stuttering problem. "What happened to you? Where's the confident and persistent Hiccup that I was just talking with earlier?"

"Oh, he's still here. It's justâ€¦I did not expect you to say that to me. That's all."

"Well, I did. So get over it," Astrid replied, her voice stronger now. Talking with Hiccup really did help her depression. It almost felt weird to taunt Hiccup this way. She wasn't flirting with himâ€”no, she most definitely was not!â€”but this was so unlike her. Why did Hiccup have this strange effect on her? Surely, it was him. She never talked like this with other people.

The other end remained silent save for some indistinct and muffled sounds. Astrid knew it was because Hiccup had no idea what to say to her anymore. Was it a mistake to tell him her name? Not that it mattered. She couldn't take back what had been said. "Let me guess. We should end this call now and move on with our lives?" Astrid did not really want to stop talking with Hiccup, but she didn't know what to say to him anymore now that his replies had become soâ€¦short.

"Yeahâ€¦I guess so. Well, Iâ€¦Iâ€¦I'm glad that I could help you tonight. Remember the hotline is always available when you need some Heavenly Hopes," Hiccup finished, rushing his words.

Astrid knew that Hiccup was ready to disconnect the call so she spoke up very urgently. "Oh, and Hiccupâ€¦?"

"Y-yes?" he asked hesitantly.

"Do you realize how lame that sounds? It's soâ€¦plain and rehearsed. Just saying." Having said what she wanted, Astrid disconnected the call before Hiccup could even process what she had just said to him. Astrid stared at her iPhone after she had disconnected the call. She watched as the phone app closed and her wallpaper screen, filled with applications, reappeared. Suddenly, without warning, she burst in the laughter as she remembered the discussion she'd just had with Hiccup. Setting her phone down, she began to get ready for bed. Somehow, she just could not stop the smile that had formed on her face at the thought of Hiccup.

* * *

><p>Andâ€¦again I forgot the ending I had planned out. Hope this one wasn't tooâ€¦horrible, I guess. MERRY CHRISTMAS, READERS! Well, we have a little less than 9 hours until it is officially Christmas, here, butâ€¦I hope you all have a wonderful holiday.

I do not know when I will be able to get back to this story. I will be leaving for Ireland on Sunday and I'll be there for a week with limited (or, most likely, no) internet. Then, my current job ends on January 12, but then I may/may not be starting another around January 15 (waiting for official notice on that) and that would be until March 31 or so. As always, I will write when I get time.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: December 24, 2014

Merry Christmas!

6. Not Perfect

Well, I managed to find some time to write up the next chapter. Somehow. Probably because I don't have to prepare for my trip to Irelandâ€¦which was really fun, by the way. I went with my university's marching band. We visited several cities and attractions. It was fun just to put on the uniform again. Didn't think I'd ever wear it again after graduating. This was the final time I'll ever wear it, though. Now, I'm sad. Cut to the review replies. Haha.

**Review Replies: **

**Sullyranger****: Thank you. I'm sure something will happen soon.**

**xFaerieValkyriex****: Thank you! I hope you had a great Christmas

too. I'm glad that you love the story.**

**warorpeace****: Thank you.**

**Frostbite711****: Thank you. I wish I could've updated sooner, but this is actually quite fast considering how busy life has been lately. **

**century99****: Thanks! I had a great time in Ireland. Also, thanks for the luck. I'll need it, I'm sure. Job interview (for a position at the high school where I'm now temporarily at) on Wednesday!**

**Hiccstrid456 (anonymous)****: Thanks! Maybe Hiccup does know who Astrid is. Guess we'll need a Hiccup-centered chapter soon. I may have to read their stories. I love modern day ****A****Us.
**

**Angryhenry****: I think she does realize that. Deep down, I'm pretty sure Astrid wants Hiccup to find her.**

**Lily-D13****: Yo no sÃ© muy bien el espaÃ±ol, pero voy a intentar escribir en espaÃ±ol. (Quiero conocer mejor el espaÃ±ol.) Astrid le gusta consejos de Hipo. Ella va a seguir probablemente llamada al nÃºmero de telÃ©fono. Si! Hipo se sorprendiÃ³ mucho al escuchar el nombre de Astrid! Haha. Mi viaje fue increÃ-ble! Muchas Gracias! (Lo siento por los errores en el lenguaje de esta respuesta.)**

**dreaming-about-dragons****: I'm sorry that I couldn't update too quickly, but it's still faster than usual. Hope this chapter is also good.**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: Well, soon enough we may see a bit into Astrid's broken family. Yep, I'm back from Ireland. It's so nice over there. It was amazing that they are further north than where I live, but kept warmer temperatures (from the coastal winds off the ocean). I couldn't get used to it staying darker longer, though. It was 8:30 AM each morning and still dark. A constant reminder of being further north, I guess. Butâ€¦yeah, we visited many Irish cities over the week we were there. The meals we hadâ€¦oh, man, I could live there, that's for sure. Potatoes served at every meal. In fact, I joked to my parents that I would gladly live in a land with a diet combined of potatoes and pasta (like Ireland and Italy mixed together). Well, I could go on about how awesome this trip was, but that would detract from the chapter. Maybe I can share a little each chapter for a while. Let me know what you want to hear about!
**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Thank you! Next update coming your way now!**

* * *

><p>Chapter 6: Not Perfect

Talking with Hiccup again had definitely helped Astrid to relax, but the anxiety still lingered in her mind as she knew that she could not stay at the university and avoid her parents forever. That was one disadvantage about living near to the university. Her parents

actually expected her to come home every so oftenâ€¦and if she didn't, they would definitely know something was up and they would question her about it. No matter what, they would find out and there was nothing Astrid could do to stop it from happening. The only thing she could do was to, maybe, put off the encounter for a few weeks.

As with everything in Astrid's life, she soon found out that a solution to this problem was not so simple. That night, while completing some readings for class, Astrid's iPhone sprang to life, her set ringtone echoing throughout her dorm bedroom. Her first thought (though irrational) was that Hiccup had somehow figured out her phone number and was calling to talk with her. Astrid smiled at the absurd thought. Her smile quickly vanished as she caught sight of the Caller ID. The call originated from her mother's cell phone. _**Wonderful.**_ Knowing the consequence for deliberately ignoring a phone call from her mother, Astrid picked up the call. "Hey, Momâ€¦"

"Astrid! How are you, dear?" her mother's perky voice replied back. Astrid knew it was just for show, though. Her mother was far too busy to give her the light of day.

"I'mâ€¦just fine. Is there any particular reason why you called me tonight?" Mr. and Mrs. Hofferson rarely called their daughter. They were perfectionists who cared little about family life (other than giving off the illusion that they were, indeed, the perfect family).

"Oh, yes! Your father and I were wondering when you're planning to come home next. We're trying to plan out our schedule and this information will be very helpful to us!"

Astrid rolled her eyes. Her parents and their obsessive need to plan everything out months in advance! It grated on Astrid's nerves. Why did she have to be born to perfectionist parents? Especially when she clearly was not the perfect daughter they had wanted! From experience, Astrid knew that if her parents were calling her to know when she planned to visit home for a weekend, they would prefer to choose the weekend. That way her visit wouldn't interfere with plans made months ago. "When do you think I should come home again next?"

"Would it be possible for you to make it home for dinner on Friday? I know that it's only a few days' notice, Astrid, but your father's boss and his wife will be having dinner with us and your father would like it if you could be in attendance if at all possible. Then you could stay for the rest of the weekend and tell us all about how school's been going!"

Astrid had no choice; she had to agree. Her mother knew that Berk University did not hold classes after 2PM on Fridays. Even if Astrid had a late afternoon class, it would still be only a 15-20 minute drive home. Her only suitable excuse would be if she'd have to stay for a class project, but she did not have any just yet and she was a terrible liar. "Yes, I can make it home for dinner on Friday," she answered, trying not to make her sigh too audible.

"Wonderful! We'll be expecting you home sometime Friday afternoon. See you then, my dear Astrid!" The call disconnected before Astrid

could say another word.

Pulling the phone from her ear, Astrid watched as the phone application closed and her home screen appeared again, filling with applications. Unlike the last time she had disconnected a phone call, Astrid did not start laughing. Instead, she felt the sense of dread creep into the pit of her stomach. With each passing year, she looked forward less and less to going home and with her midterm scores hanging over her like a low raincloud, all Astrid could do was pray that time could move slower.

Phone in hand, Astrid debated calling the hotline number and talking with Hiccup, but she decided against it. She wasn't exactly depressed, just worried, perhaps. Hiccup could probably help her to feel better, but it would only be temporary. As soon as she thought about her weekend at home, the feeling would return again anyway. Instead, she decided to grab some "comfort food" from the kitchen.

Sneaking out of her room quietly (so as not to alert Heather to her presence), Astrid tiptoed to the kitchen and grabbed a box of Swiss Rolls from one of the cabinets where she stored her food. She had bought the box at the grocery store some time back because she had found that chocolate helped ease the discomfort of PMS and menstruation. Maybe eating a pack or two of these Swiss Rolls would help her feel better now too.

Returning to her bedroom, Astrid shut the door and threw the box of Swiss Rolls down onto her bed. Glancing over at her desk, Astrid saw the book she had been reading before her mother had called. Knowing that she would not be able to concentrate on her reading any more tonight, Astrid shut the book and stowed it away back into her backpack to take to class tomorrow. She had plenty of time to finish the readings.

Astrid lay on her bed and ate a pack of Swiss Rolls. The chocolate helped ease her mind a little. After eating one more pack, Astrid closed the box and placed it on the floor beside her bed. Maybe it would just be best to sleep now. She could worry about the weekend later.

The call from her mother came on Tuesday night. Trying to make it through the remaining classes for the week was a challenge for Astrid, but she was determined to succeed without calling the hotline. She wanted to prove to herself that she didn't need Hiccup's help. It was harder than she'd expected, but somehow she made it through.

Most students look forward to Friday, but not Astrid. Friday, for Astrid, meant returning home for what was sure to be a long and annoying weekend. She took her time packing her car with everything that she thought she would need for the two days at home (which wasn't much, considering that she only lived 15-20 minutes away from Berk University).

Finished packing, Astrid began her drive at a slower-than-speed limit pace. She knew that those following behind her were upset, but Astrid didn't care. All she cared about was pushing off the encounter with her parents for as long as she possibly couldâ€¦knowing that still wouldn't be long enough.

* * *

><p>Wellâ€¦this chapter fought back, but I think it turned out alright. Another Hiccup-centric chapter is coming. Not the next chapter, but maybe the one after it. If not that one, then definitely two chapters from now. Also, up ahead, we'll see more about Astrid's broken family. It should be fun.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: January 19, 2015

7. Definitely Not Okay

Wellâ€¦I've got nothing to say here. Time for the Hofferson business dinner that Astrid was all-but forced to attend.

Review Replies:

**warorpeace****: Astrid's family will appear in a larger role in this chapter. Ireland is amazing! I love potatoes, so mealtime over there was simply fantastic! **

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Yeah, I hope she can too. Haha. Here's the next chapter.**

**KHMugiwaraRocks15****: Thanks! I'm glad. Here's some more of YOPS!**

**Eiyuu no Yuusha****: Yep. Hooray. Haha.**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: More to come on Astrid's parents in this chapter.**

Yana5: I take it that you are enjoying the story so far.

Frostbite711: Thanks! The trip was very nice. It's always good to get out of the US every so often.

* * *

><p>Chapter 7: Definitely Not Okay

"Astrid, darling, it's good to see you!" Mrs. Hofferson's over-dramatic voice greeted the girl as she walked into her house. "You are just in time!"

Astrid bit back a sigh. She did not miss this fake affection while she was at Berk University. _**Only two days left until I can go back and not have to deal with this for another several weeks.
**_

"You're in time now, but there's none to waste, my dear daughter. Your father will be home shortly. Dinner will be served in only about a couple hours. You need to get ready. We want you to look your best tonight. You can handle that, right?"

Discreetly, Astrid rolled her eyes. "Of course."

"Then, go get a shower!" her mother answered, leaving the room.

Astrid did not protest; it would be useless anyway. At least she could be alone. Gathering everything she would need, Astrid locked herself in the bathroom and prepared to shower. Removing her clothes, Astrid looked down at the white marks that covered some areas on her body. Her battle scars. Before she had started talking with Hiccup, her razor had been her only consolation, a way to escape her depression. She had healing scars on her wrists, up and down her arms and legs and even across her stomach. How crazy it was to think that she had not added any new razor cuts since talking with Hiccup. He really was an angel.

After taking a long shower, Astrid dressed in her usual outfitâ€”a skirt, a tight-fitting red shirt, blue leggings and UGG boots. Surely, this outfit would satisfy her parents. Somehow Astrid managed to please her mother, but the girl still caught the disapproving looks that her mother sent her way. Mrs. Hofferson was not fully impressed with the outfit Astrid had chosen, but she was too busy preparing for the dinner to worry about taking time to (in her opinion) adequately dress her daughter.

When Astrid's father arrived home from work, he did not immediately change out of his suit and tie (like he normally would do. Instead he retreated to the living room to watch the news that was playing on the TV. Astrid figured he was just nervous, but she did not know what he had to be nervous aboutâ€”as far as she knew, this dinner tonight was just something nice for his boss and his family. _**Maybe he's trying to persuade his boss for another promotion. I wouldn't be surprised.**_

The Hofferson family was ready when the doorbell rang. Astrid's mother greeted their guests at the door and volunteered to hang their coats in the nearest closet. Astrid and her father were seated in the living room when Mrs. Hofferson led their guests into the room. Astrid's father then stood up, welcoming the guests and introducing his family.

"You've already met my wife, Ingrid, and this lovely lady here is my daughter, Astrid."

Astrid had suffered through several family business dinners so she knew exactly what was expected of her. With a fake smile, she shook hands with her father's boss and his wife. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

"I guess we haven't yet introduced ourselves," the larger man, Astrid's father's boss, spoke. "I am Stanton Haddock, CEO of Berk Industries. This is my wonderful wife, Valerie."

Astrid's mother, who had discreetly snuck out of the room, entered again after a quick trip to the kitchen. "Dinner is ready if you would like to eat now, Mr. Haddock."

"Yes, I think it's safe to say that Valerie and I could eat now," Mr. Haddock replied with a short laugh. "That is why we are here,

afterall."

Mrs. Hofferson had prepared a steak dinner with mashed potatoes and gravy and a side of fresh green beans. Astrid just wished dinners at home could be this good when the Hofferson family did not have guests.

"Your son didn't want to come tonight, Stoick?" Astrid's father asked his boss, addressing him as if they were old friends (which they probably wereâ€”Astrid did not bother recalling all that happened in her parents' lives).

Mr. Haddock laughed, a hearty sound. "Of course not! I told him that it would be in his best interest to be here tonight, but he's way too concerned with that entry-level job of his. Hopefully, Val and I can get him to gear his focus more toward the companyâ€¦seeing as how he will someday be taking it over. He's got a lot to learn still. This job isn't something he can just learn overnight!"

Astrid tuned out the conversation. She had often heard about the Haddock boy. Apparently, he was about the same age as she. He also, apparently, attended Berk University as a commuter student, but Astrid did not concern herself with learning the names of all the students on her university campus. Besides, Haddock was probably like every other student on campus. From what she had heard, the boyâ€”named Hanson (what a strange name!)â€”was actually quite humble (considering that his father was the CEO of the biggest company in the surrounding areas.

The rest of the dinner passed slowly. After the main course, Astrid's mother had brought out ice cream sundaes for the guests and the rest of the Hofferson family. As much as Astrid just wanted to eat quickly, finish her dinner, and retreat to her bedroom, she knew that her parents expected her to be present until the Haddocks left. She found herself feeling slightly jealous of the Haddocks' son. _**Wish I could've gotten out of this dinner without upsetting my parentsâ€¦**_

It seemed like weeks had passed before the Haddocks left, but, in reality, it had only been a couple hours. Not even a full minute had passed after the front door shut, when Astrid's mother rounded upon her daughter. "This would've gone so much better if you would've just cooperated!"

Astrid flinched. What had she done wrong? Sure she had tried to keep to herself, quietly staying to the background, but she didn't feel that she had messed up anything. "W-What do you mean?"

"Well, first, what is that outfit you chose to wear? It's absolutely inappropriate for this type of event. If I wouldn't have been so busy with cooking the dinner, I would've marched you right back upstairs and dressed you myself! Then, as if that wasn't bad enough, you came off so arrogantly with that silence and disinterest of yours!"

Astrid sighed, feeling tears prickle at the corner of her eyes. She rarely cried, but it was hard to stay calm when being reprimanded for things that weren't entirely her fault. How could her mother expect her to converse with her father's boss? It wasn't like Astrid had much (if anything) in common with the Haddocks. Glancing over at her

father, she watched as he loosened his tie and dropped down onto the couch; he was oblivious to the conversation between his two women. _**Figures. Dad may be a perfectionist, but he's nothing like Mom. From the way she acts, you'd think it was her job at stake here. Dad probably thought I did just fine tonight**_. Saying these things to herself helped Astrid to feel a little betterâ€¦until her mother spoke next.

"If your father doesn't receive that pay raise, we'll know why."

Astrid's jaw dropped at the accusation. Did her mother really just say this? That final comment pushed Astrid from "okay" to "definitely not okay". Backing up slightly, as if the words had physically inflicted pain, Astrid stammered, "I-I'm going to bed."

Racing up the stairs before her parents could stop her, Astrid retreated to her bedroom and shut the door, locking it for extra security. Astrid rarely cried, but she could not stop the angry tears that flowed from her eyes. She'd never be good enough. Ever. In frustration, she grabbed her pillow and placed it over her face, muffling her screams. Finally, energy spent, she lay down on her bed and stared straight up at the ceiling above her.

Beside her bed, on her nightstand, sat Astrid's two options. The razor or the iPhone? Wiping her eyes, Astrid's hand hovered over her iPhone, ready to call the hotline number and talk with Hiccup, telling him off for the advice that clearly had not worked (and she had yet to even tell her parents about her not-so-great midterm grade!). What if Hiccup didn't like her either, though? Maybe she was just bothering him by calling too much. _**Yeah, calling Hiccup is probably not a good answer**_, she determined.

With her mind made up, Astrid gripped the razor before she could change her mind. Astrid looked only briefly down at her exposed arms before she ran the razor blade up the skin. Emotional pain mixed with physical pain and Astrid could feel her stress fade with the blood droplets that slipped through her broken skin.

* * *

><p>I have been waiting to write a chapter like this for YOPS! Finally, a look into Astrid's broken family and her life "pre-Hiccup". Ending with a full relapse. Next chapter breaks from Astrid for another look into Hiccup's life.

P.S. I had it planned from the minute I wrote about the planned dinner to have Hiccup's parents as Astrid's dad's boss. It just seems to work well. I think.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: February 8, 2015

8. Just Wasn't The Same

**Last chapter took a bit of a darker turn, now didn't it? More on Astrid later. Got some darker chapters for her coming up right after

a quick break. We need a Hiccup chapter. P.S. Has it really been almost a month? I had no idea it's been that long!**

Review Replies:

**One Bright Light****: I hope so too, but she's so stubborn!**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Thanks. It was sad. I wish she would've too, but she's so stubborn. **

**SharKohen****: Indeed, her mother is. I don't think Mrs. Hofferson even realizes how much her comments hurt her daughter's feelings.**

**Yana5****: Yes. Poor Astrid.**

**KHMugiwaraRocks15****: My thoughts exactly. That's why Astrid and Hiccup cannot meet yet. **

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: Thank you. Yes, the ending was not so good (for Astrid, that is). I've never seen a law about that. Not yet, anyway. Here's the next chapter. **

RoboticMechanicalJeb: Well, as I've explained, I do have two jobs and (though it sometimes seems that way), I actually don't spend every moment on the internet. Please don't take this the wrong way or anything. I'm just a bit busy. That's all.

He-who-runs-into-walls: Yes, her parents areâ€¦something else, that's for sure. Haha.

* * *

><p>Chapter 8: Just Wasn't The Same

Hiccup sat at his desk chair and stared blankly at the computer screen before him. The phone numbers flashed as callers rung in to the hotline, but Hiccup did not pick up any of them. Surely he would hear about this from his supervisors. "Angels" were not to ignore numbers. Right now, though, Hiccup did not care; there were too many thoughts swirling through his brain and it was making his head hurt.

Astrid. Her name was Astrid. The girl he had talked with twice nowâ€”her name is Astrid. Finally he had a name to place to the voice. Not that he wanted her to give him her name because that (technically!) would go against the policies of employment as an "Angel". Although, he wasn't upset, either, that he now knew her name.

Glancing over at a notepad on his desk, Hiccup saw the number he had written and circled there. Astrid's phone number. Well, at least, the number from which she had called the hotline the last two times. He still did not know why he had written itâ€¦and then proceeded to circle it over and over again. Hiccup made to rip the "note" off from the notepad and throw it away, but he stopped. What harm was it doing? None. It wasn't like anyone knew what that number meant anyway.

Hiccup could've laughed. Thanks to his job, he had (unintentionally) gotten many girls' numbers and he had been flirted with more times than he could count. It would have been a dream come true for most young men his age, but all Hiccup did was play along, telling himself that it would help the caller and then he would never have to hear from them again. In fact, he could even block their phone number from showing up in his "waiting calls list" on his computer screen. That tool had come in handy a few times.

Next Hiccup looked up at the calendar he had hung in his cubicle. A quick assessment of the date confirmed what Hiccup had already known. Tonight was the night that his father would be having dinner at one of his worker's houses. Hiccup sighed as he remembered back to when his father had first started talking about the dinner. His father had urged him continuously to attend the dinner, but Hiccup wanted no part of it. In fact, Hiccup purposefully forgotten to request off work even after continuously promising his father that he would talk to his supervisors about it. Sighing, Hiccup felt some slight regret creep into his chest. Why was it so hard to just tell his father that he was not interested in taking over the company? In becoming CEO? In business? Perhaps, it was because both he and his father were stubborn and neither was going to give up their opinions and intentions that easily.

Turning his attention back to his computer screen, Hiccup watched the numbers flash on the screen. Appearing and disappearing as callers rang into the hotline and their calls were picked up by other "Angels". He really should take at least one more call before ending his night. Convinced that Astrid would not be calling while he was there, Hiccup chose a random number and connected the call.

Hiccup listened as the caller explained her situation and he tried to offer remedial solutions that he felt would best help based on what he had just heard. For some reason, it just wasn't the same as usual. Tonight, Hiccup could feel that his heart was just not into his job in the same way it had been before he had first talked with Astrid. He had been feeling this happen gradually, but it was tonight when he truly noticed the feeling seep into his job performance, affecting his advice giving which used to come so naturally.

Luckily, this caller was an easy one. She confirmed that she would try Hiccup's advice and he finished the call with the trademark closing words. As he hung up, Hiccup chuckled slightly at the memory of Astrid calling him out for the lameness and rehearsed feeling of the closing statement. Hidden in his desk drawer, Hiccup had placed the lamented page he had received during his training. On that page was typed the opening and closing statements recommended to be spoken by all "Angels". Hiccup had quickly memorized the statements and stashed the laminated page away.

Now that Astrid had pointed this out to him, Hiccup began to realize that the statements were pretty lame indeed. Not to mention that it probably did sound as though the words were stiff and rehearsed. Maybe he should rethink the way he spoke the statementsâ€¦because he surely couldn't just not say them, could he?

Hiccup succumbed to his thoughts and, as if on autopilot, shut down his computer and prepared to leave and head home. He tried not to admit it, but he was a little saddened that Astrid had not called the

hotline tonight; he really did enjoy talking with her._** I guess I should be happy that Astrid didn't call. That means that she isn't feeling depressed. Stillâ€¦why do I feel this way anyway? I knew from the moment I first started talking with her that was all it would ever be. Chances are I'll never even meet her anywayâ€¦even if she might go to my university. Berk University is moderately sized. There's no way to know all the students there. **_

Slightly downcasted, Hiccup stood up, pushing his office chair in and switching off the light over his desk. _**Ten at night. What's the chance that my parents aren't back from their dinner yet?**_ Hiccup really did not want to listen to his father rant on and on about what happened at the dinner and why he, the heir to the company, should have been in attendance.

Quietly, Hiccup left the call center. He was relieved not to hear his infatuated co-worker wish him a good night. She was off tonight.

Like always, Hiccup tried the best he could to lengthen his return trip home, but he did have some homework for university to finish up, so he couldn't take as long as he wished. Besides, if there was any hope of arriving home before his parents, it would be best not to linger in the parking lot of the call center.

As luck would have it, Hiccup arrived home to an empty house. Toothless was ecstatic and energetic when Hiccup walked through the door. The dog never seemed to like being left alone in the house. Not to mention that he had really taken a liking to Hiccup, the boy who had put his own life on the line to save his dog's life.

"Come on, Toothless, let's go on upstairs before my parents get home." Hiccup walked up the stairs with Toothless following behind. Once inside the bedroom, Toothless immediately jumped onto Hiccup's bed and took his place at the foot of the bed. Smiling, Hiccup quickly changed into lounge pants and a t-shirt, dragging his backpack over beside the bed once he had finished. Plopping himself on the bed, Hiccup positioned himself so that his head was down near Toothless and his legs rested atop his pillow.

"Guess I don't need to have this on anymore," he told Toothless, gesturing to the fake leg. Rolling over, Hiccup pulled up the leg of his lounge pants so that he could unfasten the prosthetic from his stump before setting it down on the ground.

Somehow Hiccup managed to get a little bit of his homework completed before he heard the tell-tale sounds of car doors being shut. "They're home!" Quickly, he stuffed his homework back into his backpack and turned off the lamp on the nightstand next to his bed. Though he knew that he had only managed to prolong the talk that he knew was imminent, Hiccup was content knowing that he did not have to hear all about the events of the business dinner until tomorrow at the earliest.

* * *

><p>These "Hiccup" chapters always feel so slow. Guess that's what happens when these chapters are used to provide a little backstory and entry into his thoughts.

**So, I missed my deadline by a slight amount. Sorry! Life is a bit busy. I'm finishing up a temp job and have a lot of paperworkâ€¦and a deadline. Updates may slow a bit until the end of March, but I can assure you, they will speed up again in April and into the summer.
**

**Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!
**

Posted: March 2, 2015

9. Just Another Cut

Since I had a snow day yesterday, I figured that I'd get started typing up the next chapter. This chapter takes us back to Astrid and starts the night of the dinnerâ€¦after the dinner. I don't foresee this chapter being very long, but it's going to lead to some pretty important upcoming chapters. Review replies and then it begins!

Review Replies:

**KHMugiwaraRocks15****: I reply to everyone. My belief is that you all take time to comment and say nice words about my writing, so it's only fair that I take time to acknowledge that. There'll be another Hiccup chapter or two coming up quite soon.
**

**supersandman86****: They will meet up soonâ€¦but I won't say how soon.**

**Yana5****: Thanks!**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Thanks! Here's the next chapter.**

**UnbreakableWarrior****: Thanks!**

**SharKohen****: More Toothless? Noted. Thanks. I'll try.**

**Cool (anonymous)****: Thanks! Here's the next chapter.**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: Yes, they doâ€¦at least, in this story, they do. Yes! Clue number 1: Hiccup's job performance is slipping. Here's the next chapter.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 9: Just Another Cut

The lamp provided the only light in Astrid's bedroom and its light cast long shadows across the dark room. Her parents had gone to bed hours ago, but Astrid was still awake, razor clutched tightly in her dominant right hand. On the floor beside her bed, Astrid had filled a plastic bag with tissues covered in blood, her blood that had seeped out of the cuts she had made already. Lifting the razor up once again, Astrid repeated the same mantra that had played through her

mind all night.

**Just one more cut. That's all I need**, she assured herself again and again. _**Just another cut and then it'll be enough**_. She had been telling herself this for hours and there had been many "just one more cut"s since then.

Why wasn't this method helping tonight? Usually it did not take this long to feel better. Most times, all it took was two or three fairly deep cuts along her arms or legs and then Astrid could bandage the new wounds and relish the pain. Was this not enough? What more could she do?

Astrid glanced up to her nightstand where her iPhone lay, screen facing up. _**No! I will not call that number! I do not need Hiccup to make me feel better.**_ Unbeknownst to her, Astrid dropped the razor and it hit the carpet on her bedroom floor, making no sound on the impact.

**I'm fine. I'll be okay. I just need to sleep. Okay, I'll bandage these fresh cuts and then sleep**, Astrid decided. She did not think much about it, but even just the mere thought of Hiccup had satisfied Astrid and halted any further need to cut anymore tonight. Apparently, she needed Hiccup even more than she wanted to realize.

It only took a short time to apply bandages to the fresh cuts; Astrid had done it enough to have a system. Once that was complete, she crawled into her bed and turned off the lamp beside her bed.

Sleep was bliss, but morning came all too soon. As much as Astrid just wanted to stay in her bed for the rest of the weekend, she knew that was not possible. If she did not wake up, her mother would wake her upâ€¦and Astrid sure did not want that.

Saturday morning breakfast was one of the worst things that Astrid ever had to endure. Her mother, like with everything, made a big show of it by cooking up an elaborate breakfast and insisting that all members of the family come dressed in their best clothing to eat at the table. Astrid wanted just to wear her comfortable lounge pants and t-shirt to the table like every other person in the world, but she knew that her mother would never approve. Somehow, Astrid could barely just satisfy her mother by wearing her favorite outfit. Even Astrid did not know how she managed that one.

At least on Saturdays, dinner would not be as formal. Still, how could anyone be expected to eat pancakes and syrup while dressed in their best and most formal clothing? It was absolutely ridiculous! Astrid was not a messy eater, but she hated even the thought of eating pancakes and syrup while dressed in her best clothing. Astrid ate quickly (but not too quickly because her mother would screech about such bad table manners) and left, retreating back to her room, claiming that she had a lot of school work to finish before Monday (which was not technically a lie).

Astrid did not see her parents again until dinner that evening. She truly was working on her university readings and other work for her Monday classes for several hours. Dinner that night was pretty quiet and Astrid thanked the Gods for that. If there was nothing she hated more, it was holding a conversation over dinner with her

parents.

"So, Astrid," her mother started toward the end of the meal, "you took your midterm exams recently. How'd you do?"

Astrid cringed at the genuine interest in her mother's voice. There was no getting out of this. "I didâ€¦well. Yeah, it all went okay, I think."

"Why don't you show us the exams? Your father and I want to see your simply amazing scores!" Mrs. Hofferson answered and Astrid's father nodded in agreement.

"Wellâ€¦you see, that's kind of an issue," Astrid lied nervously. "I left them on my desk back at the dorm. I'm sorry."

"Astrid, we know that you keep everything together in your class folders that as we taught you. Now, let's see those exams!"

**I'm not getting out of this, am I?** Astrid sighed before stating that she would go grab her backpack from her bedroom. _**Just remember the advice Hiccup gave you, Astrid**_, she reminded herself. _**That should help this situation.**_ Walking slowly to put off the upcoming conversation for as long as possible, Astrid found her class folders and brought them back to the dinner table. Sitting back at her place at the table, Astrid slowly and deliberately pulled out each of the final exams she had received back and created a pile to hand over to her mother. At the bottom of the pile, Astrid placed that cursed failed exam. A little shakily, she passed the pile across the table to her mother's waiting hands.

Astrid watched her mother make a show out of slowly flipping through the pile of exams. The older Hofferson woman's face showed no emotion as she looked through the exams her daughter had given her. When Astrid's mother reached the last exam, Astrid could've sworn she'd seen a slight flinch but it was so quick that Astrid thought (hoped, more so) that it may just have been a trick of the light.

Mrs. Hofferson placed the midterm exams down on the table and turned back to face her daughter. "These scores areâ€¦average," she began, her voice absent of emotion.

"I know. The exams were difficultâ€¦even after I studied everything I had. Notes and textbooks for each of my classes," Astrid answered, taking Hiccup's advice in hopes that it remedied the situation.

"Astrid, these scores are average." Mrs. Hofferson looked right into her daughter's eyes and Astrid could feel her insides freeze instantly. "This is unacceptable."

* * *

><p>Originally, I intended this to be a little longer, but this seems to be a good breaking part. Not much to say, really. Chapter's out a little earlier than planned too!

Thank you for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: March 7, 2015

10. The Final Cut

I'm kinda excited for this next part of the story, so I decided to start typing this up super early. Enjoy! (10 chapters into this story already! When did that happen?)

Review Replies:

**warorpeace****: Yep, that was the idea! Thanks.**

**dreaming-about-dragons****: Thanks. It always seems that Astrid has a rocky relationship with her parents in all my stories. Which is strange because it's directly opposite in my life. I have a pretty good relationship with my parentsâ€¦most of the time. Astrid does need to call Hiccup soon, I agree!**

**Yana5****: You can say that again!**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Haha! I don't think you're alone in that. Here's the next chapter.**

**xFaerieValkyriex****: I would give you a brick if I could lift it. The bricks here are a bit heavy. Haha.**

**Angryhenry****: Astrid's so headstrong that I don't think she believes it to be that simple.**

Noctus Fury (anonymous): I'd let you, butâ€¦I believe that everyone should be offered a chance to redeem themselves and they haven't been given their chance yet. Hiccup may play a role of sortsâ€¦_**MAY**_**. We'll have to see where this goes first. Here's the next chapter.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 10: The Final Cut

"Astrid, these scores are average." Mrs. Hofferson looked right into her daughter's eyes and Astrid could feel her insides freeze instantly. "This is unacceptable."

Fear intensified inside Astrid as she heard her mother's expressionless tone. Devoid of feeling, her mother's voice felt even more sinister and deadly than usual. Desperately, Astrid wanted to back slowly awayâ€¦or run upstairs as fast as she could to her bedroom and lock the door. She didn't know. It was as if "survival mode" had kicked in and she was making decisions without deep thought. "I-I know. I will do better on the final exam, I assure you, Motherâ€¦" Astrid tried to reason, but she already could tell that it was useless.

"You say that now, Astrid, but how will your final exams help the grades that have surely been lowered by these mediocre midterm exams results?!"

"Your mother's right, Astrid," her father spoke up, almost

hesitantly. "If you don't keep your grades up, you won't get a good job to pay all your bills and expanses after you finish at Berk University."

"Yes! We are definitely not supporting you anymore once you graduate! You need to get out there and become a productive citizen!"

Astrid wanted to cry so badly at the verbal abuse that her parents probably did not even know they were causing. "That's still two years away!" she cried out, almost in desperation. "I still have time to earn better gradesâ€¦and I will!"

Mrs. Hofferson sighed. "For your sake, I hope you are right, Astrid. Now, if you have schoolwork to do over this weekend, you'd better go do it now. You're going to need every possible point you can get to make up for these!" she ordered, slamming the exam papers down in front of Astrid for the girl to take and stash away out of sight, never to be seen again. "Remember! Nothing but perfection! That is the expectation for a Hofferson!"

Swiping up her exams, Astrid retreated to her room. Normally, she would be grateful to spend all day locked in her bedroomâ€¦even if it was to work on her readings for university. However, today, she just couldn't focus. Not with the tears that were brimming in the corner of her eyes. Once inside her bedroom, Astrid locked her bedroom door and took a moment to stare down at the midterm exams she tightly gripped. _**Theseâ€¦these are the cause of everything! All the pain and hurt and disgrace!**_ In frustration, Astrid tore the midterm exams into small pieces. When finished, she threw all the pieces into the air, letting them rain down like confetti, unhappy and depressing confetti pieces. _**I'll pick those up laterâ€¦maybe**_, Astrid decided as she looked down at the mess she had made on her, otherwise spotless, carpet floor.

Pulling her university work from her back, Astrid lay on her bed and opened the book to read. No matter how she tried to drift her eyes across the printed words on the page, Astrid's mind comprehended little of what she read and she spent more time swiping unfallen tears from her eyes instead of actually reading the assigned work. Finally, after trying for almost a half hour to read the assignment, Astrid resigned herself to slam the book shut and shove it back into her backpack.

Frustration finally capsized and Astrid grabbed into her pillow and screamed into it, allowing her pent-up tears to fall and gather on the pillowcase that covered her face. She screamed until she could no longer and then she fell back onto the bed and stared up at the ceiling above her. _**Maybe they're right. Maybe I'm worthless. I'll never be perfect like a Hofferson should be. Why am I even alive?**_

Reaching over to her nightstand, Astrid felt around for her razor. Where was it? _**I just had it last night. It should be right here.**_ Her fingertips brushed against something smooth and Astrid picked it up. The object was her iPhone, which she had barely touched since she had arrived home yesterday. She had no reason to use it really; she had no friends with whom she even cared to stay in touch or text.

Unlocking the phone, Astrid tapped the phone application which opened

to show the list of her recent calls. At the top of the list was the hotline number. She stared at it for a few moments and she could've sworn that she heard Hiccup's voice echo through her mind. _**Noâ€¦I can't. I'm broken. I'm not perfect. Iâ€¦can'tâ€¦**_

Sunlight glinting off metal caught Astrid's attention and she found her razor lying on the floor where she had abandoned it the night before. Astrid stepped up from her bed and quickly changed into a tank top and shorts. She didn't care that it was late October and that the temperatures in Raven Pointe had begun to drop. No, she needed to wear these clothes; it would make the task easier. Before picking up her razor, Astrid pulled off the bandages from last night's cuts. The wounds had not yet started to heal.

Astrid left her room and made her way to the bathroom down the hall. Her parents shouldn't interfere because it appeared that Astrid was not doing anything out of the ordinary. Just a warm bath and shave before returning back to her university work. _**Oh, if they only knewâ€¦**_

Because she did not believe her parents would have reason to enter the bathroom and catch her in the act of what she was about to do, Astrid opted to leave the door unlocked but shut. Turning back to the bathtub, Astrid turned on the water and shifted the metal handle on the bathtub to stop the water. She ran a hand under the water to check the temperature. _**Ice cold. Perfect.**_

When the bathtub was full, Astrid stepped into the water and settled slowly down, letting the ice cold water sting her body like 10,000 stinging metal knives. Already she was feeling better, but it was not enough.

Astrid's razor sat on the bathtub ledge where she had placed it when she first entered the room. Picking it up, Astrid ran it on the exposed skin of her arms and legs, letting blood flow freely into the cold water to turn it a shade of rosy pink. It still wasn't enough. Even after slashing moderately-deep cuts into her arms and legs, Astrid still felt the depression and failure. She needed more.

Looking down at her wet wrists, she knew exactly what to do next. "I'm sorryâ€¦" she whispered, as she slashed the razor blade one time across both wrists. The cut was not deep but it mattered not as the blood from the major artery in her wrists immediately started to flow from the shallow cut. Dipping her slit wrists below the cold water, the once-pink water slowly grew to a darker shade of red. _**The final cut.**_

* * *

><p>I was going to add another smaller section to the ending of this chapter, but I kinda like this ending better. Hopefully, this story can still be rated "T" and not rise to "M". This chapter was pretty graphic, but this is the worst it will ever get, I assure you! I did like how this chapter turned out, though. That usually doesn't happen!

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

**Posted: March 14, 2015
>**Happy Epic Pi Day!
>**(3.141592653)**

11. Weightless

That last chapter was something, huh? I don't know why I had Astrid attempting suicide in two of my recent updates (for two different stories) recently. I'm actually not currently depressed or anything. Must've just been the timing and way things all worked out. Well, let's check in and see how things are going with Astrid.

Review Replies:

**xFaerieValkyriex****: We must just get a glimpse of Astrid's parents in this chapter. After all, someone has to find Astrid. **

**Midsully****: I ended the chapter that way, yes. However, the story, as a whole, is far from over.**

**Cartwheellou****: Thanks for the input. I'm just glad to hear that the rating is safe. You see, that was the most descriptive that I've ever taken this particular topic (even though it's appeared in several other of my stories) and I just wanted to be sure it wasn't over-the-top. **

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Sure you can punch themâ€¦but right now they're the only ones who can save Astrid before it's too late!**

**Rogue Deity Master****: Interesting idea!**

**KHMugiwaraRocks15****: Well, let's find out what happens next!**

**Silver Blue Eyed Wolf****: That's about the same reaction that most other readers had. Haha.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 11: Weightless

The feeling was strange and new. Astrid no longer felt weighted down by the pressures of the world. She felt free. Her struggles were behind her and she finally felt safe, no longer worried that she would fail and tarnish the Hofferson's perfect name.

It felt like she was flying and falling all at the same time. No longer could she remember where she had been or what she was doing before entering thisâ€¦what was this, anyway? A state of living? No, it couldn't be. Life was not this abstract. This was something else entirely. Astrid didn't quite know what it was, but she liked it; if she could stay here in this place forever, she would be satisfied.

As if from a distance, Astrid heard a voice, words; it sounded like they were calling her name, but that was impossible. There was no one

else around. Who would be calling her name?

Astrid's surroundings, though still misty and scattered, seemed to fade slightly as a face came into her view. This person looked just like her, but older. Who was she? Her lips were moving and Astrid could just barely make out the words. This woman, she was the one who had been speaking; Astrid was certain of it now. What was she saying?

"Astrâ€¦doâ€¦this!"

Astrid could barely make out the words but trying to respond was even harder. Her voice felt so sluggish, as if the words too heavy to be spoken. She felt tired and a darkness at the corners of her vision crept in to overcome her.

It felt as if she was being lifted and Astrid could hear snippets of the same feminine voice she had just heard.

"Hold herâ€¦call 911."

Astrid did not understand what this meant and she did not have the strength to puzzle over the meaning of the words.

She swam in and out of consciousness. At times, Astrid found herself back in the state of weightless bliss. Then, her world would go dark for an undeterminable amount of time. There were times when the face from earlier would again enter her vision. Astrid's sight was too blurry to clearly make out the face and the expressions it held. Another face, masculine, with brown hair would sometimes appear beside the woman's. Astrid did not understand why she kept seeing these two faces. Who were they? Why was it that these were the only two faces she could see? Before Astrid could think more on this, her vision darkened once again and she fell into the nothingness that had repeatedly continued to consume her.

When she came to next, bright light filled Astrid's eyes and she tried to shield them from the blinding glow. However, she found that she could not move her arms. Had they been bound or was she just too weak to raise them? Commotion surrounded her, but the sounds were muted. All she could make out were the colors red and white. From somewhere in the distance, she also heard a loud wailing sound and she was grateful that her hearing was distorted.

A new face appeared in Astrid's vision. This face, again feminine, was different from the others she had already seen. Now who was this person? Like the people before, this woman was speaking, her lips moving, but Astrid could only make out a few words, bits and pieces of speech probably directed at her, but she was still too weak to even think about replying.

"You'llâ€¦okay. Stayâ€¦me." The woman's voice said, but Astrid could guarantee nothing. Everything felt to be outside her control.

Slipping away again, the world went black again and Astrid returned to the place devoid of light and sound. It was just black. Even thoughts seemed fleeting in this dark place. There was just nothing.

Astrid did not know how long she was in this state, but the next thing she knew, she was in another bright setting and the scenery seemed to rush past her. Everyone was in such a hurry. Why? What was so urgent? Trying to figure everything out only succeeding in giving Astrid a headache which combined with the splitting pain in her wrists and along her armsâ€”so much pain; she could barely handle it, but she found she could not cry out. Instead, she was forced to keep the pain welled up inside, but it wasn't like that was any different than usual.

After what seemed like hours, the world stopped rushing past her and Astrid could just barely make out a room. It was completely white as if all the colors of the world had been sucked from it. The bright lights shining off the white walls and floors hurt Astrid's sensitive eyes, but she was still unable to move her arms to shield them.

A man dressed in sea green, covered from head to foot, entered the room. Astrid could only see his eyes which were a shade of green that matched his scrub-like clothing. _**Waitâ€¦scrubs? This isâ€¦a hospital? Why am I in the hospital?**_ The fogginess in her mind slowly began to dissipate as she recalled the pain in her wrists and arms grew stronger. _**Oh, that's right. Now I remember. **_

The world around Astrid was becoming clearer again and she tensed involuntarily at the pain that gripped her body. Tears formed in the corners of her eyes, but she refused to let them fall or cry out from the pain. No, she was not weak. She was a Hofferson. She wasâ€¦she wasn't, but she had to beâ€¦perfect.

"Someone get an anesthetic!" The doctor yelled as he tried to restrain, yet comfort, the distressed Astrid.

Astrid continued to struggle until she felt a needle pressed through the skin near her self-inflicted arm wounds. Like before, her movements became sluggish and the world around her grew foggy again. Before she could resist again, the anesthetic liquid flowed through her veins and the world around her dissolved away into that of weightless, yet dark, relief.

* * *

><p>Chapter content is exactly 1,000 words which is my goal and what I aim for in each chapter of all my stories. Usually, the chapters end up being just over or under 1,000.

The chapter's out a few days earlier than usual, but today was a snow day, so I figured I'd spend some time (amongst working at home for my day job) to write up the chapter. Hope you liked it!

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

**Posted: March 20, 2015
>**Happy 1****st**** Day of Spring!**

12. The Email Reveals The Truth

**This story is rising steadily to being one of my most updated

stories. That is all due to you, my readers! When I plan what story to post next (and add that info to my profile), I look through all my active stories and see which ones had the most "hits" to the latest posted chapter. The "winner" is the story that is updated next. So, if you like one of my stories, read it and tell others to read it. Open that latest chapter often!**

Only 9 more reviews until our first milestone reviewer! If you are unfamiliar with that, every 100**th**** review is a milestone and the reviewer who posts that review is mentioned, congratulated, and immortalized in the section of my profile for such awards. Who will it be?**

Review Replies:

**Rogue Deity Master****: Yes, she does, but I don't see that happening soon as she will be in the hospital.**

**Cartwheellou****: I live in the US. East Coast. The snow's pretty much gone now, but it was pretty.**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Thank you! That last chapter was one of my favorites to write because I experimented with that dream-like/hazy setting and I think it turned out rather well. You must live in a region near-ish to me, then. Maybe not, but I can't think of anywhere else that got lots of snow yesterday. **

**Silver Blue Eyed Wolf****: Yes, Astrid's parents saved her and called for the ambulance. Hiccup did not come in. The doctor just happened to have green eyes because I wanted them to match his scrubs color. Here's the next chapter.**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: Oh, I'm sure they will! As for how her parents will treat their daughter, that is a story for another chapter. This chapter is about Hiccup! Here is the next chapter.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 12: The Email Reveals The Truth

**I really do think I work too much**, Hiccup decided as he stared at the computer screen in front of him. _**I'm always hereâ€¦answering calls, comforting people**_. He looked over the phone numbers that shown there, but Astrid's phone number, the one he had written down and circled on the Post-It notepad next to his computer, never appeared. _**It's not that bad, Hiccup**_, he tried to tell himself. _**You already told her before that you knew she wasn't actually depressed. She's probably got an amazing boyfriend that comforts her every night and makes her feel loved. No need for some stupid help hotline. Okay, we're not stupidâ€¦but she probably thinks we are. Why am I rambling in my thoughts, anyway?**_

The nights dragged on so slowly when Hiccup didn't get to talk with Astrid. Hiccup glanced over at the bulky business textbook he had brought with him. He did not know why he'd brought it. There was no downtime at the Heavenly Hopes Hotline call center. Berk and its surrounding areas was a pretty depressing place, apparently. Stillâ€¦with the slowness of the night, Hiccup almost contemplated reading his assigned business readings. That might be more

interesting. He sighed, wishing again for the thousandth time that he could've entered Berk University as a history major. He loved the subject, but, (as his father had said back when Hiccup was approaching the end of his high school career) how would that ever help him as a soon-to-be CEO.

Picking up a call from some random number, Hiccup used that to pass some time. How had he ever enjoyed this before he'd picked up Astrid's call that very first time? The callers would always seem to ramble on or he'd have to try making out their words through tears. That was yet another thing he liked about talking with Astrid. Her words were always short and to the point and he did not even think she was capable of crying. She had a strong and confident voice. Her calls were less him giving advice and more them having a sarcastic conversation between each other until one of them finally decided the call had gone on long enough.

It seemed like forever before the call ended and silence rang through Hiccup's headset once again. Pushing the microphone back, he returned to his nightly routine of watching numbers flash on the screen. At one time, before he had first talked with Astrid, Hiccup had been "Angel of the Month" for several months in a row. He was always taking calls and improving lives. Now, his performance had dropped and he knew that he would not be receiving the "Angel of the Month" award this monthâ€¦or probably ever again. He no longer wanted to talk to many callers and improve many lives; he only cared about oneâ€”Astrid.

Bored, Hiccup pulled out his Android phone. His parents always insisted in having the bestâ€¦even if that meant buying a phone that they barely knew how to work. Hiccup had picked up on it quick, though, and ended up having to teach his mother and father the basics. Sliding his finger on the lock screen, Hiccup drew out his pass code and unlocked the phone. The first thing he noticed was the new text message. Just another message added to the group message between him and his parents. Why did they always need to text him? Didn't they know he was working? Wellâ€¦supposed to be working.

Closing out of the text messages, Hiccup saw that he had some new emails. Usually, they weren't important, but he did link his school email address to his Android, so Hiccup decided to open the new emails. Maybe he'd get lucky and one of his professors would cancel classes. For the rest of the semester. Maybe he'd be super lucky and all of his business professors would cancel the rest of their classes for the semester. Hiccup could've laughed out loud. He had the worst luck of anyone in Berk and the surrounding areas. With his luck, his professors would email to add more classes or double the length of the remaining ones. Hiccup shuddered at the thought; business classes were bad enough as they were!

There were several emails from Berk University but the one that caught Hiccup's attention was one from the university's president. The email was an email sent to all students and faculty of the university.

Berk University community,

_I write to you this evening to inform you all of a sad event. One of our students, Astrid Hofferson, has been admitted late this afternoon

to Berk County Regional Medical Center. Information leading up to her admittance to BCRMC was not available. We have been told that the prognosis is favorable and Astrid is expected to return to classes here at Berk University prior to final exams. _

_Please keep the Hofferson family in your thoughts and prayers and know that the counseling center on the campus of Berk University is open weekdays from 8AM-5PM and weekends from 10AM-3PM for any student or faculty member who would like to speak with one of our experienced counselors. _

The email was signed with the name of the university's president and a jpeg image of his handwritten signature, the standard closing for his emails. Hiccup almost dropped his phone. Surely this was the very girl he had been talking with over the hotline. Her name was Astrid and he had all but concluded that she lived in this area and was enrolled as a student at Berk University. Still, he didn't want to believe it. "It can't beâ€¦"

Hiccup had not realized that he had spoken these words until he heard a reply. "What can't be?" an inquisitive voice asked.

Turning around, Hiccup almost groaned at who he saw. He bit back such a response and, instead, replied with a question of his own. "Did you read that email from the university president?"

The girl in front of Hiccup nodded. "Yeah. It's all very strange and unfortunate. Well, I'm off. See you again later, Hiccup."

Letting out a breath that he did not know he had been holding, Hiccup turned back to his computer and stared down at his Android, reading over the email message again several more times._** I'm so stupid. All this time, I thought Astrid was happier, not depressed, and that's why she wasn't calling the Hotline anymore. She must be even more stubborn than I thought. This is entirely my fault. She's in the hospital because of my carelessnessâ€¦my need to follow these stupid rules and not allow myself to grow close to her. Tomorrow's my day off. I'm going to go to the hospital and visit her. I need to apologize. I'm so sorry, Astrid!**_

* * *

><p>I apologize for the lame title of this chapter, but I really like how it turned out. Guysâ€¦I just updated this story two days agoâ€¦and now I'm updating it again! This is a major accomplishment! Hopefully updates continue to be this quick. I'd like that too because I really like writing this story. Next chapter will again focus on Hiccup. He's been a bit overshadowed lately.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: March 22, 2015

13. A Visit To The Hospital

While I was off being busy in the real world, YOPS saw the posting of its 100**th**** review! Congrats to lizbethia for posting this

milestone review! **

Another Hiccup chapter coming your way after the review replies!

Review Replies:

**Rogue Deity Master****: He probably will.**

**zzzeus11****: Thanks!**

**Guest (anonymous)****: Here's more!**

**The Viking Stranger****: Well, guess we'll just have to see how it plays out.**

**PuppeteerOllie****: Glad to hear. I like to keep the suspense.**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Thank you. Yeah, this area is a popular place to live. Here's the next chapter.**

**KHMugiwaraRocks15****: Well, I did update superfast with the last chapter. Thanks. I've always wanted to write a scene like that and I'm glad it worked out so well. Here's the next chapter.**

**RepLicaLover****: Thanks! My time significantly decreased after I posted that chapter, but I have a lot more time again now.**

**lizbethia****: Again, congrats on posting the 100****th**** review! Here's the next chapter.**

**xFaerieValkyriex****: I don't recall getting any school emails that were overly horrible, actually. I just knew that Hiccup needed to be made aware of this circumstance to move the story forward and that just seemed the most logical way to do it. Haha.**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: He's just distracted. Happens to the best of us. Here's the next chapter.**

**Foxmorgoth****: Well, this chapter is centered around Hiccup again, but I'm not going to give too much out now. Enjoy the chapter!**

* * *

><p>Chapter 13: A Visit To The Hospital

The next day was Sunday and usually Hiccup would sleep in on the weekends because he did not have classes to wake up and prepare for like he did on the weekdays. However, today, there was no time to sleep in; Hiccup remembered this in the instant he opened his eyes to streaming sunlight. Today was the day that he'd promised to pay Astrid a visit in the hospital. He no longer cared if she recognized him as her angel. _**Screw those stupid corporate rules! It's my fault that Astrid's even in the hospital. If I was as good an angel as they all say I am, I would've noticed that Astrid was not okayâ€¦and it would have never come to this.**_

Sitting up and dangling his legs over the side, Hiccup pulled his prosthetic onto its place on the stump of his left leg and secured it into place. Quickly, he found clothing that was casual, yet presentable and threw them on, replacing his lounge pants and T-Shirt. All the while, Toothless, who had been woken up by Hiccup's movements, stared at his boy with an unamused gaze, one that did not go unnoticed by the rushing Hiccup. "W-What are you looking at?" he mocked the Lab Retriever. The only response Hiccup received was a yawn before Toothless readjusted himself upon the bed and went back to sleep.

Scoffing, Hiccup, now dressed in his casual day clothing, left the room to go grab some breakfast before leaving to head to the hospital. As Hiccup entered the kitchen to prepare a quick bowl of cereal, he was pleased to see that the room was empty. His parents must still be asleep. _**Good! That will make it easier to leave the house. I won't have to worry about answering all their prying questions.**_

Hiccup ate quickly and made to leave. He had decided that he would walk to the nearby bus stop because he did not want to drive around the hospital campus. Berk County Regional Medical Center was a bustling place and the campus was intimidating to drive through, even for someone like Hiccup who had received his driver's license several years ago.

Just as he turned the doorknob and opened the front door, Hiccup heard footsteps from the staircase. His parents were coming. Hiccup panicked only slightly before he slipped out the door and pulled it shut. He knew that he would hear about this when he came home later, but he would rather speak about where he been instead of where he was going.

The bus stop was a short distance from Hiccup's house, but once he slipped his earbuds into his ears and turned on his music, the walk seemed to go by much faster.

_Take second best
>_Put me to the test
>_Things on your chest
>_You need to confess
>_I will deliver
>_You know I'm a forgiver_

_Reach out and touch faith
>_Reach out and touch faith_

Arriving at the bus stop, he took a seat to wait for the correct bus to stop so that he could get on and take it to the hospital. Last night, after his parents had gone to bed, Hiccup had researched (on his Android phone) the bus schedules and daily rates for the public transportation of Berk and surrounding areas. Though he rarely took the bus, Hiccup was confident that he had enough information to not become stranded somewhere during the day. It wasn't like the city of Berk was all that large anyway. _**It'll be fine**_, Hiccup reassured himself as he waited.

To ease the wait, Hiccup let his iPod continue to play. By this point, though, Hiccup really was not listening to the songs that were

transmitting from his earbuds into his ears. He tried to listen to the music, but his nerves kept him from relaxing. He was not only nervous about the bus ride but also about meeting Astrid face-to-face for the first time. The bus came and Hiccup boarded, paying his fare before taking a seat in the middle of the bus. According to his research, the ride wouldn't be too long.

Hiccup continued to listen to his iPod throughout the ride but, as the bus drove closer to the hospital, he opted to switch off his iPod in preparation to exit at his predetermined stop.

The bus stop where Hiccup would exit was located just off the campus of the Berk County Regional Medical Center. He had never been to the hospital and he prayed that he could find out where he needed to goâ€¦although he was certain that the hospital staff would be more than happy to assist him.

Stepping from the bus, Hiccup made sure to take notice of his surroundings so that he would be able to find the bus stop later after he had visited Astrid. On his way into the building, Hiccup also made sure to stop and take a look at a posted map of the campus to find what building he would likely need to enter. Finally, he resolved to just enter the main building and allow the staff there to direct him to Astrid.

At the main entrance, Hiccup was met with a general reception desk and a small waiting area. Stepping right up to the desk, Hiccup stated his purpose for visiting. "I'm here to visit Astrid Hofferson. I heard that she was admitted here yesterday afternoon."

The nurse at the desk checked the database in her computer. "It looks like she's out of the ICU so she is permitted visitors within regular visiting hours. You are aware of our visiting hours, correct?"

Hiccup nodded his head in confirmation. "Correct, but I can assure you that I will not be here that long. I just want toâ€¦see how she's doing and wish her well."

"Ohâ€¦are you her boyfriend?" the nurse inquired.

Hiccup stiffened at the question. "Noâ€¦no, I'm just a friend," he stuttered. "Why? Does she have a boyfriend?"

The nurse shrugged. "I don't know. I was just curious." She gave Hiccup the room number where Astrid would be found and directed him through the hallways as to the most direct route to take to get there.

Hiccup thanked the nurse and walked to the closest elevator. He did not feel like taking the stairs. Already he had put more pressure than normal on his bad leg and he couldn't wait to get to Astrid's room and take a seat beside her bed. Once in the elevator, Hiccup pressed the button for Astrid's floor and leaned back against the wall as the elevator rose higher.

When the elevator dinged and the doors opened unto Astrid's floor, Hiccup pushed off from the wall and walked down the hall just as the desk receptionist had instructed. He hated hospitals. The bright white, so devoid of color, and the scent of sterilizers and latex; he

hated it all so much. _**This is for Astrid, **_he reminded himself._** I need to apologize for everything.**_

Arriving at Astrid's room, Hiccup found the door was closed but not locked. He reached to unlatch the door but hesitated. This meeting was going to break so many workplace rules, but he had to do it. There was no way that he could live peacefully without apologizing to Astrid and promising to always be there for her.

Taking a deep breath, Hiccup opened the door slowly and stepped into the silent room. Immediately he noticed that Astrid had a private room. _**That will make this a little easier, I guess.**_ Hiccup stepped further into the room, shutting the door quietly behind him. As he approached Astrid's bedside, Hiccup's mind cleared. His only thought as his steps took him closer wasâ€¦_**Maybe I should've bought her some flowers as a get well giftâ€¦**_

* * *

><p>Yes, I'm going to be cruel and split this even further. Next chapter is the one you all are waiting forâ€¦and it will (again!) be in Hiccup's POV. That will (most likely) be the last Hiccup chapter for a while, so I hope you'll enjoy it.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

**Posted: April 5, 2015
>**Happy Easter!**

14. Meeting Astrid

I suppose you all have waited long enough. Time to resolve that last cliffhanger, but I'm not going to say too much. Instead, I'll let the chapter speak for me.

Review Replies:

**Rogue Deity Master****: Thanks.**

**G (anonymous)****: Yep, I did have to split it. That way I know everyone will return to read this chapter!**

**Foxmorgorth****: Yeah, Hiccup is a truly amazing "angel". Hopefully this wasn't too long. At least I didn't make you wait the full two weeks for this update.**

**The Plasma Blast****: It's been almost two weeks. That's long enough to sit on the cliffhanger, I'd say. Also, I write my chapters to be about 1,000 words. With that length, I feel I say enough without being overly wordy or too short. It's just the way I've always done it.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: Yepâ€¦that cliffhanger! Here's the next update.**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Thanks! The song lyrics are from Depeche Mode's "Personal Jesus" which is the song inspiration behind this

story. Good question!**

**RoboticMechanicalJeb****: A sequel? But the story is still going. I will write the next chapter, though.**

**KHMugiwaraRocks15****: My motive behind splitting the chapter worked, then. Can't have anyone losing interest in the story now! Haha. Thanks! I definitely could see Toothless the dragon doing that to Hiccup the Viking too. Haha.**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: Yes he isâ€¦and Nervous!Hiccup is so much fun to write. He gives himself anxiety attacks. Haha.**

**RiseOfADragon****: Haha! I knew that was the reason! I actually like reading AU stories more than canon-plot stories. I dunno why. I guess I just like seeing the characters in a more-relatable setting.**

Guest (anonymous): Yeahâ€¦one more "Hiccup"-centered chapter for awhile. Thanks!

* * *

><p>Chapter 14: Meeting Astrid

Hiccup's heart beat fast as he walked closer to the drawn curtain, concealing Astrid's bed. _**What will she be like?**_ he wondered. Though Hiccup knew her voice well, he had never pictured what she might look like. So many images ran through his mind about how this strong (yet troubled) girl might look.

Slowing his walk, Hiccup's mind raced with words that he could say to her. Would it be awkward for him to just show up and apologize? Was he even going to make it through this or would his heart give out first? It was already racing and pumping much faster and harder than it should.

Pulling back the curtain, Hiccup was ready to say anything that came to mind when he noticed that Astrid appeared to be asleep. Sighing, Hiccup stepped behind the curtain and slid it closed once again. For a moment, all Hiccup could do was stare down at Astrid. She was pretty. There was no denying that. The girl before him had long blonde hair, laying loose, making her look like an angel. _**She's the angel here. Not me**_, he realized. Though she wore the dull garments provided by the hospital, the thin gown did little to mask her beauty and Hiccup felt his heart race.

As Hiccup gazed down upon the beautiful sleeping girl, he realized that he probably shouldn't be watching her sleep. What kind of person did stuff like that? Only the creepy stalker types and Hiccup did not want to be classified as such. He tried, multiple times, to leaveâ€”to just turn around and walk back out the doorâ€”but he found that he couldn't do it. He had not accomplished the mission that he had set out to complete.

The pain in the area of his bad leg where skin met prosthetic ached again and Hiccup took a seat. Massaging the area, the pain slowly faded away and Hiccup sighed. When the pain was gone, Hiccup turned his attention back to the silent Astrid. He watched her chest rise

and fall rhythmically and steady. She was at peace and he smiled, relieved to see her happy and not hurting.

Taking her hand, Hiccup thought of all the words that he could say to her silent form. He did not know if she could hear his words or not, so he decided to say what he had come here to tell her. "Astrid, it's meâ€¦Hiccupâ€¦you know, the angel you talked with on the phone. Iâ€¦I sawâ€¦Berk University sent out an email saying that you were in the hospital." Hiccup could have smacked himself for how stupid he sounded. Good thing Astrid probably couldn't hear his words.

He continued, "When I saw that email, I knew that I had to come and see you, talk with youâ€¦althoughâ€¦I think I was hoping that we could talk face-to-face for once. Anywayâ€¦you don't know how distressed I felt when I saw that email. Though I didn't know your last name, I figured that the email had to be about you. I meanâ€¦how many girls are named 'Astrid' nowadays? Ah, I'm one to talk. If you only knew my real nameâ€¦"

Hiccup trailed off, stifling a laugh. "Maybe someday I'll tell you. I must look weirdâ€¦talking to someone who is sleeping, butâ€¦wellâ€¦I should probably get to the point. I didn't come here just to stutter over words and sound like an idiot. I traveled out here today toâ€¦apologize to you, Astrid. You probably aren't hearing this, but at least I'll feel better. Soâ€¦here goes." Taking a deep breath, Hiccup continued, "Astrid, I'm so sorry. I should've known that you weren't okay. If I would've been a better angel, you wouldn't be here now. I justâ€¦wish there was something I could do. You don't deserve this. I justâ€¦don't knowâ€¦"

A knock on the door interrupted Hiccup. He did not say anything, knowing that the hospital staff would enter whether he wished it or not. Sure enough, Hiccup heard the door open and close less than a moment later.

Soon after the person entered the room, he or she opened the curtain to Astrid's section of the room. When the other person approached closer to Astrid's bed, Hiccup released Astrid's hand from his own and turned to see who had entered. The young man, not much older than Hiccup, wore scrubs and a white coat over, a stethoscope hung round his neck. This man must've been the doctor who had been assigned to provide care for Astrid during her stay at the hospital.

The doctor was glancing over a clipboard and did not immediately notice Hiccup's presence. When he did notice Hiccup sitting beside Astrid's bedside, he hurriedly extended his hand and introduced himself. Hiccup stood up to accept the handshake and introduce himself as well, stating his real name which he rarely ever used and it felt foreign to him now.

"So, Doctor, could you tell me more about Astrid's condition? Is she doing okay? How serious is it?" Hiccup wondered. He could see the doctor's questioning stare and figured that, like the front desk nurse, the doctor probably assumed him to be Astrid's boyfriend.

"Currently, Astrid is stable. She is in a medically-induced coma at present to give her wounds time to heal. If she were to be awake and alert right now, she would be in a great deal of pain and would need a lot more pain medication than we generally like to prescribe at one

time. Unfortunately, because I don't know your relation to Miss Hofferson, I can't release a detailed explanation, but I will say that her outlook is favorable. We will lift the medical-coma in a few days' time and I expect she will be discharged in about a week. Until then, her condition will be monitored for changes, good or bad."

Hiccup thanked the doctor for the explanation that he was able to give. Though it did not include all the details about Astrid's condition at the time of admittance, Hiccup understood and was relieved that Astrid's condition did seem to be improving. The doctor left to continue making his rounds and Hiccup figured that it was about time he should be leaving too. Because it was Sunday, the buses would not be running as late as they normally did during the rest of the week and he definitely did not want to have to call home and explain why he needed a ride home from the hospital.

As Hiccup made to leave the room, he turned back to the closed curtain encircling Astrid's bedside. "I'm sure we'll talk again sometimeâ€¦hopefully soon. Get better, Astrid," he finished with a slight hint of a smile. Hiccup pulled out his Android phone as he walked out of Astrid's room. On his walk out of the hospital and back to the bus stop, Hiccup added Astrid's number, which he had memorized by now, to the almost-empty contacts list programmed into his phone.

* * *

><p>As usual, I should probably be sleeping since I work in the morningâ€¦and evening, but I really wanted to finish this chapter and get it posted. Hope it lived up to expectations!

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: April 17, 2015

15. Frustrated and Alone

Many are requesting faster updates for this story, so I decided to get right on writing the next chapter. Not even a week since the last update and here's the next chapter! I feel accomplished!

Review Replies:

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Thanks! Here's the next chapter.**

**Rogue Deity Master****: Yeah, I honestly thought about having him do that, but I forgot to have him buy flowers and felt too lazy to go back and find a way to edit it in.**

**G (anonymous)****: I will! I'm glad that you like the story.**

**sycocritic****: Thanks! I'll continue. Haha.**

**Vahn N. Chrome****: I know! The wait time between 13 and 14 was pretty long this time. Thanks! Here's a quicker update.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: I'm glad that you love the story. I'm so sorry! I forgot to send a PM. I read the review in my email (on my iPhone) and I don't use the PM system while on my iPhone. Too hard to zoom in and see the words and then zoom out to see the rest of the message. So, I'll post your reminder here! You wanted to favorite the story. Oh, and here's the next update
too.**

**KHMugiwaraRocks15****: Thanks! I had fun writing Hiccup's description of Astrid.**

**The Viking Stranger****: Yep, but it just didn't work out so the story continues. Haha.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 15: Frustrated and Alone

Nothing. Astrid was embraced by nothing. This place she was in now was devoid of anything sensory. She saw nothingâ€”no colors and no objects or people or landmarks or anything. It was like she had gone blind. She heard a faint sound in the distance, a steady beeping, but nothing else. The silence was deafening and she wanted to just cover her ears and sink to her kneesâ€¦but she could not find her hands. She could see nothing in the blackness that surrounded her, pressing down upon her like a dark weight. Scents were nonexistent and Astrid found that she missed this sense more than she'd ever thought possible. No warm scents of flowers to remind her of spring. No overpowering scents of the various air fresheners that her mother kept around the house (a different one in every room). It was only when she lost her sense of smell that Astrid truly missed it. She could feel nothing. Even as she tried to move her hands (though she had no idea where her hands were) in the area surrounding her presence, she felt nothing. No rough surfaces, no smooth surfaces. Just nothing, like sifting through air.

**What is this place?** Astrid wanted to scream out; she didn't know what was going on and she hated it. She hated the uncertainty and she hated the nothingness_**. I always thought that living in the same house as my mother was the worst possible thing, but now I know that I was wrong. This is the worst possible place to be. Is there no way out?**_

Astrid tried to scream, but no sound escaped. It was like she was wearing a tight binding over her chest. No matter how hard she tried to scream, she couldn't and this just frustrated her even more. _**Please! Help me! There must be a way out of here!**_

"Astrid, it's meâ€¦Hiccupâ€¦you know, the angel you talked with on the phone."

**Hiccup?** Astrid looked around, but her surroundings didn't change, still as pitch black as they had been since the abstract surroundings and weightless feeling had disappeared. "Hiccup!" Astrid called out. She could finally hear her voice, but it only echoed in the darkness around her. "Hiccup! Please, help me!"

"Iâ€¦I sawâ€¦Berk University sent out an email saying that you were in the hospital," Hiccup continued speaking as if he hadn't heard

Astrid's desperate cries for help.

**Waitâ€¦I'm in the hospital? Why am I in the hospital? No, I can't be in a hospital because I'm here, in this dark place.** Nothing made sense anymore. _**How did Hiccup find me? I never told him my last name. Did he justâ€¦guess? He goes to my university? When I get out of here I'm going to find him and thank him for all the help he has given me lately!**_ Astrid's thoughts raced and it helped take her mind off her situation.

"When I saw that email, I knew that I had to come and see you, talk with youâ€¦althoughâ€¦I think I was hoping that we could talk face-to-face for once. Anywayâ€¦you don't know how distressed I felt when I saw that email. Though I didn't know your last name, I figured that the email had to be about you. I meanâ€¦how many girls are named 'Astrid' nowadays? Ah, I'm one to talk. If you only knew my real nameâ€¦" Hiccup continued to speak before trailing off suddenly.

Astrid had let her hopes cloud her judgement. She had wanted to believe that Hiccup was truly here, speaking these word to her, but that was impossible. She was alone, locked in some dark and non-sensory prison. Still, it didn't make sense as to why Hiccup's voice had manifested itself here within this space. Astrid had only talked with Hiccup a few times. Was that enough time for her to memorize his voice? **_I wish you were actually here, Hiccup. You're always so good at making me feel better. Your presence would really help me right now_**.

"Maybe someday I'll tell you. I must look weirdâ€¦talking to someone who is sleeping, butâ€¦wellâ€¦I should probably get to the point. I didn't come here just to stutter over words and sound like an idiot. I traveled out here today toâ€¦apologize to you, Astrid. You probably aren't hearing this, but at least I'll feel better. Soâ€¦here goes."

Astrid heard Hiccup take a deep breath before continuing. "Astrid, I'm so sorry. I should've known that you weren't okay. If I would've been a better angel, you wouldn't be here now. I justâ€¦wish there was something I could do. You don't deserve this. I justâ€¦don't knowâ€¦"

**Now this place is just mocking me!** "Stop!" Astrid yelled out, frustrated by the echo. "I know that Hiccup is not here! If he was here, he'd be with me. Your words don't even make sense! I'm not asleep! I'm awake! Hiccup is not talking with me! You're just my subconscious, trying to make me feel guilty for attempting to handle all my problems on my own. I know I'm not perfect, but you don't have to guilt-trip meâ€¦and you definitely don't have to bring Hiccup into this! Hiccup is a fantastic angel and he had nothing to do with any of this. I don't want to hear any more!"

The voice stopped and the world around Astrid fell back into silence. Astrid could still hear her words echoing around her and that, combined with the sudden silence, made her ears ring once again. In the distance, she could again hear that faint steady beeping. As much as she hated it and wanted it to cease, it was the only sound around her and its faint noise reminded Astrid that she was not actually deaf. How she wished she had something to remind her that she was not blind. Orâ€¦was she blind? This whole time, she had heard sounds but

saw nothing. No images, no colors, no scenes. She couldn't be blind, could she? _**No,**_ she reassured herself. _**It's this strange place, making me insane. Why can't I escape from this place? That's all I want!**_

**No, wait!** Astrid realized. _**That's not the only thing I want. I also want to talk with Hiccup again. The real Hiccup, not this fake interpretation of his voice. Please! What more must I do to leave this place? It can't be that I'll be stuck here forever. I'm not dead, right? This isn't what death is like, is it? I don't want to stay here for the rest of eternity. Pleaseâ€¦help meâ€¦**_

Despite her begging and pleas, the blackness kept its hold on Astrid and all she could do was to wait, frustrated and alone.

* * *

><p>I know this chapter is short and not much happened, but it's just a transition chapter. Besides, if I keep my chapters closer to 1,000 words, updates will come to you, my readers, faster than if I tried to make them longer.

**Not to mention, I kinda like this chapter. I've never been in a coma, but I don't assume it to be quite pleasant. **

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

**Posted: April 22, 2015
>**Happy Earth Day!**

16. Freedom Restored (Slightly)

Another quick update in the works. Not much to say, so I hope you enjoy the new chapter!

Review Replies:

**zzzeus11****: Thanks! That's what I was going for when I was writing it.**

**Rogue Deity Master****: You may have given me an idea! Haha.**

**Foxmorgorth****: Yeah, I like to take a very visual stance when writing. I was taught to use words to paint a picture. Glad to hear that it worked. **

**The Viking Stranger****: Well, it was Hell for Astrid. That's for sure. We'll just have to see if she learns any lessons from this experience.**

**xFaerieValkyriex****: I don't know if I've ever even seen a coma patient, to be honest. These scenes are all purely based on my imagination about such an experience. Oh, and, not trying to be a stalker or anything, but I saw on your profile, that you are from Pennsylvania. Me too! I knowâ€¦that was randomâ€¦**

**RiseOfADragon****: Thanks! Your words (and long reviews) are ones I always look forward to reading. You probably read them at that time because I have a habit of updating at night (just before I go to bed, usually, actually). That might change in the summer, but it works for now.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: I'd have to agree with you there. I just can't imagine experiencing a coma. I meanâ€¦I have problems with sleep paralysis (where you wake up before you're supposed to and so you're aware and conscious, but completely trapped inside your own body until it's ready to wake up) and it's not pleasant, I tell you. Luckily, for me, said problems only last maybe three minutes, at most, but it's still scary. Cue the panic attack. Oh, gosh, this was a long reply. Sorry!**

**Phanny6****: I shall continue! Thank you for your kind words. **

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Thank you very much! Here's the next chapter.**

**MrAndersIversen****: Thank you! I hope that you continue to enjoy it!**

yoloswagbruh (anonymous): I will! Glad that you like the story.

* * *

><p>Chapter 16: Freedom Restored (Slightly)

Astrid opened her eyes to an entirely new and bright setting. The light was so bright and white that it hurt Astrid's eyes so much that she had to shut them again. It was quite the contrast from the dark prison that had held her captive forâ€¦who knows how long. How great it felt to be able to experience her senses once again! She could see again. She could hear more than just that annoying beeping (which turned out to be one of the monitors that she was hooked up to). She could smellâ€¦although, hospital scents were less than pleasant, but at least it was better than smelling nothing at all. Her sense of touch was still numb from...whatever she had just experienced, but feeling was starting to return.

Taking a moment to observe her settings, Astrid found that she was in an empty hospital room. Just like that fake Hiccup had said. _**He mentioned a hospital. How did he know?**_ That was when the questions from before began again. _**Why am I in the hospital?**_ Why couldn't she remember the events that had led up to this moment?

Her sense of touch returned and Astrid was aware of pain emanating from her wrists and arms. Looking down, Astrid carefully brushed the slightly-loose hospital gown away to reveal white bandages, tinged with a hint of dried blood. The sight of the bandages brought all the memories back. Showing her mother her mid-term grades. Her mental breakdown and reluctance to call Hiccup. The deep cuts she had dug into her arms and wrists. The bath water turning an angry shade of red. The feeling of her life slipping away. She remembered everything.

While Astrid was contemplating all her newly-remembered memories, a

nurse, making her rounds, entered the room. "Oh, you're awake! Let me quickly check your vitals and then I'll go get the doctor. I'm sure he'll want to talk with you!"

Astrid did not object and let the nurse check her temperature, blood pressure, heart rate, breathing, and other vital signs.

"Alright, Astrid, everything looks okay to me. Let me just go tell the doctor that you are awake. Then we'll see what he has to say."

The nurse left and Astrid was alone again. This time, though, Astrid was quite okay with being alone. As long as she could still experience all her senses, Astrid did not mind the empty room. What she did want, though, was to stand up from this hospital bed and just walk around. However, she knew that was not possible as she was still hooked up to several machines. Despite her impatience to move around a little more, she did not know what all the machines did and why she needed them, so it was probably best just to wait for the doctor to come and explain her situation in better detail.

Berk County Regional Medical Center, that was where she was. Astrid realized as she saw the hospital's logo plastered on pads of paper and napkins and pens sitting upon the nightstand beside her bed. This hospital, she knew, was not particularly busy. Berk was a fairly small town. However, Astrid had read news articles about how BCRMC always seemed to be understaffed and she could see now, as she waited for the doctor, that the articles were correct. It was a short while before the doctor was able to get to Astrid's room to check over her.

With a knock, he entered. The doctor was young, much younger than Astrid had expected, and he wore a genuine smile as if he was glad that Astrid was now awake and alert. "Good morning, Miss Hofferson!" he greeted in a cheerful voice.

"A-Astrid," she stuttered, her voice dry and raspy from the period of inactivity.

The doctor filled a small cup with water and passed it to Astrid, allowing her to drink the rejuvenating liquid before proceeding with whatever else he had to do.

Pulling a seat over to Astrid's bedside, the doctor took his seat and began. "My nurse has already assessed your vitals and she says that you are steady. In good condition. Now, first, Astrid, I'm going to ask you a series of questions and I want you to answer truthfully as best you can. You can do that for me, right?" Upon Astrid's nod, the doctor began. "Normally, I start with asking your name, but we've already established that you know your name. Do you know where you are right now, Astrid? What is this place named?"

Astrid could have rolled her eyes. She should've guessed that the doctor would ask these basic knowledge questions. _**This is going to be so fun,**_ she thought sarcastically before answering. "Berk County Regional Medical Center."

"Good. Do you know why you are here?"

How should she answer that question? Surely, the doctor knew what the

full answer would be. Was he expecting her to say everything or explain her actions? The pain from underneath her newly-changed bandages began to sting again, as if reminding her to answer the question. Looking up from the floor, Astrid stared right into the doctor's eyes as she answered his question. "I tried to kill myself." She was not going to elaborate on her answer, but the doctor's next question asked her to explain her actions. Why did you try to kill yourself? That was his next question. Averting her gaze back down to the floor, Astrid spoke again, her words spilling out without her consent. "I'm not good enough. I'll never be good enough." Shifting her glance to her bandaged painful wrists, Astrid finished, "The world would be better off without me. What do I have to live for anyway? I'll just keep making the same mistakes again and again."

"Thank you for your honesty, Astrid," the doctor answered without looking up from the notes he was writing on a paper secured upon a clipboard. "I will now explain what has occurred since you were admitted to BCRMC and what the plan will be moving forward."

* * *

><p>I know it's short, but if I added the last part of this scene, this chapter would be a lot longer than I usually like to write out for a chapter (and it wouldn't be posted up yet for you all to read!)

One more (hopefully!) chapter in the hospital setting. I won't know until I write the next chapter, though.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: May 1, 2015

17. Moving Forward

Sorry for the delay! Went through a "burnt-out" phase...but the next chapter is here now!

Review Replies:

**PuppeteerOllie****: Because when they meet up, the story will be almost over. Haha.**

**G (anonymous)****: I knowâ€¦but at least the updates are quicker when the chapters are shorter.**

**xFaerieValkyriex****: I can assure you that Astrid will not end up in an asylum. Hopefully, the doctor's proposed treatment will work, yeah. **

**HiccupHaddockIII****: I do tooâ€¦and I'm writing the story. Haha. Here's the next chapter.**

**jlrdsr****: Thanks! I know it's short, but at least the updates are quicker, yeah? Here's the next chapter.**

_**Rogue**__**Deity**__**Master**_**: Perhaps. It could happen.**

**MrAndersIversen****: I will do my best to keep the updates quick and consistent. No guarantees, though.**

**Phanny6****: I am so glad my parents don't look at what I read (or write) anymore. They used to. I once got hooked on this InuYasha M-rated fanfic andâ€¦trying to read that when they were aroundâ€¦oh manâ€¦Haha.**

_**The**__**Viking**__**Stranger**_**: Nope. No sweet here! It will be good! I'm excited. Haha.**

**KHMugiwaraRocks15****: Thanks! Chapter 15 was very popular among readers and I had a blast writing it. Also, I understood what you meant, so you explained it just fine. **

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: The love triangle has already partially started, but I do envision it becoming more serious in later chapters. I don't know yet, though. I literally have only a vague plan to go on for this story right now.**

**Blue - The First Traveller****: Astrid does have so many emotions. Let's find out what happens.**

Arta-Calaestis Ralor: I'll tryâ€¦but then the updates would not be as quickâ€¦

* * *

><p>Chapter 17: Moving Forward

"Thank you for your honesty, Astrid," the doctor answered without looking up from the notes he was writing on a paper secured upon a clipboard. "I will now explain what has occurred since you were admitted to BCRMC and what the plan will be moving forward."

Astrid listened intently. _**Hopefully he explains thatâ€¦whatever it was...**_she thought, remembering that dark and scary non-sensory prison.

"When you were brought to us, Astrid, things did not look good. Your cuts were deep and, as such, you had severe blood loss. When we were finally able to stabilize your condition, I could see that you would be in much pain if immediately allowed to remain awake and conscious. That is why I ordered my nurses to place you into a medical coma for about a week. In that time, your wounds would heal slightly and they would monitor your condition as well as change the bandages over the wounds."

**A medical coma? That was a coma? Oh my gods, it was horrible.** Astrid did not speak her thoughts out loud, though. She did not need another reason to appear weak and helpless.

"While in the medical coma, your condition improved greatly, so I had my nurses gradually lower the dose until you were able to wake up just now. Does that make sense? Do you feel adequately 'caught up' or do you need me to elaborate on anything?"

"No, that was fine. I understand."

"Okay," the doctor answered. "Then I will explain my vision for how we should go from here. You seem like a nice girl, Astrid, and as great as it is to meet you, this is not a place to which I'd want to see you return. I think that if you follow through with what I'm about to say, then it will greatly improve your mental health and you won't have to come see me and my team again."

Astrid waited, silently, giving the doctor the benefit of the doubt. Although, she was still unsure; nothing had ever worked in the past. What could he possibly do that would work better than any of the other past solutions?

"First, I'm going to keep you here for a few more days. That will give your wounds time to heal a little more before we send you home. Also, I'm going to be removing some of these IVs; they won't be needed now that you are awake and able, for instance, to now eat on your own. However, I will leave one IV which will add iron supplement into your bloodstream. This supplement will help to replenish the iron from the blood loss."

Astrid continued to listen, nodding slightly occasionally.

"Now, when you are released from here, I will have a written prescription for you to take to your preferred pharmacy. This prescription will provide you with pills that you will take orally, one pill a day. This medication is designed to increase the serotonin concentration in your brain. The more serotonin you have, the less depressed you will be and, if I had to take a guess, it was depression that led to your actions."

"You're not going to send me to some house for crazy people, are you?" Astrid asked quietly. Her worst fear about ever publically exposing her depression was that she would end up locked in a straitjacket in a padded room in some desolate place out in the middle of nowhere away from any normal human contact and interaction.

The doctor laughed slightly, but it wasn't a mocking sound. "No, Astrid. I will not recommend you admit to an asylum. Instead, though, I do recommend taking a few months of therapy." He must have seen the unhappy look that appeared on Astrid's face, because he quickly stated. "I assure you that it's nothing like an asylum. This therapy provides a comfortable atmosphere where you can share you experiences among others who are going to similar situations. I've heard nothing but positive feedback from patients whom I recommended for this in the past."

Astrid spoke no words, but her expression detailed everything she was thinking. The doctor must've seen her expression because he spoke up again. "At least give it a try. Now, I'm going to go inform my nurses about all we just discussed. I'll check in with you once a day as long as you remain here at BCRMC and once your wounds have healed a bit more we'll talk about releasing you, Astrid."

The doctor stood up and stepped closer and offered his hand to shake in friendly closing. As he stepped closer, Astrid caught sight of his gold name badge. _**Dr. Maxwell Bay,**_ she read silently. She questioned him about his name because, really, who names their son

Maxwell nowadays? At this, the doctor laughed. "Yes, it is a bit formal, isn't it? I prefer Max. Dr. Max Bay."

Astrid smiled slightly as she weakly shook the doctor's hand. He was pretty nice and it seemed he genuinely wished for her well-being. Perhaps it couldn't hurt to take his suggestions?

"I understand how you feel, Astrid," Dr. Bay spoke, dropping the handshake. "I've seen many depression patients over the years. I also have seen most of them heal to become some of the strongest people out there. I'm confident that you can be among them. Just give it a try." He made to leave, but stopped and turned back. "Besides, you gave your boyfriend quite a scare. I met him here a few times. He seems nice. You shouldn't worry him like that."

**Boyfriend?** Astrid blinked slowly as she tried to process what she had just heard. A boy had visited her? More than once, even? "Iâ€¦I don't have aâ€¦" she started to say, but she stopped when she noticed that Dr. Bay had already left. _**Who is he talking about? What boy would visit me?**_

Making to lie back the bed so she could rest (as Dr. Bay had instructed), Astrid used the far-side nightstand to steady herself. As she touched the stand, her fingertips brushed against a strange object and she drew her hand back quickly. Once she had safely returned the bed to a resting position, Astrid glanced over at the nightstand. Her hands moved automatically to pick up the object she had accidentally found.

It was a single red rose, the only flowers she had received since being admitted to BCRMC. Attached to the stem was a short handwritten note. She read the note, in a whisper, to herself. "Feel better soon, Astrid. Next time, please tell me that you're upset. I want to be there and help you through life's ups and downs. You know how to reach me. Thinking of you. Hiccup."

* * *

><p>Godsâ€¦I sure know how to kill a good ending. Originally, the note was just going to have the first sentence and Hiccup's name. This way sounds more sentimental but more creepy too. I just can't win.

**Also, I apologize for the lateness. Went through a period of time where I just felt burnt out and nothing sounded good enough to pass for a chapter. Hopefully, that's in the past, but I shall make no guarantees. **

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: May 12, 2015

18. Endless Boredom

**You guys are seriously good! Many of you caught that little Easter egg. Yes, the doctor's name is heavily influenced by the huggable robot Baymax from Big Hero 6. Basically, I got bored with calling him "The doctor" all the time, so I saidâ€¦oh, hey, Baymax is a

healthcare companion, so I'll just borrow his name.**

Also, super important! I set up a new Twitter account for my fanfiction account! There I will keep in touch about updates, writing progress, and maybe even post some extra content! If you want to follow me, head on over to my profile on here. I have posted my current username there for you! Enjoy!

Anywayâ€¦back to YOPSâ€¦after the Review Replies:

**Anon (anonymous)****: I know. I feel that way about several other fanfics. Waiting for updates can be the worst sometimes!**

**Helman Overseer****: You got it. That's exactly right!**

**Inkling (anonymous)****: It's not off-topic at all, because it's correct! It was totally intentionally.**

**jlrdsr****: Thanks. I'm glad you like it.**

**Rogue Deity Master****: Perhaps. I guess we'll find out.**

**Foxmorgorth****: Thanks. I wasn't sure and no matter what I tried it never seemed to sound any better. There might be a face-to-face moment coming up soon. Dunno though. I'm making this up as I go along. Haha. **

**Cloudjumper Kat****: I find it fun to write Astrid's parents into my stories because there's nothing known about them. I've literally had complete opposite ends of the spectrums. The freedom is nice. Here's the next chapter.**

**G (anonymous)****: I knowâ€¦but the story is back! Enjoy the new chapter.**

**MrAndersIversen****: It still gets updates faster than most of my other stories, so that's something, I guess.**

**waveringshadow****: They can go together. I've seen pics of super cute gothic (dark) girls before, soâ€¦yeah, I see no problem with putting those two words together. **

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Sorry about what? I literally looked over everything to find out what prompted the apology. I'm confused now. Haha. Here's the next chapter.**

**LoZDCMVGfan****: Toothless will be back. I actually have this really great scene planned where Hiccupâ€¦you know what, I'll just wait and type it up when we get that far. Haha. Here's the next chapter.**

**The Viking Stranger****: Hmmâ€¦good thoughts. We shall seeâ€¦and yes, there will be plenty of obstacles, especially considering all these treatment options that Dr. Bay has suggested. And, yes, you are right again. Heather will be back. We definitely have not seen the last of her.**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: Okay, good. I dunno why it sounded that way to me. Maybe it was late at night or something. We'll be checking in with her parents within a few chapters. Might as well give Astrid some relief from them and their need for perfection. Haha. Here's the next chapter.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 18: Endless Boredom

Making to lie back the bed so she could rest (as Dr. Bay had instructed), Astrid used the far-side nightstand to steady herself. As she touched the stand, her fingertips brushed against a strange object and she drew her hand back quickly. Once she had safely returned the bed to a resting position, Astrid glanced over at the nightstand. Her hands moved automatically to pick up the object she had accidentally found.

It was a single red rose, the only flowers she had received since being admitted to BCRMC. Attached to the stem was a short handwritten note. She read the note, in a whisper, to herself. "Feel better soon, Astrid. Next time, please tell me that you're upset. I want to be there and help you through life's ups and downs. You know how to reach me. Thinking of you. Hiccup."

**Hiccup?** Astrid shifted the stem in her hand, turning the rose around as if a simple flick would change the writing on note. It didn't. Even after turning the rose around, the note was still the same, signed by Hiccup. Hiccupâ€¦that silly but secretive nickname of the angel she had talked with twice now. He had visited her? Here? In Berk County Regional Medical Center? Why would he visit her? Not just that, butâ€¦did that mean that he lived nearby? He had to because, really, who would travel out here to this little community hospital just to see her? _Especially_ if they were making that trip just to see her.

Or maybe he sent the flower, the rose, to the hospital. That was probably what happened. Astrid thought more about it and it seemed less and less logical that Hiccup could live in Berk or any of its surrounding areas. She would have to do some research about this Hotline, but Astrid was certain that it was not locally centered in Berk, probably New York or Los Angeles, but definitely not Berk. Hiccup probably lived out in California with the warm sunshine or in the neon light, hustle-bustle of New York City. Dr. Bay had said told Astrid that she'd been in that medically-induced coma for about a week. That was plenty of time to send the flower by post. Again, that brought her back to the question that she'd unconsciously been wondering this whole time. Why?

Astrid thought back to those dreadful moments trapped in the medical coma. When it had seemed that she was at the darkest, most desperate moment, she had heard Hiccup's voice. Had she really heard that? Dr. Bay had said that a boy had visited her a few times, but it couldn't possibly have been Hiccup. It was all so confusing and puzzling over it was giving Astrid a migraine.

The afternoon nurse stopped by a few hours later for Astrid's daily check. At the start of the check, the nurse explained to Astrid that, as recommended by Dr. Bay, each day she would be checked upon in the morning, afternoon, and late evening around mealtimes. Her condition

would be monitored and Dr. Bay would then determine her discharge date.

After the check, the afternoon nurse set a tray of food in front of Astrid. "Now that you're awake, you've been upgraded to solid foods instead of the liquid IV that was used during your medical coma." On her way out of the room, the nurse wished Astrid well and left the hospitalized girl to her food.

_**Upgraded? I think I'd take the liquid IV, **_Astrid thought as she poked at the barely-edible hospital food. _**They actually expect patients to eat thisâ€¦stuff?**_

Astrid did end up eating the provided lunch, but only because she did not want to starve and these hospital-provided meals would be her only source of food for a short while. Even if her parents did visit, Astrid knew they would not bring her real food. Her mother hated fast food ("too greasy and dreadfully disgusting working conditions") and they wouldn't waste time bringing in homemade foods. Honestly, though, Astrid doubted they'd even visit; that would break their perfection illusion.

Finished with lunch, Astrid set her emptied tray aside. Someone would be around to collect it later. There wasn't much to do to pass time, Astrid quickly noticed. The hospital bed was equipped with a small personal television positioned on a swivel so Astrid could pull it into a viewable place and push it away again when finished with it. The remote control for the television was in the top drawer of the nightstand on which she had found the rose that had supposedly been from Hiccup.

_**So this is how my days here are going to go? Three visits from nurses at mealtimes. A daily check visit with Dr. Bay sometime in the afternoon. A whole lot of boring downtime in between. **_Astrid groaned silently just thinking about how long and drawn-out these days were going to feel. How she wished she had her schoolwork so she could, at least, work on that during the day. _**How much have I missed? At least a week's worth of classes because of the medical coma.**_ By the time she was released, it'd be at least two weeks, she guessed. Surely, her professors had been made aware that she was in the hospital and, even if they had not, she should be allowed extensions to make up work. It would be a lot to make up, because Astrid was certain that she would get no special treatment when it came to taking the final exams. This is university and she'd (hopefully, if all went well) have a few weeks after returning to complete all the make-up work, so, according to her professors, she'd be ready to take her finals. Not to mention that her parents would still expect perfection in her results. _**Final exams truly will be the death of me**_, Astrid groaned.

After a nurse stopped by to pick up the empty tray, the hours seemed to slow down once again. Astrid watched some television only to pass the time because there was really nothing else to do with the time. She grew bored with television after a short while and turned it off, swiveling the mounted TV back to its resting place beside the bed. She could not sleep until after the night nurse came in to do the nightly check and who knew how long she would have to wait for that to happen. Astrid ran her hands through her blonde hair. It fell loose which felt weird to her. Usually, Astrid wore her hair in an intricate side-braid over her shoulder. Now, though, her hair was

loose and tangled and Astrid did not like it.

_**Is this really better than being dead? **_Astrid wondered. _**Cursed to a life of endless boredom while stuck in this glistening sterile room.**_ If only she knew what tomorrow would bring.

* * *

><p>Thinking about it, I'm guessing there will be about two more hospital arc chapters before we get back to the main storyline. I have no estimate right now of when the next Hiccup chapter will be. Astrid has a lot of "catch-up" work to do first.

I've already started planning out the end of the hospital arc and I can say that next chapter will beâ€¦fun. Tense, but fun. See you then!

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: May 23, 2015

19. Unexpected Visitation

**The support and love for this story is overwhelmingâ€¦but awesome! That's why this chapter is so early! **

Review Replies:

**TheThrowaway24****: You don't have to wait much longer. Here's more. Also, I'm thinking Hiccup will be in the next chapter.**

_**Helman**__**Overseer**_**: That would be chaotic, wouldn't it?**

**Foxmorgorth****: As great of an idea as that is, I don't think it's going to fit. I have something moreâ€¦I don't know what the word is, to fit in instead. Hopefully, the planned events are just as interesting as I've made them sound to be. We'll find out, I guess.**

_**Rogue**__**Deity**__**Master**_**: Sounds like an interesting idea.**

_**The**__**Viking**__**Stranger**_**: Well, that's good, I guess. I stink at writing hospital scenes. **

**G (anonymous)****: Yay! Yes, I will keep going!**

**waveringshadow****: Well, hopefully, it's tense and fun. We'll see. I try to write longer chapters and it just feels like I'm rambling. I dunno. You are taller than me. I'll go cry now or something. Haha.**

**Ken106348****: I keep trying to write longer chapters, but it never seems to work out that wayâ€¦I'll keep trying, though.**

**Ultimateblack****: No offense taken. I love a good Michael Bay joke every now and then. Plot Twist: Michael and Maxwell Bay are twin brothers. Haha.**

**MrAndersIversen****: Thanks! Here's the next chapter.**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Well, that was the plan. I love cliffhangers. Ohâ€¦I get it now. Thanks for the explanation.**

**KHMugiwaraRocks15****: Yeah, I spent an afternoon in the hospital a couple years ago and I was so boredâ€¦and my iPhone battery was dying because I was using it to write out fanfiction (for The Hunger Games fandom, though). Astrid doesn't have any of that. No iPhone. No laptop. Not even a book. Just an old swivel TV to watch.**

Noctus Fury (anonymous): Good question. Who does come to visit Astrid? I wonderâ€¦Haha..wait, I already know the answer. You watched Big Hero 6? I thought you said you would never see it. Isn't it awesome?!

DagurtheDeranged (anonymous): Just a love triangle, I think. Anything more and that would get way too complicatedâ€¦even for one of my stories. Haha. I love BH6 too. It's my favorite movie!

offender: Thanks! Here's the next chapter.

* * *

><p>Chapter 19: Unexpected Visitation

The night nurse had stopped in around nine last night. She had checked Astrid's vitals, changed her bandages (complimenting how quickly the wounds were healing) and left. Astrid had decided to sleep soon after the night nurse had shut the hospital room door. What else was there to do anyway?

Morning sun had woken Astrid up early. Soon the morning nurse would be making her rounds to provide the daily check and slip her some breakfast. Until then, there was really nothing else to do. Astrid actually looked forward to the checks. At least then, for about short period of time, she had someone to talk with, something to doâ€¦and pain medication to numb out the deep cuts on her wrists and arms. The pain in these cuts was dulling by the day. Soon, there would be no more need for the medication. In fact, the nurses had already lowered the doses, switching from a steady IV to a couple pills each day.

Astrid was completely awake when the morning nurse knocked and entered. It was only the second day of these checks and Astrid was starting to recognize some of the nurses. If she really was to stay here for a week or more, would she come to know and recognize most of the nurses who came by for the checks?

Like always, the nurse performed the usual check and passed Astrid a tray of breakfast once she was finished. Astrid looked down at the tray. Two flat pancakes that looked like they had been in some

microwavable pouch, a carton of syrup, a taller carton of orange juice, and an apple. Wonderfulâ€¦

Astrid slowly ate the provided meal. She had found that she could kill a fair amount of time by eating slowly. Sure, she'd still have hours before the afternoon nurse or Dr. Bay, or both would stop by, but at least she could try.

When she was finished with her breakfast, Astrid set the tray aside to be picked up later. Now what to do?

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The afternoon nurse stopped by before Dr. Bay again today. It was hard to believe it had only been about a day since Astrid had met the doctor and spoken with him about her condition and his plans for her healing health. Like all the other nurses, the afternoon nurse performed the necessary checks and slipped Astrid a tray of lunch before leaving. _**This monotonous schedule, same old same old, is going to get to me. I hope I get released soon. I just want to go back to Berk University. Heck, I'd even take one of Heather's rambling "conversations" over this!**_

Not long after Astrid finished her tray of bland hospital lunch and set the empty tray aside, she heard the door to her room open slowly. Wasn't it a little early for Dr. Bay's visit? As it turned out, the person who entered was not Dr. Bay. In fact, it wasn't just one person who entered either. Astrid had been tapping the plastic spoon from her breakfast against the empty tray when the door opened and shut quickly. She looked up and almost dropped the spoon. Somehow she didn't and returned the spoon to the empty tray. "Mom? Dad? W-What are you doing here?" she asked. Her parents were the last people she had expected to visit. In fact, she'd expected Hiccup to visit before her parents and that was saying something, especially if he did live in one of those big cities far away from her little hometown of Berk.

"What are we doing here? We're visiting you, Astrid. Are we, your parents, not allowed to do that?" her mother answered, sitting in one of the empty chairs by Astrid's bedside. Astrid's father silently took the other seat.

Astrid noted the haughty, "I'm better than you" attitude that was still present in her mother's voice. _**Some things will never change.**_ "Oh, I meanâ€¦I didn't think you liked hospitals. I didn't expect you toâ€¦come and visit, you know?" She tried to tread easily; the last thing she needed was another relapse of her depression.

"Don't get me wrong, Daughter. We still hate hospitals. Do you know how hard it was to walk in here? All those nurses in their pristine white gowns prancing around here and staring at usâ€¦I hope they did not recognize us!"

"Why would it matter if they recognized you or not?" Astrid wondered, honestly. "They don't care who's who. They'll give equal care to anyone who needs it."

"We're Hoffersons, Astrid! We don't need hospitals!"

There were so many retorts that Astrid could say back, but she decided to just drop the conversation. She really did not need her depression to return because she definitely did not want Dr. Bay to order her to be placed in another medical coma. One medical coma was enough to last a lifetime.

"So, while it's just usâ€¦none of those annoying nurses or anyone else, what led to this, Astrid?" her mother asked. "Why did we find youâ€¦that way in the bathroom? Don't tell me that you tried toâ€¦take your own life! Hoffersons do not die like cowards!"

Astrid really did not want to answer this question. How do you tell your perfection-driven mother about such a sensitive subject as this? She could see, though, that the Hofferson matriarch was waiting, with raised eyebrows, for her answer. _**There's no getting out of this, is there?**_ "Iâ€¦um, wellâ€¦Iâ€¦"

Before she could affirm her mother's statement that she had, in fact, been attempting suicide, a soft knock on the door halted her. Dr. Bay entered and Astrid saw his surprise at seeing Astrid's parents visiting. Immediately, he recovered and greeted them, introducing himself with a handshake.

"Oh, so you're the doctor?" Mrs. Hofferson replied, standing to accept his handshake. "Can you explain to us about what's going on here? We haven't had the time to stop in since we brought Astrid in on that horrible, horrible night."

Astrid, unseen by the adults, rolled her eyes at her mother's dramatics. _**Why does she even pretend to care? I know that she doesn't. She only cares about her public appearanceâ€¦and how I'm messing it upâ€¦as always.**_

Dr. Bay, not catching the fake concern, filled the Hofferson parents in, telling them the exact same details that he had told Astrid yesterday afternoon. "I think that the medicine and therapy will greatly improve Astrid's mental health which will keep her out of BCRMC. Now, if you'll excuse me for just a moment, I'm going to perform a quick daily afternoon assessment of Astrid's health."

Mr. and Mrs. Hofferson stepped aside and let Dr. Bay assess all that he needed for his daily check. He analyzed Astrid's vitals and asked her questions about her wounds and their healing progress. All the while, he scribbled his notes upon the charts on his clipboard. Once he was finished, he stepped back and set the clipboard on one of the nightstands by Astrid's bed.

Motioning Astrid's parents over, Dr. Bay relayed his observations to the whole Hofferson family. "From what I've observed, I'm thinking that you will soon be released, Astrid. Your wounds are healing well. Of course, you can expect some mild scarring, but there are creams you can buy over-the-counter to fade the scars. I'm still going to keep you here, Astrid, for another two or three days simply so that my nurses can continue to deliver the pain medication pills as they are helping slightly to speed up the healing process. I will also write a pain medication prescription along with the prescription for the anti-depressant. You may not want the pain medication prescription (and that's fine), but I definitely recommend trying the anti-depressants for a while to see if that helps. So, Astrid, are you ready to go home?"

* * *

><p>Okay, this chapter was slightly longer. Not much longer, but a little bit. I know that you're all probably mad at me right now, butâ€¦if Hiccup visited, it'd be too simple. Need to make it a little complicated. Wouldn't' be a good Yondaime Namikaze story if it wasn't complicated. Haha.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: May 30, 2015

20. A Morning Walk With Toothless

As promised, another Hiccup chapter coming your wayâ€¦and, yes, I will try to put more Toothless into it. Haha. 20 chapters already? When did that happen!?

Seven more reviews left until we find out our 200**th**** reviewer! Who's it going to be, I wonder?**

Review Replies:

**Cloudjumper Kat****: That would definitely have been awkward. I wonder how Astrid's mother would've responded to that. **

**Guest (anonymous)****: Thanks! And you're welcome! It's my pleasure to write this story.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: Here's the next chapterâ€¦and I'll see what I can do. Haha.**

**offender****: That would definitely have been fun, but I've got some tricks left to play before Hiccup and Astrid can meet. Haha.**

**xFaerieValkyriex****: Perhaps that's why I ended the chapter there. Gotta keep the violence down, right? Haha.**

**YOU-ROCK (anonymous)****: Thanks! I don't know if I could've read all the chapters so quickly, so props to you! Here's the next chapter.**

_**Rogue**__**Deity**__**Master**_**: Thanks.**

**waveringshadow****: Oh, definitely. As sweet as lemon-lime without the sugar. Haha. **

**Ken106348****: Oh manâ€¦I can't imagine actually knowing a family with attitudes similar to Astrid's.**

_**Helman**__**Overseer**_**: Chaos is awesome. Let's see what I can do to create some!**

_**The**__**Viking**__**Stranger**_**: You saw through my ploy. I must try harder, it seems. Good question! Mrs. Hofferson is a

perfectionist. No matter what last name she holds, she does not want to disappoint. That's why, even though she was not originally a member of the Hofferson family, she is so concerned with upholding the Hofferson name. I hope that makes sense. Also, it is definitely importantâ€”right up to the ending, which I just vaguely planned out right now!**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: I'm sure the surprise will continue. Can't say for certain though. I, even, only have a vague idea where I'm going with this story right now.**

**SharKohen****: You could probably say that.**

**MrAndersIversen****: Thanks! Here's the next chapter.**

Noctus Fury (anonymous): Ohâ€¦my misinterpretation then. I thought the same thing when I saw the trailer, actually, but it really is a great movie! Just like Rise of the Guardians (my new obsession).

**_KHMugiwaraRocks15_: Astrid and Hiccup will meet up eventuallyâ€¦probably. Haha. Well, then I got the message across. It was supposed to sound super boring. Haha. **

* * *

><p>Chapter 20: A Morning Walk With Toothless

It was one of those rare weekday mornings where Hiccup could actually sleep in late. His morning class had been cancelled with advance notice and he did not have another class until late afternoon. What a pleasant feeling it was to have no responsibilities and to be able to justâ€”

"HANSON!" his father yelled out his real name and the voice drifted easily up the stairs.

Hiccup groaned into his pillow. He so rarely ever heard his real name anymore and he knew that hearing usually meant that he would not like whatever was about to happen.

"Hanson, get down here and walk your dog!" his father called up the stairs again.

Hiccup groaned into his pillow again. _**So much for that nice relaxing morning!**_ Why did Toothless have to be so hyper in the morning? Slowly, Hiccup sat up and ran a hand through his messy hair. Maybe he should consider getting that haircut like his mother had been suggesting. Stillâ€¦he liked his hair this way; it was slightly longer than he was used to, but the look had grown on him. His lack of urgency earned him another booming yell from his father. "I'm coming. I'm coming. Just hold on a minute," Hiccup muttered as he secured his prosthetic. Standing up, he tested it before walking out of his bedroom and down the stairs.

Hiccup did not even bother trying to be stealthy. That skill (never one of his best to begin with) was lost with his left leg when it was replaced with this cold unfeeling metal prosthetic. The clicking of

metal alternating with the padding of his socked right foot greeted his parents as Hiccup stepped into the dining room.

"Finally, Son! Now, get the leash and go give your dog a walk so he can expend some of his pent-up energy," Hiccup's father ordered.

"Oh, come on, Dad! I have a bad leg! Mom should walk Toothless. She doesn't have a bad legâ€¦and, besides, she loves Toothless and Toothless loves her," Hiccup begged, trying several different excuses. How nice it would be for his mother to walk Toothless so that he could go back to sleep. Knowing his father, though, there'd be no "getting out easy" from this one.

"Fine," Hiccup's father spoke up, igniting a fury of hope inside the boy. "We'll let the dog decide."

Uhâ€¦what? _**This is going to end badly.**_

Hiccup's father picked up Toothless's leash and set it down in the middle of the dining room floor. Already, Hiccup and his mother were situated on opposite sides of the room. Toothless, who had been excitedly watching since Hiccup entered the room, was in the middle of the room near the placed leash.

Stepping back, Hiccup's father watched. "Go on, Dog. Choose. Who's going to walk you?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes. His father never seemed to ever use Toothless's name. Instead, he preferred to call the Lab Retriever "Dog" which sounded so generic and boringâ€¦and borderline mean at times. That was just the way his father was, though. In fact, most often, he did not even call Hiccup by his name (or nickname) and instead addressed the young man as "Son". By now, Hiccup was used to this, but it was still weird, at times, to hear Toothless addressed as "Dog".

Toothless blinked, as if trying to figure out exactly what it was he was supposed to do. Then, he ran to the leash, picked it up with his mouth, and ran over to drop it in front of Hiccup. _**You have got to be kidding me! Seriously!?**_

"Well, that's settled. Now, get to it, Son. Toothless isn't going to walk himself!"

Hiccup sighed and kneeled down to clip the leash onto Toothless's collar. "Traitor!" he whispered to the Lab Retriever. Toothless seemed to smirk as he looked toward the door. He panted in excitement for the walk that would soon start.

Because he was already wearing lounge pants and a T-shirt, Hiccup did not even bother to change. Standing up, he grabbed the leash and pulled Toothless toward the door. "Come on! Stupid dog," he muttered. Toothless did not even seem phased by the remark. Instead, the dog seemed to smirk more. "You think this is funny, don't you? You would," Hiccup continued to mutter as the cool morning air woke him up even more. "Now I definitely won't be getting any more sleep."

Shutting the door, Hiccup looked out to the road in front of him.

"Okay, just a short walk around the neighborhood. Got it?" He did not know why he always talked to his dog; it wasn't like Toothless was actually going to add any replies to the conversation.

Hiccup, often the one to walk Toothless, had developed a "long" route and a short "route". He would usually take one of these routes to a nearby park where he would let Toothless run free in the open space while he would take a seat on the bench and relax his bad leg before heading back home. Today, because he was still a little upset at Toothless, Hiccup decided to take a short walk to the park.

Though he had pulled Toothless out the door of his house, once boy and dog were outside, Toothless took over the lead. This was fine until they reached the spot where the two paths diverged. If Hiccup wanted to take "the long route", he would walk a different way than when he would take "the short route". Being the mischievous Labrador Retriever that he was, Toothless tried to lead Hiccup toward the long route, but Hiccup tugged the leash back the way he had already determined to take. "No! I said 'short route', remember?"

Toothless, obviously figuring out that there was no arguing with Hiccup, consented and fell into step along the short route. The park was close now and Hiccup could not wait to take a seat on his favorite bench until a maple tree in a nice open area where Toothless could run freely for a short time. The wind this morning was cool, reflecting the early November change in temperature, and it blew through Hiccup's hair and he shivered at its touch. It was growing colder with every passing day as the semester drew closer to its end. From his location, Hiccup could see the tip of the administration building on the campus of Berk University and he smiled slightly at the familiar sight.

As always, when Hiccup and Toothless arrived at the park, Hiccup unclipped the leash from Toothless's collar and let the dog run free as long as he stayed close to Hiccup's favorite bench where he took a seat. Hiccup linked his hands behind his head and stretched out his legs, crossing them at the ankle. Hiccup smiled a little as he watched Toothless run around in the open space. The dog found a fallen stick and picked it up with his mouth, running around the grassy area while continuing to carry the stick. _**Stupid dog**_, Hiccup laughed, mocking his Lab Retriever.

With a shake of his head and a smile, Hiccup pulled out the small sketchbook and pen that he had placed into a pocket of his lounge pants. Opening to a blank page, Hiccup allowed his hand to sketch out marks that would eventually form into a picture. Hiccup lost himself in his work, letting his artistic left hand captivate his attention. Toothless wouldn't mind. In fact, the dog would be overjoyed with the extra time to play around with his discovered stick.

Skilled at sketching, it did not take longâ€”only a few minutesâ€”for Hiccup's sketch to take shape and he had to stop and look at it when he realized what he had unknowingly been sketching. _**Astrid.**_ He had only seen her a couple times, lying still upon her hospital bed; yet his active mind had recreated the scene and transposed it onto the paper. _**I wonder how Astrid is doing. I should visit her again because they'll probably release her soon. Well, I have nothing else to do today. Maybe I'll go visit her today**_.

Decision made, Hiccup closed the sketchbook on his half-finished

drawing and stuffed it back into his pocket. He whistled to Toothless who came running over with the stick. "Drop!" Hiccup ordered, pointing sharply down to the ground. He definitely did not want the dog to bring that back home; his parents would scold him for allowing Toothless to bring it if he did. Toothless obeyed and Hiccup clipped the leash onto his dog's collar. "Short route again, Bud. I have things to accomplish today." The sooner he got home, the sooner he could go out to the hospital and visit Astrid.

* * *

><p>This chapter put up such a fight, but it is a little longer than usualâ€¦and there's plenty of HiccupToothless interactions! **

**Soâ€¦this means nothing and is pointless, but I'm totally obsessed now with (in addition to Big Hero 6) Rise of the Guardians. Such a good movie. Why did it take me so long to watch it? **

Next chapter will be Hiccup again. Hope you are looking forward to it!

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: June 6, 2015

21. Visiting Astrid Again

Another Hiccup chapter coming right up! I think you all are going to enjoy this chapter. Got some great ideas for the events of this chapter and it's going to be pretty funâ€¦hopefully!

Firstâ€¦congratulations to the 200th reviewer: Angryhenry! I know it's not much. Just a little recognition. Sometimes I do wish I could give internet badges or something to my top reviewers. How cool would that be?

Review Replies:

**dragon lover (anonymous)****: You do have great timing! That's amazing. I know I always love checking the site when one of my favorite stories was just recently updated.**

**nightfury153****: Good question! I don't think they will be in this story. However, I may do a crossover fic between the two someday.**

**Ken106348****: I like to think of the last chapter more as a set-up chapterâ€”as a lead-in to this one.**

_**Rogue**__**Deity**__**Master**_**: Toothless loves Hiccup whether Hiccup wants that affection or not. Haha.**

**RiseOfADragon****: Nice to hear that you're still reading! I know the feeling because I am the same way with some of the stories I like to read on here. I'll review a lot and then disappear but continue to

read without really saying anything. It happens. I've seen stories like the ones you've mentioned and I don't want my AU stories to be like that. I do try to keep some character traits from the original works because I feel that if you change the characters too much, it's less fanfiction and more original story. Though I do like writing my own original stories, I will save those ideas to publish laterâ€”not post here. This mad no senseâ€¦**

**The Viking Stranger****: I'd say that's a pretty safe bet. Nothing can come easily for Hiccup. **

**Angryhenry****: Congrats again on the 200****th**** review. The big meet-up between the two is coming up. It'll beâ€¦interesting, I think. **

**HiccupHaddockIII****: I love writing scenes between Hiccup and Toothless! Toothless really does have a personality of his own. **

**KHMugiwaraRocks15****: Yeah, Hiccup's made up his mind to go visit Astrid again. Let's see what happens!**

**T T24 (anonymous)****: I bet that's a pretty safe betâ€¦knowing Hiccup and hisâ€¦awkwardness. Haha. **

**MrAndersIversen****: Thank you very much! Here's the next chapter.**

**waveringshadow****: Nope! Not dark this time! A nice light chapter to add some humor back into this dark and serious story. I don't really know which movie is my favorite. Probably Rise of the Guardians right nowâ€¦but only because I've watched it less times and I'm still finding random things in it each time I watch (not that this isn't happening still with Dragons and Dragons 2, but I've watched them both so much more). **

Helman Overseer: I suppose there is some chaos to be had in this chapter. Enjoy!

Noctus Fury (anonymous): I've just always envisioned Toothless as a black lab or a black cat. Most other breeds just stray way too far (especially those that aren't fully blackâ€”which is how I picked the breed to use). Well, we shall see what will happen!

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><p>Chapter 21: Visiting Astrid Again

Toothless had seemed to sense Hiccup's wish to shorten the walk home (or maybe he did actually understand the words the boy had spoken to him) because the dog gave Hiccup no problems on the walk home. Hiccup smiled as his dog obeyed and calmly walked the route home. He almost liked Toothless when the dog acted this way. Almost. Even though Toothless was behaving now, it was still his fault that Hiccup lost his nice relaxing morning, one of the few he'd ever get.

Once Hiccup and Toothless had entered through the front door of the Haddock house, Hiccup immediately kneeled down and unclipped the leash from Toothless's collar. Freed from his leash, Toothless bounded through the house to his food bowl. Hiccup shook his head but

smiled. This was normal for Toothless. He always raced to eat his food kibbles when they returned home from their walks.

Usually after returning home from a walk with his dog, Hiccup would plop down on the couch and watch TV for a while. Today, though, there was no time to turn on the television. Instead, like Toothless, he took off running, but he ran up the stairs to his bedroom so he could change out of his comfortable lounge clothing.

Opening his closet, Hiccup looked through his clothing that was neatly hung inside. _**What can I wear? Do I even own anything that doesn't look nerdy? **_His eyes drifted across his leather jacket that hung toward the back of the closet. _**Well, that'll have to work.**_ Grabbing the jacket, a green tunic, and a pair of brown pants, Hiccup threw them on quickly. As a finishing touch, he zipped up the jacket. The green tunic was longer than the jacket, but it still looked much better zipped up. Under his bed, Hiccup found a pair of thick brown boots. Carefully, he pulled the left boot over his prosthetic; the last thing he needed was to rush the process and break the artificial foot.

With both boots firmly on his feet, Hiccup walked over to the bathroom to wash his face and brush his teeth. He knew that he should probably shower, but time was passing quickly and he would have to go to class soon. _**This will have to do for now,**_ he told himself. Wetting his hands, Hiccup ran them through his shaggy brown hair and allowed it to stick up in various directions. It looked strange now, but once the water dried, his hair would settle back down.

Satisfied, Hiccup raced down the stairs and bumped into Toothless who had stopped to look up the stairs and try to figure out why the young man was in such a rush. The impact sent Hiccup sprawling onto the hard linoleum of the dining room floor. _**Owâ€¦**_ Sitting up, he rubbed his sore back and threw a hate-filled glance over to Toothless who, again, seemed to smirk at him. _**Stupid dog. Sometimes I swear that he enjoys causing me pain and misery.**_

Hearing the commotion, Hiccup's father looked up from the newspaper that he had been reading. "Where would you be off to in such a hurry, Son?"

"Uhâ€¦just going toâ€¦visit a friend," Hiccup answered. _**Not technically a lie. Although, I'm certain that Dad knows that I really don't have all that manyâ€¦if anyâ€¦friendsâ€¦**_

"Okay," Hiccup's father replied, lifting the newspaper back up to continue reading. "Just don't be late for your class."

"I won't," Hiccup answered, picking himself up off the floor. He ignored the almost-bored tone his father's voice had taken, as if the man really did not care to hear the answer from his son. _**I guess it'll still take time to mend the broken relationship between us.**_ Things had gotten better, but Hiccup's resistance to taking over the family company in the future had really driven a wedge between them. At least he'll be at work when I get back from visiting Astrid at the hospital.

Hiccup walked the short distance again to the bus stop. He had found that taking the bus to the hospital's stop was much easier than

trying to figure out how to drive through the hospital's campus. Though BCRMC was fairly small-as far as hospital size goes- it could be still be confusing when attempting to navigate around the grounds.

When Hiccup arrived at the bus stop and took a seat on the bench, he realized that he had not checked the bus schedule. Pulling out his Android phone, Hiccup opened an internet window and searched for the daily bus schedule. _**Great,**_ he noted sarcastically once he'd skimmed over the listed times_**. I just missed the bus that I would've needed to board...and the next one doesn't stop here forâ€¦a half an hour?! Oh, isn't that just perfect!**_ Hiccup smacked his forehead with his hand. _**I can't believe I was in such a rush that I didn't even check to see if I actually did need to hurry!**_ _**Might as well make myself comfortableâ€¦since I'm going to be here for a half hourâ€¦**_

Shifting, Hiccup stared out at the road. The wait wasn't horribly long, but that didn't mean that he was happy about sitting on the cold hard bench in the bus stop shelter for a half an hour_**. I should've brought my class textbook. I could've gotten ahead in the readings. Why did I not just check the bus schedule? I could've even done that while Toothless was running around the park.**_

The time seemed to pass faster as Hiccup thought about all the things he could've done to prevent such a boring situation. Buses came and went, but not the one Hiccup needed to board, the one that would make a stop on the grounds of the hospital. Finally, the bus that Hiccup was waiting for stopped and Hiccup boarded. He took a seat and made himself comfortable again. Having made this exact trip several times now, Hiccup was much more relaxed than he had been the first time he had visited Astrid at BCRMC. He barely even glanced out his window as his hometown sped past him, the view distorted by the dirty glass of the bus window.

Before Hiccup knew it, the bus was pulling up to the stop on the grounds of BCRMC. Pulling out his fare money, Hiccup readied himself to exit the bus. During the ride, he had made sure to look at the bus schedule another time and plan out when he would need to be waiting at the stop to head home. The last thing he wanted was a repeat of earlierâ€¦especially if it meant being late to or forced to skip his class. He'd never hear the end of it from his father if that would happen.

Exiting, Hiccup walked, by memory, the steps to the entrance. Once inside, he slipped past the receptionist desk. They knew him well enough by now to know why he was here and who he was visiting. They did not question him anymore about it. Hiccup was so preoccupied with his task, though, that he did not hear the receptionist nurse calling out to him, attempting to get his attention.

As Hiccup approached the door to Astrid's room, he noticed that it seemed to be open. _**That's different. The door is usually shut.**_ He did not think more on it, though. _**Maybe that means Astrid is awake. Wellâ€¦she should've been awake by now anyway. Last time I was here, Dr. Bay said that she would be awake in a few daysâ€¦and that was almost a week ago. **_

Hiccup ran up to the door, but he was stopped just as he was about to enter. Like always, there was one woman in the room, but today it was

not Astrid. Instead, the woman wore the uniform of someone on the hospital's housekeeping team. She had heard Hiccup's approached and looked up from changing the sheets on the bed Astrid had occupied when Hiccup had last visited.

"Uhâ€¦" Hiccup had no words to explain himself. In front of this staff member, he'd been rendered speechless. _**This is just my luck, isn't it?**_

"I'm sorry," the housekeeper informed Hiccup in a thickly-accented voice. "She was released this morning. Only about an hour ago, actually."

* * *

><p>You didn't think I'd make it easy, did you? Haha. Of course not! I have much more planned for Hiccup (and Astrid too) before they meet!

I do apologize for the lateness. My laptop is having hardware problems (with the fan) and I'm trying to limit my time using it until I can figure out how to fix it. I'll still keep writing, but my update times might be even further spaced apart (as if they weren't alreadyâ€¦).

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: June 15, 2015

22. Just Too Much

Not much to say, I guess. I've been enjoying reading your comments/reviews for the story and all the ideas that have been suggested. I know some writers get upset and annoyed when readers suggest ideas, but I'm not like that. When I started this story, I left this middle quite open, so all I have to say isâ€¦keep the ideas and suggestions coming! I love them and I note them down for future use; so you never know when I just might choose to use them. Haha.

I have only an inkling of an idea where this chapter will (more likeâ€¦"might") go, so it'll be fun.

Review Replies:

_**Rogue**__**Deity**__**Master**_**: Yepâ€¦and that time is approaching, but slowly.**

**Ken106348****: You woke up just to read my chapter? Whoops. I know it wasn't much, but hey that's just how Hiccup's life is.**

**MrAndersIversen****: Oh, they will meet. It's coming up sooner than you'd think, actually. **

**PuppeteerOllie****: That's the plan! Haha.**

**waveringshadow****: Good! Easy means short. No one wants this story shortâ€¦at least, I hope they want it to be longer. Anywayâ€¦yep, had to find a way to encorporate HTTYD 2 Hiccup and that seemed like a good idea. Oh, manâ€¦sucks what happened to your DVD. That's why me and my sister buy and keep our own DVDs away from each other. Then, if I let her borrow mine, I either watch with her or I practically make her sign a contract and give me a down payment! Haha. (Not really, actually, she's USUALLY pretty good about not breaking my DVDs). **

_**The**__**Viking**__**Stranger**_**: Yes, you should have. For I am Yondaime Namikaze and this is what I do best! Haha. Good predictions!**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Yes, she is! No more boring hospital chapters!**

**Xiaberri****: Sorry! I wish I could make it easy, but that wouldn't be as fun!**

Noctus Fury (anonymous): Nope! It just wouldn't be fun if Hiccup were given a break. Haha. Here's the next chapter.

Helman _Overseer_: Oh, yes, somehow Astrid will make her way back into Hiccup's life. If not, then there wouldn't be a story to tell. Haha.

* * *

><p>Chapter 22: Just Too Much

Once she arrived back home from the hospital, Astrid had not wasted any time in locking herself in her bedroom. Not only did she want to begin catching up on her missed assignments (which her parents had picked up from Berk University while she was still recovering in the hospital) but she did not want to answer the questions her mother had asked earlier. How could she explain the true intentions behind what had happened that night in the bathtub?

Looking over the written notes her university professors had left for her, Astrid sighed. As expected, it was a lot and she already felt frustrated. How could she be expected to catch up on all this work (and complete the current classwork when she returned to classes in a couple days) before finals? _**I guess they figure that I could easily catch up on this classwork, work on the current classwork AND prepare for the finals all in the remaining two weeks before the tests. Stupid university professors!**_

Astrid ran her fingers through her loose blonde hair as she tried again to concentrate on her readings. _**This is almost exactly what I was doing beforeâ€¦**_ she thought back to the night she had attempted to take her life. _**There was a lot less schoolwork to complete that night, but that was what I was working on before I took that bath.**_ The stress of trying to please her parents had gotten to her that night and now she was still paying for it.

_**I really can't wait to return to Berk University. Then I can be away from here and I can lock myself in my room away from Heather and really focus on this work. Heather may be annoying, but at least she doesn't continue to pry into my life when I make it obvious to her

that I do not want to talk about anything. Heather doesn't expect me to be absolutely perfect. She doesn't berate me if I fall just short of that ridiculously high standard of perfection that is expected.**_ Maybe Heather wasn't as bad as Astrid made her out to be. If nothing else, Heather was definitely better than Astrid's parents.

The list of assignments sat on the nightstand beside Astrid's bed. Though Astrid had crossed off some of the readings that she had already finished, the list never seemed to get shorter._** Is it even possible to read all of these assignments before final exams? This is cruel and unusual punishment! I'm already paying for my actions. Do I really need more consequences?**_

A knock on her locked bedroom door startled Astrid and she almost dropped her book when she jumped. She probably should've expected it, though. Astrid's mother wanted to talk; Astrid had seen the questioning expressions._** Guess there's no getting out of this, is there?**_

Slowly, Astrid placed her textbook aside, stood up from her bed, and made her way over to the door. The lock creaked as Astrid turned it and released it, opening her door. When the door opened, Astrid was surprised to see her father waiting for her. "Dad?" She had been so sure that her mother would be waiting, like a hawk, to ask her those burning questions that Astrid did not want to answer. Now, thinking on it, though, Astrid should've guessed that her father had knocked on the door. The knock had been soft, as if hesitant. Astrid's mother always knocked quickly like she was in a hurry to get it over with and return to her perfect life.

"Your mother gave me that prescription, the one for the anti-depressant medicine. I already called it in to the pharmacy and she would like you to come with me to pick it up."

"Okay. I'll be down in a minute," Astrid agreed, shutting her door. Quickly, she braided her hair and let it fall sideways over her left shoulder. It wasn't the intricate braid that she usually wore, but that was simply because she had just braided it to get it out of her faceâ€¦and because her hair had not been brushed in at least a week. _**It probably hasn't been brushed since before I was admitted to the hospital almost two weeks ago**_, Astrid realized.

When Astrid walked downstairs, she found that her father was nowhere to be seen. Astrid's mother must've noticed her confusion. "He's in the car already," she told Astrid in a tone of voice that reflected disgust.

Astrid wondered if her mother's tone had to do with the reason for Astrid's trip into town. _**She's horrified that Dad and I have to go to the pharmacy to pick up a prescription for anti-depressant medication. It will ruin her perfect image for the pharmacist to know that a Hofferson needs anti-depressant medicines.**_

Without a reply, Astrid exited the house and took her place in the passenger seat of her father's car. The ride to the Hoffersons' preferred pharmacy did not take very long, five minutes at most. Though Astrid's father tried to make small talk, his efforts ultimately failed as Astrid did not feel like upholding her part of the conversation. There was too much weighing upon her mind and she feared that, if she spoke, all the burdens would come crashing down

upon her.

Unlike Mrs. Hofferson, Astrid's father wasn't ashamed to accompany his daughter to the pharmacy counter to pick up the prescription. He paid the price not covered by the family's insurance and they headed back home once again. On the ride home, Astrid pulled the pill bottle out of the bag and looked at the instructions. _**Take two pills daily with food or drink.**_ She read on to see that the recommended schedule for taking the pills was actually "as needed" but no more than two pills daily. _**So, basically, if I'm not depressed, I don't have to take the daily dosage.**_

When they arrived home once again, Astrid quickly snuck up to her room. She'd keep the prescription in her nightstand drawer because she already knew that her mother would not want it downstairs in plain sight for any visitors to their house to see. Astrid placed the bottle in the nightstand drawer and threw the bag into the trashcan in her room. _**I'll probably forget that the medicine is in there**_, she realized, but she did not really care to move it because she did not want her mother to see it.

Returning to her assigned readings, Astrid felt her stress levels rise again. _**There's no way that I'll ever get these finished and if I don't get these finished, then I won't do as well on the final examsâ€¦and, if I don't do well on my final examsâ€¦ It's all just too much! **_Her mind raced and Astrid found herself wondering if anti-depressant medicine would help her feel less stressed. _**Well, even if it doesn't help the stress, it should make me feel at least a little better, right?**_

Setting her book aside once again, Astrid reached for the nightstand drawer that she had just recently closed. Without looking, Astrid groped around inside the drawer in an effort to find the concealed bottle. She would lay out the recommended two pills on the nightstand and then she would grab a small glass of water from the bathroom sink down the hall. Searching for the bottle, Astrid's fingertips brushed against something else, something smooth. Pulling the object out of the drawer, Astrid found that the object was her cellphone. Her parents must have set it into the drawer for safekeeping while she was in the hospital. _**The anti-depressant medicine might not work for stressâ€¦but calling Hiccup would definitely help. **_

Astrid's iPhone lit up when she tapped the home button, but she quickly noticed that the battery icon in the top right corner of the screen had gone red. Her battery was almost dead. _**No big deal. I can handle a half hour or so to charge it up enough to call Hiccup.**_ Immediately, Astrid plugged the iPhone into its charger and set it down on the nightstand to wait.

Frustrated, Astrid set her textbooks aside again and laid back to stare at the ceiling. She breathed slowly and let it relax her. _**Hiccup taught me this,**_ she remembered. _**He taught me to just breathe in and out, this calming technique. Why did I not call him on that night almost two weeks ago? I hate admitting weakness, but it's true; I need Hiccup more than I want to believe.**_

Though she felt calm now, Astrid knew the stress would return the minute she tried to read her assignments again. With each passing minute, the stress would just get worse as final exam time ticked closer. Hopefully Hiccup knew some technique to help with that

pressure.

Before Astrid knew it, almost an hour had passed since she plugged in her iPhone to charge. She glanced at the battery and saw it was nearing 80% charged. _**That's more than enough. I'd hope I'm not talking with Hiccup long enough to drain that much battery!**_

By now Astrid almost had the hotline number memorized. _**Will there ever come a day,**_ she wondered, _**where I would actually memorize the number?**_ _**Hopefully, I don't have to call Hiccup that muchâ€¦or do I want to call him enough times to memorize the number?**_ Astrid felt conflicted by this thought as she tapped the hotline's number in her list of recent calls.

As always, after two rings, the hotline's automated answering system picked up the call with the same recorded message. "If you wish to speak with a specific angel, press 1," the automated woman's voice directed to callers. "If you wish to be paired randomly with an available angel, press 2 or stay on the line."

Astrid lifted the phone from her ear and stared at the keypad. She knew that she did not have much time to decide. Within about a half a minute, the hotline would just automatically forward her call to one of the angels. The last two times that angel had been Hiccup. What was the chance that it would be him again? However, Astrid found, as she stared at the keypad, that she did not want to take such a chance. She wanted to talk with Hiccup. Decision made, Astrid tapped the number 1 and waited.

* * *

><p>I'm so sorry that this took so long! I was completely at a loss for what I wanted to happen in the chapter. I think it turned out great, though. Not only that, but it's been busy with my work schedule, Father's Day and my Dad's birthday all last weekend. Also, with this early summer heat, I've been getting overheated (I'm really sensitive to heat. Seriously) and getting really, really sick because of it.

Hope you enjoyed the chapterâ€¦even if it was so late.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: June 23, 2015

23. An Attempt To Cure Stress

Oh manâ€¦it's been so long! I'm sorry, guys! Remember (in the last chapter) how I said I was getting sick. Well, turned out that I had an infection and it got pretty bad. High fever and such. Well, I'm back nowâ€¦and so is the story! Lots of review replies this timeâ€¦but you may skip down to the story if you prefer.

Review Replies:

**GuardianDragon98****: Not at all. Astrid's mother isâ€¦not a nice person, that's for sure.**

**alejg****: 46C sadface?**

_**Rogue**__**Deity**__**Master**_**: Thanks!**

**Ollie (anonymous)****: Indeed! More interactions! Much more before this story comes to its closeâ€¦whenever that will be.**

_**The**__**Viking**__**Stranger**_**: Hiccup didn't quit the job. His job performance slipped, but he didn't quit. You're right. Astrid's pretty much learned her lesson about sharp objectsâ€¦even if it is a bit hard for her to break the habit.**

**Pegueng****: Thanks! I enjoy writing stories about characters with inner struggles. Reminds me of myself, I guess.**

**Ken106348****: I actually never thought of really developing the character of Astrid's father. He always felt so static to me. However, that's not to say he won't gain some personality as the story progresses.**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Thanks! She did call Hiccup!**

**Foxmorgorth****: An interesting idea or two. Noted. Haha.**

**xFaerieValkyriex****: Yes, hopefully that does help. They will meet up soon actually. Maybe within a couple chapters?**

**Guest (anonymous)****: Nope. Haha.**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: Haha. Your review made me laugh. Astrid's mother just isn't very popular!**

**MrAndersIversen****: Yep, it was a good weekendâ€¦even if I did get sick with that infection likeâ€¦right after the weekend endedâ€¦Now I can update, though.**

**RiseOfADragon****: You think so? Thanks. In some ways I find writing fanfiction to be so much more difficult than my own original stories. Even though I don't have to necessarily think of new characters, I do like to keep their original personalities somewhat intact. Whereas, in my own stories, I can create whatever personality and appearance I'd like for my characters. **

**BloodDragon24****: Sorry for the wait! Here's the next chapter.**

**offender****: Yeah, I know. It's fun, though. Haha.**

**waveringshadow****: There will (most likely) will therapy as well at some point in addition to the medicine and available hotline. Sorry for the wait! Here's the next chapter.**

**SkySorrow****: Well, that moment should happen fairly soon! Here's the next chapter. Sorry for the wait!**

* * *

><p>Chapter 23: An Attempt To Cure Stress

Astrid lifted the phone from her ear and stared at the keypad. She knew that she did not have much time to decide. Within about a half a minute, the hotline would just automatically forward her call to one of the angels. The last two times that angel had been Hiccup. What was the chance that it would be him again? However, Astrid found, as she stared at the keypad, that she did not want to take such a chance. She wanted to talk with Hiccup. Decision made, Astrid tapped the number 1 and waited.

The call transferred to yet another automated menu. This menu listed off alphabetically a series of names which Astrid assumed to be the names (or, more often, nicknames) of the angels that worked for the hotline. _**What is with these names? Hiccup? Fishlegs? Heather? Wait, Heather?**_ Heather was listed directly before Hiccup and Astrid almost missed the number that she was to press to connect to Hiccup. Luckily, the numbers went in order so she could easily guess the number that she needed to press. Surely this menu has an option to repeat the list of names and numbers. Still, Astrid could not stop thinking about what she had heard. _**There must be other girls out there named Heather. This could not possibly beâ€¦**_

Astrid did not want to think about the possibility anymore, so she tapped the number that corresponded to Hiccup's name. Again there was a brief wait as the call transferred. After a brief moment, a voice came on the lineâ€¦but it was not the one Astrid had come to associate with Hiccup. No, it was the automated woman's voice again. "I'm sorry. Hiccup is unavailable. If you wish to choose another angel, press 1. If you wish to be paired with a random available angel, press 2 or stay on the line."

**Seriously? Hiccup is unavailable? How is that even possible?** For a moment, Astrid debated returning to the previous menu and selecting the number that corresponded with Heather's nameâ€¦just to hear if the girl was, in fact, her annoying roommate. Astrid decided against that idea. _**I called this hotline to feel better and less stressed.**_ Instead, she just waited on the line for an available angel to pick up her call. _**Who will it be?**_ she wondered. _**I haven't talked with anyone other than Hiccup.**_

A moment later, an angel picked up the call, introducing himself with the hotline's standard introduction. This boy was the one whose nickname Astrid had scoffed at when she'd heard it in the list. Fishlegs.

"Soâ€¦what can I help you with tonight?" Fishlegs repeated and Astrid took note that he had a nasally voice similar to Hiccup's voice. _**His voice isn't Hiccup's voice, though.**_

"Stress," Astrid answered simply. She just didn't know what it was, but she just didn't feel as though she could be as open with this angel who was not Hiccup. "I feel stressed."

"Well, what is making you feel stressed?" Fishlegs prompted. "Knowing what triggers the stress is a start to feeling better."

"Finals," Astrid gave yet another simple answer. "I've missed some

classesâ€¦well, several days of classes for circumstances outside my control. Now, I have so much make-up work and I still have to study for finals."

"That is a little difficult," Fishlegs answered after a moment. "University work is hard and make-up work is even harder. The work is designed to occupy all your time so trying to make up all that work will not be easyâ€¦especially when you think about studying for finals in addition toâ€”"

Astrid sighed, feeling slight anger rise within her. "Can you tell me something I don't already know? I called to get advice. I did not call to hear someone reiterate my exact feelings."

"Ahâ€¦advice, rightâ€¦" Fishlegs had clearly been thrown off-guard by Astrid's irritation, but the girl did not care. She just wanted to end the call and go to bed. She'd need to rest up if she was going to return back to classes within a few days.

"I think the best thing you could do is first skim through the materials for your classes, okay? Then when you have the basic idea about the topic of the material, finish by looking up the information online to fill in any gaps. Like, for instance, use Sparknotes for any English or literary class. For history classes, you can use historical websites. I'm sure you get the idea. That would help you to learn all the necessary information you'll need for finals."

Astrid thought about this advice for a brief moment. "That's great and all, but how would that help me for classes where the professors use direct quotations from their assigned textbooks? How would I then answer those questions on my final exam?" She had not meant to sound like a jerk, but her tone must've said otherwise because, when Fishlegs spoke next, Astrid could hear his voice waver.

"Ahâ€¦well, itâ€¦wouldn't I suppose, but I-I really can't think of any other solution or advice to catch up that quickly before final exams."

Astrid sighed again. "I think we're done here. Thank you for your time," she finished, attempting to keep the bored tone from creeping into her voice.

"Ohâ€¦uhâ€¦yeah, of course," Fishlegs stuttered before finishing with the standard closing statements that all the hotline's angels would say before disconnecting the calls.

Astrid heard the line click off and she stared down at her phone in her hand as her desktop wallpaper returned and filled with app icons. She clicked the off button to send her phone into standby mode and stowed it away again in her nightstand drawer.

**Well, that was pointless,** she decided_**. I don't feel any better about this situation and I definitely don't feel any less stressed. Guess I'll have to try the anti-depressant medicine next. That probably won't work either. Wonderfulâ€¦**_

Laying down on her bed, Astrid looked out her bedroom window at the moon shining brightly and illuminating the darkness around it. Tearing her eyes away from the nearly full moon, Astrid shifted to

face her nightstand. Inside she knew her phone sat but she also knew it would be pointless to call the hotline number again. If Hiccup had been unavailable a half an hour ago, he was probably still unavailable for the rest of the night. Astrid slammed a fist into her bed but the impact did little to alleviate her frustration. Somehow she just knew that the anti-depressant pills would have a similar effectâ€¦or lack of effect.

**Isn't this just my luck?** Astrid practically screamed to herself. _**The one night I actually decide to call the hotline number to talk specifically with Hiccup and it's his night off! I didn't think he ever took a night off. Seriously, it seemed like he just works there constantly. It just isn't fairâ€¦and I don't feel any better than I did before calling the hotline. All I did was waste more precious study time.**_

Shifting once again, Astrid stared up at her ceiling which was illuminated by both her bedside lamp and the nearly-full moon at the same time. The created effect was pretty neat and Astrid just stared, trying to slow her breathing as Hiccup had once taught her. _**Hiccup would've known exactly what to say to relieve my stress. Gods, I could really use more of your advice and help right now, Hiccupâ€¦**_

* * *

><p>Soâ€¦as an attempt to apologize for the length of time between updates, I typed this all up in one night so I could get it posted for you!

**For those who guessed that Hiccup would not answer: you're right. Remember, he has night class on this day. That's why he's off and unavailable to take any phone calls. **

Well, I believe that's all I need to say, soâ€¦see you in the next chapter!

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: July 6, 2015

24. Returning to Berk University

Nothing much to say. Still healing from that infection. Likeâ€¦all my horrible symptoms are gone and I'm just waiting for the actual site of the infection to clear upâ€¦if that makes any sense. Hopefully it will be fully gone before my vacation at the end of this month. Don't want to have a relapse. Anywayâ€¦.enough about meâ€¦

Review Replies:

_**Rogue**__**Deity**__**Master**_**: For now, yes. It probably won't stay that way.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: I'm sorry! That's just part of my writing style. Slow at the beginning, but then once the action picks upâ€¦it really picks up. **

**willblossom33****: I'm sorry! I didn't mean to take so long to update last time. It was outside my control. I will update quicker nowâ€¦hopefully.**

**waveringshadow****: Yeah, Fishlegs wasn't expecting that, now was he? Haha. See, that's the thing about me. It's the middle of summer here. I don't get sick at all during the winter (or just a minor cold or something) and then get majorly sick in the summer.**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Here's the next chapter.**

**MrAndersIversen****: No need to wait any longer. Here's the next chapter.**

**xFaerieValkyriex****: I only ever did oneâ€¦and it was concert band. I did concert band for almost three hours one night a week for three semesters (it was only offered in the spring). Hiccup's class, though, isn't like that. His is modeled after two-night-a-week classes that last a little over an hour in length. I took several of those during my time in university because I am NOT a morning person. **

**Ken106348****: Thanks! I'm glad I feel better too. Haha. I missed writing.**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: Yeahâ€¦poor Fishlegs. Hiccup's voiceâ€¦I didn't like it at first, but it grows on you. I seriously couldn't imagine him sounding any different. (Strangely enough, I felt the same way about Jack Frost first time I watched Rise of the Guardians tooâ€¦)**

_**The**__**Viking**__**Stranger**_**: You pretty much nailed that description of me as a writer, yes. I like tension and creating tension is my specialty. Haha.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 24: Returning to Berk University

Astrid occupied herself with packing what little belongings she had brought home from Berk University into her car. Today was the day she had been looking forward to since she had been released from the hospital. She was driving back to Berk University this afternoon and then she would resume her attendance in her classes starting tomorrow.

She had woken up that morning eager to pack her car and leave as quickly as possible. Maybe then she could've attended at least one of her classes today. However, Astrid's perfectionist mother insisted that she could not leave without eating one last lunch together. Astrid still remembered her mother's words as the youngest Hofferson had tried to walk out the door that morning. "You are not leaving until after we all eat lunch. Your father and I took this morning off from work just so we could be here for you for this last meal before you leave."

In her mother's words, Astrid heard the true message. "Don't mess

this upâ€¦like you've messed everything else recently." Astrid had no doubt either that her mother would not hesitate to rush after her out the door and drag her back into the house, so, reluctantly, Astrid had shut the door and plopped down on one of the family's couches (ignoring the disgraced look her mother had thrown her at the lack of proper and perfect behavior in the motion).

Later, in an attempt to just get out of the house, Astrid had convinced her mother to allow her pack up her belongings in the car while she waited for lunch. That was what she was presently doing. Leaning against her car, Astrid prayed silently for strength to make it through this one last family meal. _**After this meal, I won't have to come home again until after finalsâ€¦but then I'm stuck here for a whole month until spring semester starts back up. Why can't the dorms just stay open over break?**_ She knew why. The student staff all went home for the month-long break between semesters. They actually enjoyed being at home after a whole semester dealing with their fellow dorm-mates.

Before her mother came outside to look for her, Astrid shut and locked her car and returned inside to wait for lunch. Her father was in the shower, getting ready to leave for work after lunch. Astrid's mother had already showered and changed into her business suit for work. That primped and perfect look of a successful businesswoman was what Astrid usually saw her mother wearing.

As Astrid's mother cooked lunch, the older Hofferson stole a glance back at her daughter. "You're not seriously wearing that, Astrid, are you? On your first day back at the university?"

Astrid was used to such comments. It always seemed that she would receive them regardless of what she chose to wear. Mrs. Hofferson would not be satisfied unless she could be the one to dress her daughterâ€”like a real-life Barbie doll. "What does it matter, really?" Astrid mumbled. "It's not like I'm going to classes today."

"What was that, Astrid? I couldn't hear you!" her mother yelled from the kitchen.

"Nothing," Astrid replied, only just loud enough for her mother to hear.

Luckily, Astrid's father, now dressed in a suit and tie, walked down the stairs. It was time for lunch.

Lunch, as Astrid had expected, was something she could have done without. The food was dull and Astrid found herself thinking (not for the first time) that, for a perfectionist, her mother was a horrible cook. Mrs. Hofferson's food made the university dining hall taste like food from an expensive restaurant. No conversation was sparked between the three members of the Hofferson family. _**I really hate this.**_

Astrid wanted nothing more than to rush through her food and leave to drive the short drive back to the comfort of Berk University. There were just a few flaws in the idea of eating quickly and leaving without another word. First, her mother would scold her for such improper behaviorâ€¦and surely her mother would know exactly the reason behind such behavior. Second, the food was barely edible as it

was and Astrid did not want to throw up and risk having to stay home longer because she was "clearly too sick to drive"â€¦at least, according to her mother. So Astrid suffered through every single necessary minute of the wordless and inedible lunch.

When she was finished, Astrid stood up and took her plate to the kitchen, rinsed it, and placed it into the dishwasher. She walked back through the dining room to make her way to the door. "Okay, I'm going back to BU now."

Astrid's mother stood up. "Are you sure that you're ready to go? Did you get enough food? You can stay a little longer, you know? You're not returning to class until tomorrow anyway and it's such a short drive from here to Berk."

**Let's see. Did I get enough of your inedible crap that you call food? Definitely. I can stay longer? Oh, sure, you don't want me to do that. You're secretly glad that I'm leaving now. **"I'm fine. I want to get back to Berk University and use tonight to settle back into my routines before attending classes again tomorrow."

"Okay, well, in that case, drive safely. Call us more often. You always leave for Berk and then we never hear from you."

"Good luck with finals," Astrid's father spoke up from his place still seated at the table.

"Oh, yes, finals! We'll see you again after finals. Remember what we talked about. We want to see perfect scores on those final exams, okay?"

"Of course. Wellâ€¦I'd better go." Before Astrid or her parents could say another word to each other, the youngest Hofferson exited the house and jogged to her car. _**Thank Gods, that's over!**_

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The drive back to the comfort and security of Berk University was pleasant and, for the first time in a while, Astrid felt relaxed. What she wouldn't give to stay here year-round. Anything to avoid returning to Raven Pointe and her parents!

Parking in the student parking lot, Astrid grabbed her backpack and walked toward Borg Hall, the building that housed her suite-style dorm. With classes in session, Astrid looked just like any other student strolling from building to building, following their planned schedules. It felt nice to feel normal again. No one walking by her knew who she was or the ordeals that she had been through or what she dealt with at home. Here, she was just another Berk University studentâ€¦and Astrid liked that feeling more than she'd ever say.

* * *

><p>I thought about continuing a bit, but I like this spot for an ending because it's exemplifies one of the many things Astrid truly just wants. Acceptance. Stillâ€¦another chapter that I was able to write up in one day! Yay!

**Next chapter will be Astrid's first day back to classes and then we'll transition to a quick Hiccup chapter because we need to check

in and see how he's been doing lately.**

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: July 9, 2015

25. Everything Was Going So Well

Not much to say. Trust me, I want to get this fall semester arc finished as much as you all want me to finish it. You know why? Because Astrid's spring semester is going to be very eventfulâ€¦and I think you all will enjoy it. Luckily there are only a few more chapters left in this arc. Yay!

Review Replies:

**PuppeteerOllie****: Haha. Your review made me smile when I read it yesterday.**

**EagleDragon15****: I know. It's this arc. There was just a lot of background and I didn't want to cut it. It will pick up real soon, I promise.**

_**The**__**Viking**__**Stranger**_**: In this case, my story will probably fall into the majority, but I guess we'll find out soon enough. Haha.**

**Ken106348****: What would you like answered about Heather and Astrid's father? If I know specifically, I can try to find some more answers into some of the upcoming chapters. As for your thought, yeah, I could see that happening if Hiccup and Astrid get together (and then if Astrid's parents learn about this boyfriend of hers).**

_**Rogue**__**Deity**__**Master**_**: And soon they shall!**

**Pegueng****: I think that'll be the last in-depth family chapter for a while. We know enough now that Astrid's parents suck, so no more need to be over the top about it. Haha.**

**Sombody105 (anonymous)****: Thanks! **

**MrAndersIversen****: You thought I was going to end the story with that chapter? There'd be so many loose ends if I did. No worries, there's definitely more YOPS to come! **

willblossom33: Here's the next chapter.

Patty _4577_: Actually, it's more so that this arc was full of background story (as I mentioned in an earlier reply). Luckily it's almost over and the next semester is will the action will pick back up.

* * *

><p>Chapter 25: Everything Was Going So Well

Astrid was up early the next day to prepare for her return to classes. With the extra time, she allowed herself to thoroughly pack her backpack with everything she would need for the day. She also thought about venturing onto campus for breakfast at the dining hall, but thought better of it and opted for a simple bowl of cereal from her supply in the cabinet.

When she was finished, Astrid left the dorm and walked toward the building where she would attend her first class of the day. Class sizes at Berk University were moderateâ€”small enough that you didn't lost in the crowd, but large enough that you could possibly be forgotten if you allowedâ€”so Astrid was not worried about returning after such an extended absence. Over the course of a semester, many students just disappear from class, not showing up but keeping up with the work from their dorm rooms or apartments or wherever they lived. _**If anyone asks me about my absence, that's what I'll say. I didn't feel like coming to class, but now that final exams are coming up, I feel like I should be present. Yeah, that'll work.**_

Walking into the classroom, Astrid took a seat at an empty desk and pulled out from her backpack the materials that she would need for the class. _**Let's seeâ€¦notebook, pencil, what elseâ€¦?**_ Astrid pulled out the class textbook, but decided that she probably wouldn't need it for the class. Just to be sure, though, she set it on the floor beside her backpack so it would be easily accessible if the teacher decided that they needed to look something up from within its pages.

Astrid had arrived early, so she watched as her fellow classmates filtered in and took seats. As she watched the other students enter the class, it occurred to Astrid that she really did not know any of her classmates at all. Sure, she recognized their faces and could probably spot them on campus and know which class they attended with her, but if asked, there was no way that she could recognize them by name.

Like, take that husky boy that had just entered the room, for instead. Astrid had seen him around the campus. He was a major geek and Astrid had seen him with his nerd friends. She recognized his face and she could barely remember his name. _**Was it Franklin orâ€¦wait, now I rememberâ€¦it's Frederick.**_ She only knew that because he was always eager to answer the questions asked by the professorâ€¦and the professor loved him because he was so attentive while all the other students, Astrid included, would usually just zone out until class was over.

The extra time had ticked away while Astrid was lost in her thoughts and her professor had now arrived. The professor, scattering her materials across the front desk in the room waited a few more moments for any stragglers to arrive to class before beginning with the days lecture. Normally, this was when Astrid would go on autopilot, writing down notes but not really paying attention, but with final exams looming dangerously in the extremely-near future, she could not avoid to gaze off into the distance and ignore the day's lecture.

"Before I begin with today's lecture," the professor began, her voice startling Astrid who picked up her pencil ready to take notes.

_**Is she canceling an upcoming class? Please don'tâ€¦usually, I

don't care, but I need to catch upâ€¦badly! **_Astrid silently begged. _**Or maybe she has important information about the final exam.**_ Astrid gripped her pencil tighter, ready to write down any necessary notes.

"I want to welcome back Astrid," the professor continued, gesturing in the direction of where Astrid sat.

Startled, Astrid looked up briefly. _**Why? Did she have to announce it like that?**_ Astrid wanted nothing more to just bury her head, but she knew that would not help with the gazes she was getting now from the rest of her class. She thought about picking up her belongings and walking out of class and she probably would have if it wasn't for the need to attend and attempt to catch up before final exams.

"It's great to have you back in class. Now, on to today's lectureâ€¦"

The professor kept talking, but by that point Astrid had stopped listening. _**How could she do that? No one even knew about my extended absence and now this whole class knows! This was a stupid idea! Why did I come back? Wait, I know why I came back. If it was a choice between home and this embarrassment, I would take this ten times over! Home is no sanctuary either.**_

Astrid had wanted to pay attention to the class and take notes that she could use to study for finals, but that plan had disintegrated so quickly at the start of class. Her notebook sat empty ever since her professor had decided to embarrass her in front of the entire class. Still fuming about the embarrassment, Astrid, as discreetly as possible, packed her textbook and other materials away in her backpack. That was not easy to do when all the students' gazes seemed to drift over to her._** As soon as class is dismissed, I am out of here!**_

The professor continued to drone on, lecturing over something that Astrid didn't even know. _**This will probably be on the final exam, but, right now, I don't even care!**_ All she could do was watch the clock at the front of the classroom tick closer to the end of class. _**Come on, come onâ€¦let this class end already! I just want to get out of here and away fromâ€¦fromâ€¦this! **_

"Alright, that is all for today. Make sure to keep up with the readings. Final exams are almost here!" the professor dismissed the class.

Without hesitation, Astrid grabbed her packed backpack and rushed out of the classroom and away from the pitying stares of her fellow classmates. _**That was a disaster! The worst! Everything was going so well too. At least I have some time to hide away in my dorm before I have to attend my next class.**_

* * *

><p>Yeahâ€¦I hate how the ending turned out. Another case of trying to write the very end of a chapter on a different day than when I wrote the rest of the chapter. That would be why I usually just finish writing out a chapter when I get to the 95% completed mark.

I mapped out a good portion of this story (before I was kinda just "winging it"). This fall semester only has a few chapters left. There may be a chapter or two taking place between semesters. Then, we get to spring semester. I think you all will like spring semester. Lots of action to come.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: July 12, 2015

26. Hiccup and Fishlegs

Soâ€¦nothing much else to sayâ€¦soâ€¦hi! Skipping now toâ€¦

Review Replies:

**EagleDragon15****: Yeah, that would suck!**

_**Rogue**__**Deity**__**Master**_**: She might talk with him again soon.**

**MrAndersIversen****: Well, the whole point of the story is Astrid wanting to meet this Hiccup and she hasn't done that yet. Glad that you liked the ending. I dunno why I just didn't. Haha. **

**DeathStrike59****: Perhaps in the spring semester.**

**waveringshadow****: He is! Originally, I wasn't going to have that, butâ€¦it works for this chapter, especially. Hey, it's cool. I'm just glad you took time to say some words about the last chapter. It's okay to not always comment on every chapter. I understand. I really needed to map this story out a bit. As it was, it was too loose and (I feel) suffering slightly because of it. I need some structured plan when I write. Haha. **

**willblossom33****: I try to update quickly. Sometimes it's harder, but I do try my best.**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Yes, very stupid professor! Haha. Here's the next chapter.**

**Carlmike94****: I know! I would've hated if that had ever happened to me when I was still a student.**

_**The**__**Viking**__**Stranger**_**: Yes, the teacher meant well, butâ€¦it didn't turn out so happily for Astrid. You are right! This chapter right here is a Hiccup chapter. Good guess!**

_**Sarnakh**__**the**__**Sunderer**_**: It doesn't sound impatient. I like the idea. What type of confrontation would you like to see?**

* * *

><p>Chapter 26: Hiccup and Fishlegs

On days such as today when Hiccup had afternoon classes, he preferred to meet up with his friend Fishlegs for lunch on campus. Sure, he only lived five minutes away but it was just so much easier to buy already-prepared food than to go home and make his ownâ€¦even if the on-campus food was only barely edible. Fishlegs would be getting out of his morning class soon and then they would have about an hour to eat before Hiccup's class began. Hiccup waited outside the building where Fishlegs's class was held so that the two friends could walk together.

Hiccup waited in the shadows of the building. It was his favorite spot. Unless you knew that he stood there and actually looked for him to be there, you would never even see him. Berk University students walked in and out of the building as classes ended and other classes prepared to begin. As he waited, Hiccup engaged in one of his favorite pastimes: people watching. What else was there to do while he waited? Students at Berk University came from all walks of the earth. There were students who looked like criminals and there were students who looked like they should be attending some prestigious Ivy League school. Although, those were the extreme ends of the spectrum and Hiccup rarely saw students who fell into such categories. Observing the students, Hiccup's creative mind created stories about them and the lives they led.

Hiccup had made up several short (and, most likely, unrealistic) stories when he noticed someone familiar. _**And there's Astrid. She's in such a hurry. I wonder if she's late for class.**_ He felt an urge to race after her and make himself known, but Hiccup held back. No, I can't. She barely even knows who I am. Besides, I'm pretty insignificant in the whole scheme of things on this university campus.

So, instead of running to Astrid and comforting her, Hiccup remained steadfast in the shadows. Hiccup was so intent on watching Astrid rush away from the building that he never even noticed Fishlegs's approach until the bulky boy tapped him on the shoulder. The smaller boy jumped and he could've sworn that he heard Fishlegs laughing at him. "Yeah, yeahâ€¦hilarious. You ready for lunch now?"

At Fishlegs's nod, Hiccup led the way to the nearby dining hall. The walk was short and when they arrived, Hiccup allowed Fishlegs to step into the waiting line before him. Hiccup, unlike Fishlegs, did not have a meal plan so he had to pull out some cash. When both young men had paid, they walked together to their favorite table in a secluded corner of the dining hall. Dropping their backpacks to hold their place, Hiccup and Fishlegs joined the lines to fill a plate of food to eat for lunch.

Because he did not eat nearly as much food as his friend, Hiccup filled his plate first and returned to the table to begin eating. He was almost halfway finished with his first plate when Fishlegs returned with his plate piled high.

"You hungry, Fishlegs? There's enough food there to feed a dragon!" Hiccup joked. This was nothing new. He said pretty much the same words every time they gathered for lunch together.

"You know me by now, Hiccup. I need my food," Fishlegs answered, not even phased anymore by the joke.

Then the real lunchtime conversation began. Fishlegs grabbed Hiccup's attention by talking about some new code he had learned in class yesterday and Hiccup couldn't help but feel a little envious. His friend was a Computer Science major, another major that Hiccup would've chosen over Business. Hiccup's father had once suggested that a Computer Science minor would complement his Business well, but Hiccup had never looked into it to see if Berk University even offered such a minor.

Fishlegs rambled on and on about his Computer Science classes and it almost felt normal, but Hiccup had known Fishlegs long enough now to tell when something was amiss. It felt as though Fishlegs was holding back, that there was something that he wanted to say, but couldn't for some reason. Finally, Hiccup couldn't take it anymore. "Okay, Fishlegs, what is this about?" Hiccup noticed the other boy's confused look and so he elaborated. "I've known you long enough now to know when something's up. What are you not telling me?"

Pushing his finished plate into the center of the table, Fishlegs took a steadying breath. "There's no getting past you, is there, Hiccup?" Hiccup nodded and Fishlegs continued. "If you must know, it's about Astrid."

Hiccup's eyes widened at the familiar name. Quickly, he shushed Fishlegs. "Not here," he whispered. "She goes to school here. She could be in this room right now. We need to go somewhere more private. Come on, let's get rid of these plates and then we'll go talk in the Computer Science Lounge."

The Computer Science Lounge (affectionately known as "The Nerd Lounge") was an open space located in the building that housed the Computer Science major classes. Most days "The Nerd Lounge" was empty. Sometimes some of the Computer Science major students would take a break there, but they were usually too engrossed in their handheld gaming devices to notice their surroundings.

Hiccup led the way to the conveyor belt where he dumped his used plate and watched as it made its way into the dish room where work study students would wash it and place it back out for another hungry student to use.

Together Fishlegs and Hiccup walked to the secluded Computer Science Lounge. As expected, it was empty. The boys plopped down on one of the couches and Hiccup wasted no time in reviving Fishlegs's story. "Okay, so what about Astrid?" Because Fishlegs and Hiccup both worked for the hotline (which is how the two friends had originally met), they had talked before about Hiccup's most interesting caller.

"Wellâ€¦first, umâ€¦I probably should've noticed, but she's in my Science class. Today was pretty hard for her. The professor kindaâ€¦called her out."

"Called her out?" Hiccup hunched forward a little more so he was closer to Fishlegs who sat across from him. "What do you mean?"

"The professor welcomed her back andâ€¦well, it was supposed to be this nice gesture, but I could see Astrid tense when it happened and she was uneasy throughout the rest of the class and then when we were finished, she bolted out real quick."

Resting his chin in his hand, Hiccup thought back to when he had seen Astrid earlier. She had been in a hurry and he had just assumed she was late to class. _**So she wasn't trying to get to classâ€¦she was trying to get away from class.**_ "Is that all you have to tell me about Astrid?" Hiccup asked.

"Actually no. Umâ€¦you know that night when you had class?"

"Uhâ€¦yeah, how could I forget?" Hiccup answered. "It's torture. Every Business class I have to take for this stupid degree is torture." Shifting back on topic, Hiccup asked, "What about that night?"

"Astrid called on that nightâ€¦and I talked with her."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow. "Oh, really?" He couldn't imagine his friend holding up well under the pressure that was a conversation with Astrid. "And how did that go?" Dropping his joking tone, Hiccup asked seriously, "Why did she call the hotline?"

"How did it go?" Fishlegs replied with a question of his own. "Haddock, you can talk with her! There was too much pressure. She probably wanted to talk with you anyway!" he almost whined, causing Hiccup to smirk at his friend's reaction. Becoming serious again, Fishlegs answered Hiccup's second question. "She called because she said she was feeling stressed from all the make-up work she has to finish before final exams."

Hiccup, intrigued by Fishlegs's story, asked then, "Did you help her?"

"I gave her advice, but I don't know if she took it. I dunno, Hiccup, that call with Astridâ€¦it kinda made me question myself. I don't know if I'm a good Angel. I'm not much of an advice-giver."

Hiccup laughed, but it was meant to be comforting. "Nonsense, Fishlegs! You're a great Angel. Astrid is just hard to please. She's stubborn. Trust me, I know."

"If you say soâ€¦"

"I do say so!" Hiccup looked down at his watch and groaned. "I guess I should get going. Wouldn't want to miss another super exciting business class!" he, his voice dripping with sarcasm, told Fishlegs.

As Hiccup placed his backpack onto his shoulders and started walking toward the College of Business, he couldn't stop thinking about what Fishlegs had told him. _**I only have two nights where I attend class and have guaranteed nights off from working the Hotline. Astrid has avoided calling for so long andâ€¦of course she'd call on one of the few nights when I'm not there! Why does this always happen to me? Why do the Gods hate me so much?**_

* * *

><p>First, I apologize for the lame chapter title. It's 3AM, I'm tired, and I have to get up tomorrow and call back a school (one of the ones I really want to work for!) about an interview next week. I'm sure I've said by now how much my telephobia affects me. These are all reasons why this ending might feel rushed as well.

Next we skip toâ€¦Final Examsâ€¦and some other thingsâ€¦and it's back to Astrid next chapter.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: July 16, 2015

27. Finals Week

Review Replies:

**PuppeteerOllie****: Thanks!**

**Ken106348****: Yeah, it's just how Fishlegs is, but in his defense, Hiccup did kinda force the conversation out of him.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: I don't think it will. There are other "problems" that would also still need resolved before the story can actually end.**

_**The**__**Viking**__**Stranger**_**: Just bring it? Alright! That I can do. Haha.**

**willblossom33****: Of course I'm not mad! Trust me, if I didn't have time, I just wouldn't update. I love you guys, butâ€¦life offline is important too. No need to apologize. Really! It's all good.**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: I dunno. I guess I just like doing it this way. Besides, I don't really want to fill my PM inbox up with review repliesâ€¦and also, I don't want to single out my anonymous reviewers either. Unless the review merits a more private answer. (That actually has happened before).**

**TheCrazyAnimeFan01****: You wouldn't believe how often I've heard thatâ€¦or variations of it. That a reader doesn't usually like to read AU stories, but enjoys reading this one. That makes me super happy! I'm glad you like it!**

_**Rogue**__**Deity**__**Master**_**: That would be pretty funny, huh?**

**MrAndersIversen****: And a quick update you shall get! Enjoy!**

Supergoddad: Actually the meeting between Astrid and Hiccup is coming up faster than you'd think. Haha.

* * *

><p>Chapter 27: Finals Week

The day had come. Astrid was not looking forward to what lie ahead on the day's schedule. It was finals week. Finals week was never a good thing. Not only did that mean she would be forced to sit and take an extended (and extremely important) test for two hours, but it also meant pressure and stress. The pressure to do well, the pressure to finish the test during the allotted time, the stress of it all combined. Not only that, but even when she finished taking her last final, there was no end to the stress. Most students would be relieved and spend the night partying and living up their last days of the semester, but not Astrid. Astrid would still be stressed at the thought of returning home for a monthâ€¦or four, depending on the semester. The one-month break between fall and spring semester was usually tolerable. It was the four-month summer break that Astrid couldn't stand.

In the days leading up to finals week and for the whole weekend before, Astrid had locked herself in her dorm bedroom and worked late into the night to try to retain as much information as she could. It had not been easy as she had to practically teach herself most of the information from the classes that she had missed. By Monday morning, Astrid was convinced that there was nothing more she could do. If she was to pass or fail her finals, so be it. Attempting to study any more would be detrimental, she knew, because she would start to confuse and jumble the studied information in her brain. _**It is possible to study too much**_, she remembered, thinking back to that lesson in her Psychology 101 class from spring semester of her freshman year_**. I definitely do not want to do that! Besides, it's not these first two finals that I'm worried about.**_ Astrid's two easiest classes had their finals on Monday and Tuesday. It's the other three classes. She had two finals scheduled for Wednesday and the last final exam on Thursday morning. _**At least I'll have a little more time to study for those exams before I have to take them.**_

Closing her textbook, Astrid dressed and walked the short distance to the building where her final exam would be held. When I get to class, I can study just a bit more for this exam. _**You can do this, Astrid! she tried to encourage herself. You'll do fine. Everything will turn out okay. Just remember the breathing technique that Hiccup taught you. Relax and do your best. **_

Astrid continued to speak motivational words to herself as she entered the classroom and took a seat. She had brought several spare pencils and erasers because she did not need any additional stress. The test would be hard enough as it was.

At the exact ticking of the hour, the professor began to pass out the final exam. "I won't waste a moment," he told his students. "You'll want all the time you can get."

**That's never a good sign**, Astrid observed at her professor's words. When she had gotten her exam, Astrid understood what the professor meant. _**What are these questions? I studied everything and this doesn't even look familiar! **_All the encouraging words she had spoken to herself earlier were gone. Just like that. _**So much for acing this exam!**_

She could feel herself sweating as she nervously answered the questions to the best of her knowledge. Just before the end of the allotted time, Astrid handed in her test and left the classroom. Most of the other students in the class had finished much earlier (which did not help Astrid to feel any better) and the classroom was almost empty by the time Astrid left. _**Wellâ€¦that was greatâ€¦**_

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Astrid's next two exams went pretty much the same way. No matter how much she studied, the questions on the exams still made her feel as though she had learned absolutely nothing during her time spent in the classes. Even her first exam on Wednesday, a test that she thought would be easier, proved to be more of a challenge than she had been expecting.

The Berk University campus was starting to clear out as students finished their exams and headed back to their homes to enjoy their winter breaks. Some off-campus students opted to stay in Berk for the one-month break, but Astrid did not see them once they finished up their exams. Not that she would expect to; what reason would they have for coming onto the Berk University campus if they had no classes or final exams to take?

Astrid had just finished eating lunch and decided against going back to her dorm. That morning, she had packed all her essentials for both of her final exams in anticipation that she would decide to just stay out on campus between her exams.

Right now, she was on her way to the building where her next final exam would soon be held. Astrid had decided to just walk to the building, find a quiet sitting area, and skim over her textbook one last time. She'd rather wait out on the campus quad, but, because it was December, it was just too cold; Berk in the middle of the winter felt like the Arcticâ€”cold and windy.

Before she could make it into the building, though, Astrid's phone rang. Very rarely did anyone ever call Astrid, so she almost didn't pay attention to the ringing phone, but when other students started to look her way, Astrid realized that it actually was her phone that was ringing.

Standing outside the Arts and Humanities building, Astrid pulled out her phone and took a seat on the low wall near the building. Berk may be brutally cold in December, but it was still too early for heavy snow to cover the low wall and it did make a perfect seat (as Astrid and several other Berk University students currently knew).

The phone continued to ring as Astrid stared down at the phone number displayed on her iPhone screen. It was one she knew all too well_**. Oh manâ€¦do I have to answer this?**_ Her finger hovered over the lower part of the screen which flashed the words "Slide to Unlock_**"**_. _**Should I take this call? What is it going to be about this time? **_Hesitantly, Astrid swiped her finger across the "Slide to Unlock" bar and answered the call.

* * *

><p>Cliffhanger! Soâ€¦who do you think is on the other end of the line?

Anyway, I promise that this fall semester is almost over. I meanâ€¦it's finals week, so you can probably tell how close thatâ€¦arc, for lack of better word, is to its end. This fall semester arc was more about introductions and details. The spring semester will be more about action. All introductions and details will be set out in writing, so there's nothing stopping the story from taking off at that point.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: July 17, 2015

28. At Least Give It A Try

I won't leave you waiting to see who has called Astrid. Here we go!

Review Replies:

**AnnieRus****: Now that would be quite a twist and not one I think I could pull off, sadly. Haha.**

**MrAndersIversen****: Well, I do try, yeah. This week has been tough and next week is my vacation.**

_**Rogue**__**Deity**__**Master**_**: I guess we haven't seen either of them yet in this story.**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Possible. Hiccup does have her number from the hotline.**

**waveringshadow****: Thanks! Well, we'll find out.**

_**The**__**Viking**__**Stranger**_**: Seems a logical guess. Let's find out.**

**Angryhenry****: Yep.**

**willblossom33****: Thanks! Here's the next chapter.**

**Supergoddad****: I agree. Although, I can see why cliffhangers are hated. I can't tell you how many stories I read that ended chapters on cliffhangers and then the writer discontinued the story. I promise that I will NOT do that. As for school, it's out for the summer, yeah. The answer to that is a little more complicated, but I won't get into that right now.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 28: At Least Give It A Try

The phone continued to ring as Astrid stared down at the phone number

displayed on her iPhone screen. It was one she knew all too well. Oh manâ€¦do I have to answer this? Her finger hovered over the lower part of the screen which flashed the words "Slide to Unlock". Should I take this call? What is it going to be about this time? Hesitantly, Astrid swiped her finger across the "Slide to Unlock" bar and answered the call.

"Astrid, it's good to hear from you. How are your final exams going?"

"I guess they're going as well as I can expect, Dad. I meanâ€¦it's not very easy this time because of everything that has happened." She definitely did not want to go into detail and it wouldn't matter anyway; her father knew what she was talking about.

"Just do your best, okay? That's not why I called, though. I called because I wanted to know about your plans. You're finished with your exams tomorrow, right?"

"Yeah," Astrid answered, "But I'll probably stay here until Friday afternoon or so. The dorms don't close until late afternoon on Friday, so I'll have plenty of time to pack up before I come home." _**Might as well put that torture off for as long as I can!**_

"Okay, we'll plan on that then. One more thing, Astrid. Did you ever look into therapy like Dr. Bay suggested?"

Astrid blinked, taken aback. She'd thought that her parents would shove the therapy suggestion under the rug. Imagine, a Hofferson enrolling in therapy sessions! What a stain to such a high name! "Did Mom ask you to ask me about therapy?" Astrid asked, genuinely interested in the answer.

"Actually, she does not even know that I made this call," her father replied. "She's not too keen on the idea of you enrolling in therapy sessions, but I think Dr. Bay is right. It couldn't hurt to at least try. Astrid, I looked a bit into locations and I found an office here in Raven Pointe that looks to be worth trying."

Astrid listened, but internally she groaned. If she enrolled in therapy in an office in Raven Pointe, she'd be expected to be at home more often. That would render the therapy sessions useless if she would just go home and be expected to deal with her mother's high standards. "I don't knowâ€¦" she started, "it might not even work. It might all just be a waste of time," she continued, attempting to dissuade her father from the idea.

"At least look into it for me, Astrid. I'll give you their phone number. Let me know when you have pen and paper to write it down."

Humoring her father, Astrid pulled out her notebook and a pencil. "Okay, go ahead."

Mr Hofferson recited a local phone number and Astrid wrote it down, flipping her notebook shut and putting it back in her backpack when she finished. "Promise me that you'll at least call and see what they have to offer, okay? I care about you, Astrid, and I really do think a few therapy sessions will help you."

"I have my final exam starting soon, but after that's over, I'll call themâ€¦although, I won't promise anything further."

"Understood. Well, you need to get to that final exam of yours, so I'll let you go. Good luck, Astrid and I'll see you when you get home on Friday."

The call disconnected and Astrid stared at her iPhone for another moment before putting it back into her pocket. _**Dad never seemed to really care about me before. What caused this change? Not that it's a bad thing, it's justâ€¦different.**_

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Astrid kept true to her word. Once she had finished her final exam and walked back to her dorm room, she locked herself in her bedroom and pulled out her notebook, flipping to the page where she had written the phone number for the therapy office. Heather was still out, so Astrid was less hesitant about calling the number.

A receptionist picked up on the second ring and Astrid explained her situation. She also made sure to tell the receptionist that she was a student at Berk University and, although she lived in Raven Pointe, preferred to be home as less as possible.

The receptionist listened intently and asked Astrid if she would, then, prefer a therapy schedule that featured daytime appointments "every two weeks or so". Astrid thought about it and weighed the pros and cons. With such a schedule, she wouldn't even to go home since Berk was only a fifteen minute drive from Raven Pointe. Satisfied, Astrid agreed to the schedule and the receptionist set her up with one of the daytime therapists.

Once Astrid disconnected the call, she sent a text message to her father and relayed the information to him. _**That way he'll know that I kept my promise.**_

Things were finally starting to look up and for once Astrid felt less stressed with no hints of depression. The feeling was so rare that Astrid could not even remember the last time she'd felt so content. If life was always like this, it'd truly be worth living. Astrid knew, though, that she had to embrace it while it lasted because after Friday, she would have a whole month of hell to live through before she'd ever feel this way again.

**I just have to make it through one last final and then I'll have about a day of peace before making the drive back to Raven Pointe, but no reason to think on all that now. Just relax and embrace this peaceful feeling,** she told herself, relaxing and allowing the light carefree feeling to embrace her. All the stresses and responsibilities no longer mattered. Everything was going right in Astrid's life. Everything was falling into place. Her final exams were coming to an end. She wouldn't have to worry about homework or nightly readings for a month. The therapy appointments had been set up to start during the spring semester. Everything was great and Astrid really liked this feeling of contentment.

* * *

><p>It's a bit short, but I'm also a bit distracted. This week is a bit busy and next week is my vacation. Have an interview on Wednesday and then I have to pack everything to leave on Sunday. I'll miss you guys! Until Saturday night, though, I'll still try to update my stories. I'd like to get at least a few more updates posted for my stories.

Thanks for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: July 21, 2015

29. Winter Break

So, I'm back from vacation! Thought I would get one more chapter written before I left, but last minute preparations came up and I had to focus on those. I missed writing, but I probably needed this time away from Fanfiction, gather my thoughts, you know.

Also, I did not realize how close we were to revealing the 300**th**** reviewer, but it happened! Congrats to Supergoddad for posting the 300****th**** review to YOPS!**

Review Replies:

EagleDragon15: I know it is, but it will pick up again within a few chapters.

Rogue Deity Master: It is sooner than you'd think. A few chapters or so.

**_Noctus Fury (anonymous)_: I knowâ€¦it's because I wanted to get as much posted as I could before vacation. **

**_clank2662_: Why, Hiccup? Haha. **

willblossom33: Yeah, I never really know length when I go to post. It was short, but if I'd kept it all as one part, it would've been too long.

HiccupHaddockIII: Yeah, I think we'll see Astrid's dad's role change a bit through the second part of this story.

**_The Viking Stranger_: Well, maybe she'll call again. She might need to once she returns home again. **

Supergoddad: Congrats again on the 300**th**** review! Anywayâ€¦looks like you pick the right stories to read then. I never seem to get that lucky when I read stories on here. Thanks! My vacation was really fun. I had a great time!**

MrAndersIversen: I didn't write anything over vacation, but I'm getting my story updates rolling once again.

**_dreaming-about-dragons_: You weren't the only one surprised that it was Astrid's dad on the other end of the line. As for the other part...we'll see. I have some plans for some pretty interesting upcoming chapters. **

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><p>Chapter 29: Winter Break

Winter break. One of the two worst times of the year for Astrid. The only thing good about winter break was that it was only a month long. Unfortunately, though, she was only granted a week of peace while her university professors finalized their grades. Astrid's mother always seemed to know when grades were posted and made sure to pester Astrid until the girl finally gave in and revealed her not-quite perfect grades. It was the same routine after each and every semester; a routine that made for a very unpleasant and tense Christmas in the Hofferson household.

Astrid lay upon her bed and raised her iPhone above her head to stare upon the screen again for the thousandth time. Opened in one of the Safari tabs on her phone, was Astrid's final grades for the fall semester of her junior year. She had looked over her grades multiple times since they had been posted, but that didn't stop her from continuing to open the tab and stare over the letters and GPA displayed upon the webpage.

**Most parents would be overjoyed that their child could go through all the shit I did and still manage to finish the semester with three A-'s, an A, and a B+. Still, it's not absolution perfection so it's absolute failure!**

Astrid's eyes drifted next to her GPA. This semester's GPA definitely fell under "FAIL" in her mother's scale of perfection. Not only that, but it had really hurt her cumulative GPA too. Once a 3.954, Astrid's cumulative GPA now sat at 3.725._** That's going to be so hard to recover from. I'll need to work extra hard in the spring semester.**_

As hard as Astrid tried to tell herself that it was okay, that she had done fineâ€”all things consideredâ€”she found that it did little to soothe her mind, to ease the thoughts ofâ€¦failure_**. No, I can't afford to feel depressed again. Those therapy sessions don't start until the end of January. That's still three weeks away! The only thing I have until then isâ€¦the Hotline, butâ€¦last time I called, Hiccup was unavailable. Is it even worth trying to call again?**_

Remembering about the filled anti-depressant prescription stowed away in her nightstand, Astrid opted to try that solution first. _**Two pills. It probably won't be enough, but at least I tried.**_ Getting up from her bed, Astrid made her way to the bathroom where she filled a cup with water and easily downed two of the anti-depressant pills.

**It'll take some time for the pills to work,** Astrid knew, _**so I'll just take a nap while waiting.**_ Astrid set her iPhone on the nightstand and pulled the covers up to her chin. Even with all the thoughts running through her mind, Astrid found that sleep came easily and she drifted into the bliss of oblivion.

Astrid awoke again a few hours later. She did not often take naps during the daytime, so it was a slow process to wake up and remember why she had fallen asleep in the first place. Once she remembered,

though, Astrid found that the anti-depressant medication she had taken was barely working. Was it only just starting to work or was it wearing off already? She did not know the answer to that question. All Astrid knew was that she did not feel much better than she had before taking her nap. _**Well, I tried. **_

There was only one other option. After landing in the hospital and being forced into a medically-induced coma, Astrid wanted to avoid the razor option at all costs. _**Surely Hiccup will answer if I call him, right? I meanâ€¦maybe that last time was justâ€¦**_ Astrid finally decided to try. _**If he's unavailable, I can always just hang up. **_

Grabbing her phone from her nightstand and switching off her bedside lamp, Astrid stared at it once again. Unlocking the phone with her passcode, Astrid resisted the urge to again open the Safari app and stare upon her less-than-perfect final grades. No, I don't need to see those grades again._** I needâ€¦I need Hiccup. **_

Opening the phone application, Astrid typed the hotline number in from memory. After two rings, the familiar answering system picked up, directing the caller to the options. Without hesitation, Astrid pressed the number 1 and waited. Unlike last time, the call rang. _**Good! Hiccup is available!**_

Astrid waited as the phone rang. She had never called directly for Hiccup before. How long did it take him to pick up the phone?

Finally, the call was answered. "Heavenly Hopes Hotline. This is Heather."

Immediately, Astrid knew that this Heather was her roommate. Even over the phone, Astrid recognized the tone of her voice. "Heather? I don't understand. I thought I pressed Hiccup's number," Astrid answered. _**Well, Heather's name was listed right before Hiccup's name in the list. Maybe I just pressed the wrong number.**_

"Oh, this is Hiccup's phone. I'm just answering for him while he's away. How can I help you tonight?"

Astrid could not help the envious feeling that crept into her very being. She had not liked the seductive purr Heather's voice had taken when she'd said that she was answering the phone for Hiccup. Was there something between Hiccup and Heather? Astrid's heart dropped inside her chest. Why had she even gotten her hopes up that Hiccup was single? She barely knew him. Heck, she still didn't even know his real name. From what little she knew of Hiccup, though, Astrid had concluded that he was a pretty great guy. He always seemed to know the exact right words to say to make others feel better and talking with him was a guarantee to brighten anyone's day. _**It makes perfect sense that a guy like him would already have a girlfriend,**_ Astrid reasoned. _**I had just hoped it wasn't true. Especially since the girl is Heather, my annoying roommate Heather.**_

"Hello? Are you still there? I really would like to help you, but I need you to tell me how I can," Heather's voice came across the line, reminding Astrid that she had not answered Heather's original question.

"I'm sorry," Astrid finally answered. "You can't help me," she finished, disconnecting the call before Heather could convince her otherwise. When her iPhone had returned to her home screen, Astrid set it down on her nightstand once again.

Astrid felt tears come to her eyes. She never cried, but her emotions were boiling over like a pot of water left too long on a hot stovetop. How was this even possible? She had called the Hotline in an attempt to feel better and she had hung up feeling even worse than ever.

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><p>So, yes, I am back. I am sorry for making everyone wait so long for the chapter, but here it is now. I really wanted to post this in July before I left since it hints at Christmas, butâ€¦timing was not with me. Hope everyone enjoyed anyway! P.S. Some readers wanted an Astrid-Heather confrontation. That's what motivated this turn in the story's plot.

Next chapter will focus on a different character. Need a break from Astrid-focused chapters.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: August 5, 2015

30. Nothing Happened

**I'm sure you all want an explanation about what happened in the last chapter. Well, that's the purpose for this chapter. Also, I think this is the last chapter to take place before spring semester (and all of the action). **

By the way, I think this chapter will follow two characters instead of just oneâ€¦but that's just me saying that before I write it.

Review Replies:

**Hayden-Strife****: Oh, yes, that last chapter has been in the works for a while. More of Heather to come.**

**EagleDragon15****: That's coming. You don't know me too well. I love adding in twists such as this one. Keeps the story interesting, in my opinion.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: It is working toward Hiccstridâ€¦slowly.**

**Rogue Deity Master****: Correct, but it is human nature to assume.**

**supersandman86****: That may happen. Never know. It was a great vacation. Thanks.**

**waveringshadow****: Yeah, me too. Actually, I've been in that position many times. Just when you think you've found the perfect

person, you find out there's no chance for you. I hate that feeling.**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: Well, wait no longer. Here it is!**

**MrAndersIversen****: I guess it would be realistic. I see a lot of my own actions portrayed out in this story sometimes. Here's the next chapter.**

**clank2662****: Yes. Yes it was.**

**century99****: I do like to go against expectations. Thanks!**

**The Viking Stranger****: I suppose we should answer that question. Why did Heather answer Hiccup's phone? Let's find out.**

**Ken106348****: I suppose we could say that.**

**Sonochu****: They will talk again. Also, I should probably update that summary someday. The story has taken a little different turn than when I'd started planning it out. It happens, I guess.**

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><p>Chapter 30: Nothing Happened

It was another slow and boring night at the Hotline call center. Heather used her feet to push off the floor and allow her desk chair to spin in another slow circle, allowing the girl to view a full 360 degree radius around the small cubicle set-up of the room. She didn't particularly like working at the Hotline call center, but it allowed her some extra cash and there were some perks. Casual dress was nice; she could wear anything that she wanted. Heck, some "Angels" wore lounge pants and T-shirts. Who was there to care, really? All their customers were callers and would never see them anyway. Another perk was that Hiccup worked there. Heather had worked for the Hotline almost as long as he had. They had trained together and in that time they had worked there together, Heather had learned a fair amount of information about him. He had graduated from Berk High School and commuted to attend classes in the business college at Berk University. Because of their class schedules at the university, Hiccup and Heather often ended up working many of the same nights.

There were no windows in the cubicle area of the call center and Heather found herself wondering if it was snowing outside. It was about a twenty minute drive from Berk to her hometown Dragon's Edge. She didn't know who named these towns, but Dragon's Edge was home and, therefore, she was fond of it.

Heather knew that she should take some of the calls that appeared on her computer screen, but she was just uninterested. If it wasn't for the various perks, she would've quit long ago; Heather hated giving advice to the needy people that called this stupid Hotline. Still, hearing their problems helped Heather to feel better about her own life. "At least I'm not them", had quickly become her personal motto.

A few cubicles away sat Hiccup. Heather knew that Hiccup enjoyed working for the Hotline and helping out the callers. Heather smiled at just the mere thought of Hiccup. Often, she had tried to flirt with him, but he continued to remain indifferent to her advances. Still, she continued to try because maybe someday Hiccup would change his mindâ€¦and she would be right there waiting for him when he did. In fact, another advance couldn't hurt, right? It'd still be better than answering a call from some whiny depressed person.

Rising from her chair, Heather walked the short distance to Hiccup's cubicle. Luckily, one of the cubicles next to his was empty so she could hang on it and look down upon the seated young man. "Hey, Hiccup," she greeted in her sweetest voice.

Hiccup barely looked up. "Hello, Heather," he replied, never taking his eyes from the computer screen.

Heather scoffed inaudibly at Hiccup's obvious disinterest at talking with her. "Come on. Let's take a break from this place," she continued, speaking still in her sweetest voice. "Let's go take a short walk."

Looking up finally, Hiccup met Heather's eyes and replied, "No, that's okay, but it's too cold. However, a break sounds fine to me. I'm going to the bathroom."

Without waiting for Heather's reply, Hiccup pushed himself up from his chair and walked quickly toward the restrooms. Heather watched him walk away, but she did not bother to follow. Where he was going, she couldn't enter anyway. Instead, Heather pulled herself around the cubicle wall and into Hiccup's personal workspace. In all the time that she had known Hiccup, Heather had never entered his cubicle when he was not there. Taking a seat in Hiccup's chair, Heather's eyes drifted almost immediately to the notepad that sat upon Hiccup's otherwise-clear desk. On the top Post-It, Hiccup had written, in his slightly-messy handwriting, one word and one number. Astrid. Under the name, was scribbled a telephone number.

"Astrid?" Heather muttered, not loud enough to be heard outside the cubicle. Could it beâ€¦It had to be. _**Astrid isn't that common a name. Still, it doesn't make sense. Why would Hiccup have my roommate's phone number? Has she called the Hotline? Is that how Hiccup got this number?**_

Before Heather could search Hiccup's desk for answers to her questions, Hiccup's desk phone rang. Heather knew what that meant; a caller had requested to speak directly with Hiccup. It didn't surprise Heather. She knew that many callers enjoyed speaking with Hiccup. Data collected by Hotline analysts showed that he was easily the most popular Angel currently employed by the Hotline.

**Do I pick it up? Will Hiccup get mad if I do answer it? I could always just pick it up and tell the caller that he'll be right back. Still, if I do that and then hang up, they'll have to call back again to reach Hiccup. Maybe I should pick it up and try to help themâ€¦at least until Hiccup comes back and then I can pass the phone back to him. **

The phone had already rung several times before Heather picked it up.

"Heavenly Hopes Hotline. This is Heather." Instantly, she regretted her words. _**I should've said that this is Hiccup's phone before I said my name!**_

As expected the caller was shocked to hear that it was not Hiccup who had answered the phone. "Heather? I don't understand. I thought I pressed Hiccup's number."

**A girlâ€¦is calling for Hiccup?** Heather knew that many of the female callers enjoyed talking with Hiccup. _**This could be fun.**_ She did not regret her former mistake anymore. _**I can use thatâ€¦this call for someâ€¦personal enjoyment, I suppose. **_"Oh, this is Hiccup's phone. I'm just answering for him while he's away. How can I help you tonight?" she replied, her voice growing sugary sweet once again_**. I must sound like Hiccup's sexy receptionist.**_ Heather hoped that she did; that's what she was going for.

The girl on the other end of the line did not answer Heather's questionâ€¦or say anything back. _**Maybe that was taking it just a little far?**_ Heather tried again, her voice becoming serious instead of sexy. "Hello? Are you still there? I really would like to help you, but I need you to tell me how I can."

When the caller answered, Heather heard a flat tone that indicated one thing: her little joke had only made things worse. "I'm sorry. You can't help me." The call ended before Heather could attempt to remedy her mistake. In her ears, the dial tone played back like a death march. Finally, Heather dropped the phone back to rest in its cradle.

Later (to hide her failure), when Hiccup returned to his desk from his extended trip to the bathroom, Heather would inform him that he missed nothing in his time away.

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Hiccup had been having an uneventful night which was slowly becoming normal. His job performance had continued to slip, a fact that he was not proud of at all. Still, he couldn't deny that he waited for one number to show up in the list of calls, a number that he had scribbled down on the nearest Post-It note so that he wouldn't forget it. Night after night, Hiccup waited, but Astrid's number was never among those on the list. Maybe she's not depressed anymore, Hiccup tried to convince himself. It should feel like an accomplishment when someone no longer calls our Hotline, butâ€¦it just doesn't feel that way.

As Hiccup stared intently at the computer screen and hoping to see Astrid's phone number, he heard a noise from the cubicle beside him. Hiccup did not look away from the computer; he already knew that the Angel who normally occupied that cubicle was off tonight.

"Hey, Hiccup," came a voice that Hiccup recognized.

Internally, Hiccup groaned. _**Why is she using that tone again? Hasn't she gotten the message already? I'm not interested.**_ "Hello, Heather," he replied, bored and never taking his eyes from the computer. _**Maybe she needs me to send that message again. Please don't flirt with meâ€¦or try to seduce me.**_

"Come on. Let's take a break from this place," she offered, her voice never losing that sugary-sweet tone that Hiccup really disliked. "Let's go take a short walk."

**She can't be serious! **"No, that's okay, but it's too cold. However, a break sounds fine to me. I'm going to the bathroom." The excuse Hiccup had just made wasn't technically a lie. Hiccup found that he did have to use the bathroom. It was just an added bonus that it would allow him to avoid Heather. Hopefully by the time he was finished, she would have returned to her own little cubicle and would leave him alone. He did not wait for Heather to reply before leaving the cubicle and walking quickly to the bathrooms.

The bathroom was single-stall and Hiccup was grateful that it was open. If Heather saw him waiting outside the door, she might have followed him and continued to try to talk with him. Hiccup took his time, enjoying the solitude. Slowly, he finished his business and washed his hands.

When Hiccup walked back to his desk, he quickly found, to his dismay, that Heather was still there. She had taken a seat in his chair. _**Seriously?**_

Noticing his return, Heather jumped up from the chair so that Hiccup could sit.

"It's been pretty boring since you left. Nothing happened, but I'm sure you already know how slow this night's been going."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow in curiosity. "Uhâ€¦yeahâ€¦" he answered weakly, not sure what to make of Heather's actions.

"Well, I'd better go. My shift's just about over. I'll see you around Hiccup."

Hiccup sat staring as Heather walked away quickly. He knew that he should probably have stopped her and questioned her about her sudden change of behavior, but right now he was too relieved that she had finally left him to his workâ€¦or, more accurately, lack of work.

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><p>This took a bit longer than I expected, butâ€¦it's a double chapter! It's about seven hundred words over what I usually aim for, so there's that, I guess.

Next chapter we FINALLY start Arc 2â€”the spring semester. I can't wait to get to this point because it will be a lot more interestingâ€¦and no more backstory, I promise!

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: August 10, 2015

31. Introduce Yourself

Okayâ€¦spring semester, here we come! Returning back to Astrid's POV. Alright, let's go.

Review Replies:

**Ultimateblack****: I'd like to think that she's just trying too hard to get with Hiccup.**

**Sonochu****: We'll be getting more and more interaction between Hiccup and Astrid in this semester.**

**Hayden-Strife****: Probably not.
Thanks.**

**EagleDragon15****: Yes, she is.**

**Rogue Deity Master****: Yes, he did.**

**clank2662****: Unfortunately, I can't speak for Heather's actions now or in the future. Haha.**

**waveringshadow****: Yeahâ€¦no more setting the stage. Let's get some action.**

**Foxmorgorth****: I don't think there is a log of callers, actually. **

**no name (anonymous)****: Very well.**

**MrAndersIversen****: Nah. Nothing between Hiccup and Heather. I have other stories for that. Haha.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: Now that's a bit harsh. Haha.**

**The Viking Stranger****: Unfortunately, there's not to be any consequences of what happened. No one's really keeping track.**

**dreaming-about-dragons****: Unfortunately, the computer screen only shows those who called and did not request to speak with certain Angels. Those who did request specific Angels have their calls taken on a regular telephone whichâ€¦not the most updated pieces of tech, those are.**

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><p>Chapter 31: Introduce Yourself

The last few weeks of winter break had felt to drag on forever. Astrid had kept a countdown on the calendar in her bedroom back at home, crossing off each day with big red X's. Each big red X had brought her marker closer to the day that was circled multiple times with the same red ink. That bold circle marked the day that she returned to Berk University and left Raven Pointe for another several months.

That day had come and now Astrid was back to the comfort of her second home, Borg Hall. She had gotten a good sleep last night and soon it would be time for her first class of the spring semester. English. Astrid pulled out her printed list of classes to look over it one last time, making sure to memorize the times and rooms for all five of the classes she had chosen for this semester. This English

class was not too far a walk from Borg Hall. Her Science class last semester was a further walk. Of course, it would be much colder now. Winters in Berk were brutal, temperatures dropped well within "frostbite in seconds" ranges. _**In some ways,**_ Astrid reckoned, _**the walk to English class won't feel much shorter than that walk to Science last semester.**_

Astrid pulled on her heavy winter coat, zipped it up, and then topped it off with gloves, a knit hat, and a scarf. When she was all bundled up, Astrid began her walk to the Humanities building where the English, Social Studies, and other similar classes were held.

Outside, a light snow was already falling, the flakes drifting to sit gently upon the several inches already coating the ground. If Astrid had learned anything from her time attending classes at Berk University, it was that classes were never formally canceled because of snow. It made for rough commuting sometimes, but all classes were always held "at the discretion of faculty" which basically meant "classes are still on, but if you don't think it's safe, don't show up and your grade will take a hit for your absence anyway". Astrid couldn't afford that.

The Humanities building was in sight and Astrid let out a sigh of relief. She couldn't wait to walk into the warm building and thaw out before class started. Astrid walked in and let the warmth of the ground floor of the building radiate deep into her very being; she felt better already.

Normally, English classes were all held on the first floor of the building, but, according to her schedule, this particular class was located in a classroom on the ground floor. Classrooms on the ground floor were known for their smaller size. _**There must not be a lot of other students in this class.**_

As always Astrid arrived to class about ten minutes earlier and chose a seat toward the back of the classroom. Taking time to gather everything that she might need for the class, Astrid also discreetly watched those entering the classroom. None of the other students enrolled in the class looked particularly interesting. Most, in fact, just looked like average nerds.

The professor arrived right on time and immediately handed out the class syllabus. She looked like a typical English language professionalâ€¦well, at least as Astrid would picture a college English professor. Straight hair tied back tightly and thin glasses. When all students had a copy of the syllabus, the professor went over only the most important details. "You all made it here to Berk University," she told them in a no-nonsense tone. "I think you all are more than capable of reading over this whole syllabus in your spare time."

Once that was completed, she instructed her students to store the syllabus away in a safe place. Astrid quickly secured her copy of the syllabus in the folder she had designated to be for her English class.

"Since we still have plenty of time left and a rather small class, I want all of you to circle up! Move your desks into a circle and then take a seat," she instructed.

Astrid did not immediately move and she was not the only one. None of the others in the class were especially eager to exert physical movement at this time of the morning.

"Come on! Come on!" The English professor clapped her hands together as if this was the normal reaction she received when asking her students to stand up and move around the classroom. "Desks in a circle. You have one minute!"

Reluctantly, the students all stood up and moved their desks into an amoeba-like shape that could hardly be called a circle. When all students were seated, the professor explained what they would do next.

"Because we have a small class, I want us all to get to know each other. First, you will introduce yourself to the two classmates sitting beside you and then you will introduce yourself aloud so the whole class can start to put names to faces. Okay, two minutes to introduce yourself to the students on either side of you."

Astrid stole a quick glance to those beside her. She really was not interested in getting to know these nerds. However, the professor had asked all students to acquaint themselves with those sitting next to them, so Astrid settled for a wave, a quick handshake, and a forced smile. On Astrid's left, was a fairly-thin boy with shaggy brown hair. He seemed awfully nervousâ€¦or he had ADHD or ADD or something; he had been rather jittery and jumpy ever since the English professor had asked them to introduce themselves to their neighbors. Reluctantly, Astrid settled for a quick handshake and a nod that clearly said "I'm only doing this because I was asked to do it."

The English professor called the students back to attention and the talking faded back to attentive silence. "Okay, next, as I mentioned earlier, everyone will have a chance to introduce themselves to their fellow classmates. How about you say your name, your major, your hometownâ€¦and anything else you think we'd all find interesting. That sounds doable, right?"

She started first, stating her name once again and informing the students about her teaching experience prior to accepting the job among the faculty of Berk University. When she was finished, she pointed to the student sitting on her right and asked the girl to continue the amoeba of introductions. Astrid pretty much zoned out at this point; her turn wouldn't be until close to the end and she really did not care about the names of her classmates and were they came from or what they planned to do with their lives.

It was only when her turn approached that Astrid forced herself to pay attention. When it was time for the scrawny, fidgety boy next to her to speak, something happened. He opened his mouth to speak and he stuttered a bit. Astrid looked over to him and raised an eyebrow in confusion. All eyes were upon him, but he said nothing other than "Uhâ€¦umâ€¦" _**Did he forget his name? Did he realize all of a sudden that he's in the wrong class? Why isn't he speaking?**_

He never gave an introduction. Instead, he stood up so fast that no one had time to react. He grabbed his backpack and raced out the door. Astrid blinked. What had just happened? Surely his introduction couldn't be as bad as Astrid's that was to come. _**No one will

recognize that I was that weird girl who spent several weeks of fall semester in the hospital, right?**_

"Uhâ€¦okay," the English professor tried to contain the whispers that had erupted when the boy had walked out the classroom door. She clearly was not expecting such a reaction either. "Let's continue with the introductions."

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Outside the classroom, a little ways away from the still-open door, Hiccup leaned against the wall_**. I can't believe Astrid is in my class! Why did I just walk right out the door like that? Would she actually have recognized my voice if I'd spoken? Of all the students in our class, how did I get seated next to her in the circle?**_ Thoughts raced through Hiccup's mind as he listened to Astrid's introduction. He heard her state her name and mention that she was from Raven Pointe. _**That's not too far from here, but she lives on campus, right? I would too if I had to deal with everything that she does.**_

Hiccup remained standing outside the door as the remaining students gave their introductions. When the introductions were finished, the professor ended the class, asking the students to replace the desks back into their original rows before leaving. _**That's my cue.**_ Before the other students left the room and noticed him still standing outside the classroom, Hiccup left to go meet up with Fishlegs for lunch. _**I still can't believe I have English class with Astridâ€¦but is that going to be a curse or a blessing?**_

* * *

><p>Believe it or not, I wasn't going to include that little Hiccup snippet at the end, but I did! As I said, we'll get some more action (and Hiccup-Astrid interactions) in this semester. Stick with me. It'll be fun!

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: August 14, 2015

32. I Know You

**I told you that this spring semester would hold a lot more actionâ€¦and we're only just getting started. Well, let's get back into it. **

Review Replies:

**EagleDragon15****: Not for much longer, I promise.**

**Ultimateblack****: Awkward? You don't know the half of what I have planned for this chapter. Haha.**

**Foxmorgorth****: Well, they have technically both met the other nowâ€¦even if they don't know itâ€¦Haha.**

**PuppeteerOllie****: Yes, very close.**

**Supergoddad (anonymous)****: I'm betting that you'd be correct. Let's see.**

**Rogue Deity Master****: Thanks.**

**no name (anonymous)****: You weren't. My current plans had the spring semester starting at this chapter anyway. I have not yet strayed from the plans I've come up with recently.**

**Red-Knight (anonymous)****: Thanks. Tips for writing fanfictionâ€¦hmmâ€¦well, I guess my best tip is to envision the story in your head as you write it and also think about the characters that you are using. In the situation where you have placed them, how would they react? Also, make sure to describe and detail with enough that the reader can also envision the storyâ€¦but not too much detail that the story feels wordy and bogged down. That'll get you started. If you'd like more advice, just ask. I'd love to help!**

**The Viking Stranger****: You give good advice to Hiccup. Haha.**

**waveringshadow****: Yeah, Astrid can be pretty scary.**

**beautiful-dark8****: You're welcome. I'm glad that you enjoy reading my story.**

**dreaming-about-dragons****: Guess we'll just have to wait a little longer for Astrid's reaction.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: Suggestion noted.**

**Sonochu****: Suggestion also noted. **

**xFaerieValkyriex****: Imagine Hiccup walking into that class next time it meets. I don't think I'll devote a chapter to that, but maybe mention it in passing in an upcoming chapter.**

**Nowplayer (anonymous)****: It would be cool to write up a chapter every day, I agree, but my life schedule often hates me. P.S. Your English wasn't bad at all.**

**Joel (anonymous)****: You read all the chapters in one night? That's awesome! I could never read this whole story in one night. As for the description of Hiccup, it was coming from Astrid, so that's how she saw him.**

**MrAndersIversen****: Now that this moment has happenedâ€”they've both technically met the otherâ€”Hiccstrid moments are likely to occur at any point. Here's the next chapter.**

**zzzeus11****: Haha. Is it sad that I did not even realize this story had over 50k words? Here's the next chapter.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 32: I Know You

Overall, Astrid's first day of spring semester classes had gone well. After the English class introductions, she'd had a couple other classes that were rather average. Today, she had two more classes. Her first class was to begin promptly at 8AM and she was not looking forward to waking up so early twice a week for the next several months. However, she needed to take it for her major and the 8AM session was the only one that had not already filled up by the time she was allowed to schedule. _**No one else wants to be in this stupid session either**_, she remembered thinking to herself then. At least, after that class, she didn't have another one until 5PM, so she had a nice long break to relax.

To prepare for her morning class, Astrid had woken to her blaring iPhone alarm just before 7AM. Already, she could tell that she was going to hate this class. It didn't matter what it was, it was too darn early. Sleepily, she pulled on the outfit she'd chosen last night and grabbed her already-packed backpack.

Walking out to leave the dorm, Astrid saw that Heather's door was still closed and Astrid could hear the soft sounds of music from within_**. Lucky. At least she doesn't have to be up this early. **_For a brief moment, Astrid thought about making a ruckus and waking Heather up, but she ultimately decided against it; she was too tired for that.

Astrid had a little extra time this morning, so she took a slight detour to the university's library. The library was situated in the university quad at the center of the small campus. It was named after someone, probably some old university president or some rich person who'd donated a lot of money to the university. Usually, Astrid did not enter the library so early in a semester because she would spend most of her days there at the end of the semester. However, the library's lobby had a full-service Starbucks and right now, she could go for a Frappuccino.

Unfortunately, it seemed that she was not alone. The line for Starbucks was almost out the front door of the lobby and, though she had a little extra time, Astrid was impatient and did not want to even chance being late to her first class of the day. Luckily for her, the campus had just opened a Dunkin Donuts in the student union building. Sure, it wouldn't be a Frappuccino, but at least a Dunkin Donuts coffee would help her to walk up a little more for class.

The student union building was located right next to the library, so it was not much further out of her way to walk the short distance. There were several entrances, but in the interest of the time that was quickly slipping away, Astrid chose the door closest to the Dunkin Donuts on the lowest level of the building. Though it was new, thankfully the line was short.

Astrid ordered a small coffee with extra cream and sugar. Additionally, she added a donut to her order. Professors at the university usually didn't care if their students ate or drank during class. As long as their students were paying attention to their lectures, the professors were (usually) satisfied. Not that Astrid really cared what her professor thought if she sat in the back of the room and ate her donut. If the professor wanted to kick her out of class for that stupid reason, then let it happen.

Astrid glanced down at her watch and saw that she needed to pick up

the pace a little if she wanted to get to class ten minutes early like she usually would. Before she could look back up, she ran into someone. Ready to mumble a quick apology and continue on her way, Astrid started to when she felt hot liquid touch her hand. The impact had caused her coffee to spill. When she looked at the person she had run into, she noticed that he had a small spot of the hot brown liquid on his shirt.

Wincing at her carelessness, Astrid, ready to apologize, looked up into the boy's eyes and instantly recognized him. "Wait a minute. I know you. You're the boy from my English class." _**The one who ran out before introducing himself**_, she added silently.

Just like yesterday, he said nothing, not even an acknowledgement that he'd even heard Astrid's words. Briefly, Astrid found it strange, but she didn't think too long on it. Maybe he was mute. Still, she'd feel bad if she went to class without apologizing for what she had done. "I'm really sorry aboutâ€”" she began, gesturing to the boy's soiled shirt. "Are you okay? Did I hurt you when Iâ€¦when it hit your shirt?"

The boy looked down at his shirt and shrugged. **What does that mean?** Astrid wondered. _**Is he okay? Is that his way of saying that he's fine and not mad about the shirt?**_

He kept his eyes down a little longer and then raised his forest-green to meet her sapphire-blue. Giving her a thumbs-up, he confirmed that he was perfectly fine. "I'mâ€¦fine," he whispered in words so soft that Astrid barely caught them.

Astrid smiled. "Goodâ€¦and I'm really sorry about your shirt. I'll pay attention to where I'm walking next time."_** At least I know now that he's not mute. He can talk, but he doesn't like to talk. Maybe he's just shy?**_

Looking down at her watch, Astrid saw that she was really running late now. She'd have to race and, even then, she'd probably only arrive a few minutes before the start of class. "Well, I have to go. Class starts at 8. I'll be more careful so no one else has to suffer the same thing you did," she laughed. Her comment earned her a soft laugh from the boy and she smiled, knowing that she had managed to make the shy boy laugh.

"I guess I'll see you tomorrow? In English class?" Astrid questioned to close off the mostly one-sided conversation. The words were meant to be a statement, but they ended up coming out more like a question. After what happened yesterday, Astrid wouldn't have been surprised if the boy was to softly say that he had dropped the English class and would just take it with another professor next semester.

The boy said nothing of that sort, though. In fact, he didn't actually say anything at all. He just nodded, confirming that he would still come back to class tomorrow, regardless of what had happened yesterday.

Walking past the boy, Astrid picked up the pace in hopes that she could still make it to class with more than just a few minutes to spare.

Throughout her class, Astrid knew that she should pay attention as

the professor was explaining the assignments, due dates, and other important matters to know to succeed in class this semester. Yet, her thoughts were elsewhere; Astrid found herself continually thinking about the shy boy who now had a noticeable coffee stain on her shirt thanks to her. By the end of class, Astrid knew that she'd really like to know about him. For instance, why exactly did he rush out of class yesterday? It wasn't that hard to introduce yourself in front of a small class. _**What's his story? Why didn't he want us to know his name? What secrets is he hiding behind those shy and nervous mannerisms?**_

* * *

><p>Don't you just hate when you know exactly what you want to say and can't find the words to say it? That literally happened to me and I spent five minutes looking through the thesaurus to find a word that matched the description in my head.

**Well, we know who the boy is and we are starting to learn his backstory. He's starting to open up to Astridâ€¦albeit, softly. P.S. I also do not own Starbucks or Dunkin Donuts. The campus that I'm basing Berk University off of just happens to have them available on-campus for students. **

**Anyway, hope you enjoyed the chapter. Just an early heads-up: I will not be home to update any stories over this weekend. I'm saying this now in case I don't get time to update this story again before then. **

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: August 17, 2015

33. Who's Astrid?

I apologize for the YOPS hiatus, but, you see, it was getting to that point where I was working so hard to post these chapters so quickly. Not just that but I have two jobs and that was taking up all my time. I just needed to take a few steps back for a while. Hopefully, the hiatus will pay off and the chapters will flow better and be, generally, more interesting to read. Hope that no one hates me too much, but I'm going to end this hiatus with a Heather chapter. Trust me, it'll all be worth it.

**P.S. Due to the hiatus and overflow of reviews (thank you!), I will be answering anonymous reviews here in the chapter. Those who did not review anonymously, you should have received your reply from me in your PM inbox before this chapter was posted. **

Review Replies:

Red-Knight (anonymous): Yeah, I could never write on a gaming system either. I've tried writing chapters on my iPhone, but the screen is just way too small.

Guest (anonymous): The waiting has almost paid off! I assure you!

littlelucifer (anonymous): I will try! I like to make my chapters about 1,000 words, but 1,500 is reasonable too, I guess. Haha.

Supergoddad (anonymous): Yepâ€¦but it had to be awkward because it's Hiccup.

Joel (anonymous): Thanks! Yes, I do like to respond to everyone. Although, as I mentioned above, I may soon just reply to anonymous reviews here in the chapters. Still debating the idea.

Noctus Fury (anonymous): Very true. He's just afraid that she will recognize his voice, so he pretends to be mute.

Guest (anonymous): Of course! Here's the next chapter.

* * *

><p>Chapter 33: Who's Astrid?

Heather spun around in her chair again. It was another boring night at the Hotline. Many of the other "Angels" were off tonight. Additionally, the number of callers to the Hotline seemed to be down tonight. Maybe tonight was a night when people were less depressed? Still, Heather had spent the last half hour (or more) spinning her desk chair.

Spinning back to face her desktop computer, Heather's eyes fell upon the pad of Post-It notes she kept atop the desk. Instantly, she was reminded of what she had seen on Hiccup's desk. He had a Post-It note with a circled phone number and a name. Astrid. When Heather had found the Post-It note, she had felt a twinge of jealousy. Now, though, she just felt curious. Did that number belong to her roommate Astrid or some other Astrid? How common was the name Astrid anyway? If Heather knew her roommate's phone number, the mystery would be much quicker to solve. However, Astrid had not been quick to offer her phone number and Heather had never asked.

In a way, it would make sense if the number did belong to her roommate, Astrid Hofferson. Knowing that college could be a stressful time for some, Heather had posted flyers around the Berk University campus advertising the Hotline's number. Astrid was always so solitary, keeping to herself. Maybe she had seen one of the posted flyers and decided to give it a try, to finally talk to someone.

Still, even if that number did belong to Astrid, it didn't answer the questions about why Hiccup had chosen to write it down and then proceed to circle it several times. There was probably only one way to figure out the answersâ€¦and that would be to ask Hiccup directly. Although, he, most likely, would not provide answers to those questions.

Walking over to the empty cubicle beside Hiccup's, Heather leaned on the cubicle wall and quietly stared down at the young man. Again, he seemed to be lost in his own little world, staring blankly at the computer screen in front of him. "Hiccup?" Heather whispered, gently tapping his shoulder. Hiccup, not expecting the physical contact or spoken words, jumped slightly before his eyes came to rest on Heather. He greeted her softly and then returned to staring at the

computer screen.

"I'm sorry. I did not mean to startle you. Slow night, isn't it?" Heather started, making small talk.

"Y-Yeah, I guess," Hiccup stuttered slightly, as if he was not really paying attention to what Heather was saying.

Heather could see already that getting Hiccup to talk was going to be a challenge, but she liked challenges. Still, this wasn't like usual. Hiccup was definitely preoccupied, as if his thoughts were weighed down by somethingâ€¦and Heather could all but it guess that it had to do (at least to some extent) with the very Post-It note of which she had come over to question him.

Pretending to just take notice of Hiccup's Post-It note, Heather asked him, "Who's Astrid?"

"A-Astrid?" Hiccup stuttered and Heather had to remind herself not to giggle at her flustered fellow Angel. "She's no oneâ€¦I mean, she's someone butâ€¦" Heather waited for Hiccup to take a breath, as if to compose himself before trying again. "She's a caller that I have talked with a couple times."

"Why do you have her number written down and circled several times?" Heather asked, hoping that Hiccup was caught off-guard enough to actually answer her question.

"Uhâ€¦becauseâ€¦um, it's kind ofâ€¦" Hiccup started. "She's one of those callers that they talk about in orientation," he continued, "You know, the ones that you really want to be there for. I picked up on several red flags when I talked with her the first time."

Heather remembered that discussion during orientation. How some callers would showcase "red flags" that signified them as candidates more likely to be subject to suicidal attempts and thoughts. It had been a disheartening and overwhelming conversation. It was enough that Heather had debated quitting right there on the spot. However, she'd made it through to find the job was not too bad; most callers did not have more than one red flag and were easy enough to advise. Just in case, though, Heather kept the lamented "red flags" list in one of her top desk drawers.

"That's all that this Astrid is? Just a caller with several red flags?" Heather asked, attempting to pry deeper.

Unfortunately, Hiccup did not take the bait. "What else would she be? You know the guidelines as well as I do. Don't get too close to the callers. Don't give out personal information to the callers. Simply advise them and help them with their situations," Hiccup recited, sounding very much like he was reciting lines from their new hire guidebook.

"Of course I know them. It's justâ€¦nevermind, you're right," Heather started, but decided against arguing. She knew Hiccup. No amount of prying could possibly force him to respond to questions that he did not wish to answer. "I'll let you get back to yourâ€¦work. Have a good rest of the night."

Returning to her desk, Heather quickly, before she could forget the

phone number she had seen, scribbled the numbers down onto the top Post-It note and stashed the stack away in her top desk drawer.

Spinning her chair again, Heather thought over her brief conversation with Hiccup. She did not believe the answer that he had given. If this Astrid was just a caller, why he had been so nervous and hesitant to answer? There was something that Hiccup wasn't saying.

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Hiccup was spaced out again tonight. It was a slow night at the Hotline and (as had become the norm), no calls from Astrid. He really did miss talking with her. Although, now that she was in his English class, maybe it was a good thing not to talk with her on the Hotline. Knowing his luck, this professor would require them to give a presentation or something. Already Hiccup could picture the scenario. Standing in front of the class, stuttering his way through a presentation when he glances over at Astrid and, there upon her face, the look of recognition slowly becoming more and more visible and then she'd look straight at him andâ€”

"Hiccup?"

The young man jumped slightly at his name and the soft tap on his shoulder. It was Heather. Hiccup greeted her before turning back to the computer screen in front of him.

Heather apologized for startling Hiccup and proceeded to make small talk, commenting about how slow the night had been thus far. Then, out of nowhere, she asked a question that caught Hiccup off guard. "Who's Astrid?"

**How does she know about Astrid?! **"A-Astrid? She's no oneâ€¦I mean, she's someone butâ€¦" Hiccup paused and drew in a breath, hoping it would calm his nervous stutter. "She's a caller that I have talked with a couple times."

Hiccup hoped that this answer satisfied Heather and that she would leave him in peace to return to daydreaming about failed English presentations. Of course, he had no such luck as she asked him about why he'd written down Astrid's phone number and circled it many times. Discreetly, pushing the pad of Post-It notes back behind his computer monitor, Hiccup sprouted an excuse about Astrid displaying several "red flags". While that was not necessarily true, Hiccup had visited her in the hospital after her failed suicide attempt, so it wasn't entirely false either.

For a moment, it seemed that Heather was still skeptical of Hiccup's answer, but she ultimately bought the excuse after Hiccup reminded her of the Company's guidelines. "Don't get too close to the callers. Don't give out personal information to the callers. Simply advise them and help them with their situations."

Heather left and Hiccup breathed a sigh of relief. _**Thank the Gods! I don't know if I could have thought of another excuse to explain why I had written down Astrid's phone number.**_

As Hiccup thought about Astrid, his thoughts rewound back to their

most recent encounter. She had run into him in the student union building, near the campus's new Dunkin' Donuts. Though she had been sympathetic after spilling some of her coffee onto the front of his shirt, Hiccup couldn't help the embarrassment that crept into his mind as he thought of himself, standing there in front of herâ€”new coffee stain donning his clothingâ€”tongue-tied and practically mute. _**Astrid must think I'm such a loser!**_

Still, what could he do? If he spoke, Astrid would surely recognize his voice and he'd have even more explanations to give her. Which was the better alternative in this case, though? Being forced to explain himself to Astrid or appear like some loser mute kid in the hopes that his identity would remain concealed?

* * *

><p>Another one of those endings that I feel could've been executed better. Oh wellâ€¦ I was hopin**g to post more updates over Thanksgiving break, but, of course, my laptop decided to crap out and I only managed to post these because I have an older "back-up" laptop that I can use until I figure out how to go about the issues I'm facing on the newer laptop. I do promise to post lots more updates over Winter Break (between the end of December and beginning of January) and then (possibly) back to more frequent updates again in mid-January.**

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: December 1, 2015

34. Astrid's First Therapy Session

Winter break means updates! So many story updates to bring to you while I have the time! Here's the next chapter of YOPS!

Review Replies:

EagleDragon15: Definitely got some more of those coming up soon.

Supergoddad: I had fun writing Hiccup in that last chapter, honestly. Actually, I felt like I was writing about myself. I get so super nervous like that sometimes. Haha.

Guest (anonymous): Yeah, I hope so too. So much tension right now. Haha.

Foxmorgorth: Yeah, but the question isâ€¦will Hiccup realize that is the better choice? As for what happens now that Heather has the phone number, I can say it will come up againâ€¦but not in this chapter.

Rogue Deity Master: Very true.

Guest (anonymous): I sure hope it will be.

**_Red-Knight (anonymous)_: Good luck with writing. For me, writing tends to come slowly, but then I'll just find inspiration and spend

much time creating my stories from that inspiration. Also, thanks! I actually envision (in my head) all my stories as movies and then I write what I see.**

tjjenkins: More it is, then! Haha.

MrAndersIversen: Yes, it was a long time. Not quite as long this time.

waveringshadow: Well, I won't say too much, but I will say that Heather won't be going away anytime soon. In fact, I think she will be in the next chapter (not this one, though). Yeahâ€¦my other laptop is still broken, but I'm just lucky that my older laptop provides me a suitable back-up to use until I can find the time to get the better/newer laptop fixed.

HiccupHaddockIII: Thanks! A similar cliffhanger (but a little better, in my opinion) coming up in this chapter.

The Viking Stranger: Good predictions. You may see one or more of those surface in upcoming chapters. Also, I do know who Tom and Jerry are. I just never really enjoyed that show at all.

Noctus Fury (anonymous): Yeahâ€¦he kinda does. Maybe we should bring Elsa in to teach Hiccup how to do that. Haha.

**_Joel (anonymous)_: Well, I prefer the term "extended hiatus". Haha. It's been tough to type up updates while I've been working two jobs. Even after this break, I'll have a short two more weeks of extended hiatus, two weeks of another break and then maybe/maybe not another two month extended hiatus. I should know for certain in about two weeks if there will be another extended hiatus. **

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><p>Chapter 34: Astrid's First Therapy Session

**I really don't want to do this. I don't care if everyone thinks this will help me. I still don't want to go to this stupid therapy session. **

As much as Astrid did not want to travel back to Raven Pointe and talk with some stupid therapist for an hour, she was still Astrid Hofferson and she did not turn her back on tough challengesâ€¦even ones that she didn't want to complete in the first place.

Astrid packed only her backpack into her car for the drive back to her hometown. She would not be stopping by her house and she'd only packed her backpack in case she had some downtime to work on some schoolwork. After the disaster that was last semester, Astrid did not want to risk getting behind in her studies. She had just barely managed to keep it together last semesterâ€¦and her grades still had not been high enough to please her mother. Even after everything that had happened, her mother still berated her for not earning straight A's last semester!

Arriving in Raven Pointe and coming to a halt at a red light, Astrid took another look at the address for the therapist's office. Though she had lived in Raven Pointe all her life, Astrid had never driven to this place before. She recognized the street name, though, and

felt that she would be able to find it without a GPS.

Raven Pointe was by no means a large townâ€¦although, it was a bit larger than Berk. It did not take long for Astrid to find the therapist's office. Parking outside the building, Astrid sat in her car for a few moments, telling herself not to turn the car back on and drive back to Berk University. The exterior of the therapist's office did not look intimidating. It was just a simple one-story building that gave off an almost-safe feeling. Stillâ€¦what types of people would she encounter when she walked through those doors? She could just imagine walking through those doors and right into the insane ward in a hospital. The patients here wouldn't beâ€¦crazy, would they? If they were, it would make more sense why her mother had scoffed at the thought of Astrid setting up these therapy sessions.

Sighing, Astrid slowly opened her car door and stepped out into the parking lot. _**This is just one of those consultation type appointments. I don't lose anything by coming here today.**_

Slowly, Astrid entered the front doors and stepped into the lobby. A few people sat in the waiting room. They read magazines or stared at their phones or engaged in some other perfectly normal activity as they waited for their names to be called. In fact, all the people in the office looked normal. Astrid relaxed at that realization.

Walking up to the receptionist's desk, Astrid quietly gave her name for check-in. With a gentle smile, the receptionist handed Astrid a clipboard. "I know that you're only here today for a consultation, but we just ask all new patients to fill out this paperwork. Makes it easier for the second visit."

As much as Astrid hated filling out paperwork, she could tell that there was no way of getting around it this time. Sure she could probably argue with the receptionist about how unnecessary this would be since she wasn't even sure if she'd come back again.

Sitting down, Astrid glanced over the questions on the paper on the clipboard. She hated answering questions about her medical history. _**What a waste of time! Why do they even care about half of this stuff?**_

It took several minutes for Astrid to fill out the paperwork. Demographic information was easy enough. Most of that hadn't changed in years. The "Yes/No" section was tedious. Reading down the list and checking the appropriate box to state whether or not she had the listed conditions. When Astrid finally finished filling out the paperwork, she returned the clipboard to the receptionist who informed her that the therapist would be out shortly to talk with her.

Astrid returned to her seat and discreetly glanced around the waiting room. Not much had changed. A few of the people had left. Even though Astrid could not recall anyone's name being called, it had probably happened; she had been focused on that annoying paperwork. The few people in the room were still engrossed in whatever they were doing to pass time. _**At least no one is judging me.**_ That had been one of Astrid's fears about coming to sessions at a therapist's

officeâ€”that she would be judged for her age or her appearance or something.

**What time is it anyway?** Astrid wondered. She reached into her pocket to pull out her iPhone. Feeling around, Astrid's hands came out empty. Checking her other coat pocket, Astrid was met with the same result. Having no other pockets, Astrid tried to think back to when she'd last had her iPhone. She remembered laying it down on the counter in the kitchen. _**Did I have it after I placed it on the counter? **_Astrid tried to recall but she could not remember ever placing it in her pockets and she definitely had not carried it loose. _**I must've left it back at Berk University. Great. At least it has a passcode so Heather can't go snooping around on it.**_

"Astrid Hofferson."

The sound of her name being called startled Astrid, but helped her to dismiss her thoughts about her forgotten iPhone. She would deal with the cell phone situation later. Surely, it would still be there on the counter when she arrived back to Borg Hall. Standing, Astrid walked over to the woman who had called her name.

"Welcome," the woman greeted. "If you'll just follow me back, I'll lead us to the room and then we'll talk a bit."

The woman was tall and thin with long brown hair that reached down her back. To Astrid, this woman looked familiar, but, for some reason, she could not place where she had seen this woman.

Leading the way, the woman took Astrid to a room and carefully shut the door. The room was designed with brown tones in mind. Tawny brown paint colored the walls. In front of Astrid, a couch (with fabric colored to match the walls) faced a dark mahogany executive desk. Hung upon the walls were various degrees and distinguished honors, many listed as having been to award to Dr. Valka Jorgenson.

The woman led Astrid to the couch and invited her to take a seat. Astrid did sit and noticed immediately that the couch was actually as comfortable as it looked. _**That's a first.**_ Taking a seat next to Astrid, the woman introduced herself with a handshake. "I'm Dr. Valka Haddock."

"Astrid Hofferson," Astrid replied, introducing herself politely (even though she knew that Dr. Haddock already knew her name) and returning the handshake.

Dr. Haddock placed the folders that she had been carrying down nearby on the couch. "Before we begin, I just want to say a few preliminary things. My office (and this entire building, actually) is a judgment-free zone. Like with all those whom I talk with here, I don't want you to fear discussing your personal life with me. I won't think less of you based on anything you share with me. In fact, that leads me to my next preliminary matter. Anything we discuss here will not leave this room. I may write it down," Dr. Haddock explained, gesturing to her folders, "but only so that I can remember our conversation and maybe reference it again in a later discussion."

Astrid listened, gratefully. Dr. Haddock seemed pleasant enough and

Astrid was relieved to know that her confidential information would not be discussed outside of this small office. _**Waitâ€¦Haddockâ€¦I recognize that last name. It's so familiar. Where have I heard that name before?**_ Vowing to figure out why this woman's last name sounded familiar, Astrid nodded along to Dr. Haddock's preliminary messages.

When Dr. Haddock finished, she asked Astrid, "So, are you ready to talk?"

**Not really.** Resisting the urge to shake her head and walk out of the room, Astrid softly replied, "Yeahâ€¦I guess."

Dr. Haddock picked up her folders once again and glanced through some of the paperwork. "Berk County Regional Medical Center forwarded me their paperwork from your stay at their facility."

Upon hearing this, Astrid restrained a groan. _**How much does she already know about me? What was written in that hospital paperwork?**_

Calmly, Dr. Haddock proved that her words about remaining non-judgmental were true as she asked Astrid to explain her thoughts and actions leading up to the hospital visit. She reminded Astrid to be only as detailed as she felt comfortable sharing.

Astrid explained briefly some of her feelings that led her to take the actions she had that night in the bathtub. She did not go into extreme detail about the moment or the time leading up to entering the bathtub, but she noticed that the information she shared seemed to satisfy Dr. Haddock. As Astrid spoke, Dr. Haddock scribbled some notes into her folder. Respectfully, the therapist waited until Astrid had finished before asking questions and when she asked questions about Astrid's story, Dr. Haddock reminded Astrid to only answer the ones that she felt comfortable answering and that less detailed answers were fine if that was what Astrid preferred.

The conversation started out slow with Astrid doing most of the talking and Dr. Haddock asking questions. As the talk grew more comfortable, more conversation sparked with Dr. Haddock not just questioning but sharing thoughts and personal stories that complimented what Astrid was discussing. Before Astrid knew it, the hour appointment was just about over. _**Where did the time go?**_ It had not felt like an hour, but the clock on Dr. Haddock's wall didn't lie.

Dr. Haddock walked with Astrid to the door of her office. "I understand that this was just a consultation appointment, but if you wish to make another appointment, you can talk with our front desk staff on your way out. It was a pleasure to meet you, Astrid."

Astrid turned to walk down the hallway toward the front of the office building. Just before she left the office, Astrid realized how she knew Dr. Haddock's last name. Turning back, Astrid questioned, "Haddock? Likeâ€”"

"Stanton Haddock, one of the most well-known CEO's of the Berk area? Yes, he is my husband."

Astrid nodded and walked toward the building's exit. Approaching the front desk, Astrid knew that she had two options. She could keep walking, exit through those doors and never see this place ever again. Or, she could walk over and speak with the receptionist to set up another appointment. It felt like everyone was staring at her, but Astrid knew that feeling was just in her head; no one was paying attention to the blonde college student who had just entered the waiting room from the hallway of therapist offices.

The double front doors were in Astrid's sight as she walked past the side of the receptionist desk. Now was the time to decide. Should she stop and make another appointment or walk out of this building forever? Earlier, Astrid would have chosen the latter option. She had been so convinced that this would be a one-time thing. Yet, Dr. Haddock was so understanding and Astrid could tell that she truly cared for all those she talked with. Besides, Astrid didn't entirely hate the hour that she'd spent talking with Dr. Haddock; the quick passing of time was evidence of that.

Staring at the door one more time, Astrid made her decision as she stared at the midday brightness outside.

* * *

><p>Who was asking for longer chapters? This one (chapter content only) was almost 2,000 words. That's 1,000 words more than I usually write for my chapters. Anywayâ€¦what option do you think Astrid chose? (I've been leaving off with these kind of cliffhangers in a lot of my HTTYD stories lately). I just love these types of cliffhangers though. It's likeâ€¦it doesn't feel like it should be a cliffhangerâ€¦but it still kinda is.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: December 31, 2015

35. Matchmaker

Can you believe it? Just two reviews away from 400! I have not had any stories reach this milestone yet! I'm so glad that everyone enjoys reading this story, so here's another chapter for you!

Review Replies:

**bloody dragon fang****: Thanks!**

**alejg****: De nada. **

**guest (anonymous)****: There will be some romance shortly. It's progressing toward the romance and that will be, I think, in a couple chapters. (I don't have the timeline in front of me when answering since I have to use my email app instead of my notepad app).
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**Electronic Ink 0****: Yes! So very close! Thanks! Happy New Year to you as well!**

**waveringshadow****: Yeah. Originally, I was not going to give the therapist a name, but then I thought about "what if Astrid decides to continue going to the therapy sessions?" Then, the therapist would be more of major character and it just made sense to place Valka into that role. Nice catch. No mistake here, though. I tend to make Valka and Spitelout to be siblings in my stories. It just feels logical to me since Hiccup and Snotlout have different last names, so I don't think Stoick and Spitelout are brothers. I guess it wasn't too hard. I wrote it in several different sittings. I can barely write 1,000 words at a timeâ€¦but I usually write up multiple chapters (of several different stories) at one time, so I just bounce back and forth between them. Happy New Year! Hopefully, yours is going splendidly so far!**

**Red-Knight (anonymous)****: Yes, she should go again, huh? Well, we might check in again with that storyline again. For now, though, it's back to Heather.**

**MrAndersIversen****: Thanks! Oh yes, I love cliffhangers! Happy New Year to you as well.**

**Pegueng****: I'm hoping the action will pick up soon. I knew last chapter was going to be a slow one, but this one is going to set up for a future event. That was vague, but I don't want to give it away. Happy New Year to you as well!**

**secret love writer****: My goal was actually to have that last chapter out for Christmas, butâ€¦that didn't happen. At least I was able to get it posted before the final moments of 2015 came to their close. Happy New Year to you as well!**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: I hope so too! That would help Astrid out a little, I'm sure. Happy New Years to you as well!**

**tjjenkins****: I'm glad you are enjoying the story. Here's the next chapter!**

Guest (anonymous): Good guess! We'll see the answer again soon. Here's the next chapter.

Sarnakh the Sunderer: Great observation. I agree with what you said. Mrs. Haddock is definitely better at this than Mrs. Hofferson. I'm glad to hear that I accurately portrayed the therapy. I was a little nervous about writing that chapter since I've never actually been to that type of therapy. (If it were physical therapy, then I'd have a little personal experience). Still, I felt that the therapy was a semi-major plot point and needed to be addressed with at least one chapter (maybe more). Thanks for reading!

Noctus Fury (anonymous): I'm glad that you liked the conversation. I wasn't quite sure if it was good enough, but most readers said they enjoyed it, so I guess it was fine.

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><p>Chapter 35: Matchmaker

Heather lay on her bed in her private bedroom of her dorm in Borg Hall. In her hands, Heather had the Post-It note on which she had

copied the phone number of this mysterious caller. Astrid. The one that Hiccup was so nervous to discuss.

As Heather looked over the numbers again, she felt that curiosity peak again. There had to be a way to figure out her roommate Astrid's phone number. It would not be easy, but Heather was determined. Someday. Somehow. She would figure it out.

Having attended her one class of the day earlier that morning, Heather was free for the rest of the afternoon. She had started to work on some of her out-of-class readings, but found she could not concentrate when her eyes had shifted to the Post-It note sitting on the corner of her desk. That is how she had found herself laying on the bed and staring again at the sequence that she was starting to memorize. _**How can I figure out? I could call the number and see if Astrid picks up. Maybe some time when she's out in the kitchen, I could play it off as if I'm sending a text message. If it's casual enough, she would never suspect. At least then I would know if the number belongs to my roommate or not.**_

Heather was patient. She would wait for just the perfect moment. For now, she added the phone number into her contacts lists, titling it simply as "Astrid" just like it had been on Hiccup's Post-It note. Satisfied, Heather ripped up her own Post-It note into many small pieces, unrecognizable, and tossed every scrap into the trashcan beside her desk.

Tucking her phone into one of her jeans' pockets, Heather left her bedroom to go make herself some lunch. Heather was not sure what she wanted to eat this afternoon, so she made her way to her set of cabinets to see what food she had stored. Passing by the counter, something shiny caught Heather's attention. Stepping closer to the counter, Heather found that the shiny object was her roommate's iPhone, glinting in the afternoon sunlight._** It's a trick! Astrid never leaves her iPhone behind when she leaves here. She's onto me! **_

Stepping even closer to the counter, Heather looked down upon the silent iPhone. _**What if it isn't a trick? What if Astrid did actually forget to take her iPhone when she left today?**_ Heather did not know when Astrid would be back, but it would only take a second to make the call and see if the number rang through to this iPhone upon the counter. _**What if Astrid turned off her phone before she'd left?**_ That would complicate things a little, but it would bring Heather closer to learning if this number, the one she'd saved into her contact's list just this morning, was actually her roommate's phone number.

Pulling her phone out of her jeans' pocket, Heather opened her contacts list and scrolled down a few names until she found "Astrid". With her roommate's phone in clear view, Heather tapped once on the "Astrid" contact and waited a few brief seconds for the phone application to open and initiate the call.

The call on Heather's phone began to show a count-up timer of the seconds since the call had connected. A second later, Astrid's iPhone lit up, signaling an incoming call. Looking down upon the screen, Heather noted that the number that appeared on the screen was her own. Ending the call, Heather waited to see the missed call notification appear on Astrid's screen. _**That number! The one

Hiccup had written downâ€¦it does belong to my roommate! Hiccup knows Astrid!**_

Heather pocketed her iPhone and stepped back from the counter just as the door to her dorm unlocked and opened. As Astrid walked into the room, Heather turned back to the cabinet and pulled out a box of pasta. Astrid, like always, was silent as she snatched her iPhone from the countertop and left to shut herself in her bedroom.

Setting a pan of water on the stove to boil, Heather pulled her own phone from her pocket and stared down at it. Now that she knew that Hiccup knew Astrid and vice versa, Heather thought back to the way Hiccup had reacted when she had asked him why he'd circled Astrid's phone number on that Post-It note. Hiccup had acted nervous and shifty. Was it just because Astrid was obviously someone who had called the hotline for advice? One that he seemed to have taken a particular interest in or was there a deeper motivation to his reaction? _**Oh Godsâ€¦does Hiccup likeâ€¦like Astrid? Even though he's never met her? **_

The pot of water was starting to steam but Heather ignored it. It wasn't quite boiling yet. Instead, Heather thought back to her nerdy co-Angel. Heather could not deny that she felt some attraction to Hiccup. She'd felt it as far back as when they'd attended orientation together. At the time, Heather was sure Hiccup had felt it too. That was before Astrid, though. At the time, Astrid had not been Heather's roommate and Heather was certain that Hiccup had not known Astrid then either.

It hurt Heather a bit to know that Hiccup no longer felt that little spark of attraction that he once had, back then. Still, Heather wanted Hiccup to be happy and if that was with Astrid, then Heather wouldn't stand in the way. As the water began to boil, Heather added some pasta and an idea began to form in her mind.

**Valentine's Day is coming up quickly and, knowing Hiccup, even if he does like Astrid that way, he'd never initiate anything.**
Pulling her phone back out of her pocket, Heather looked down at the blank screen. A plan started to work itself into Heather's mind. Could it possibly work? Opening her text messaging app, Heather added "Astrid" to the contacts line. As she waited for the pasta to boil, Heather typed out a text message to her roommate.

Hello! I'm an Angel with the Heavenly Hopes Hotline. Recently, I heard that you have gotten to know my co-Angel Hiccup. Hiccup wanted to invite you to a dinner, but he hasn't talked to you recently to ask you. He asked me to try getting in touch with you. Will you do Hiccup the honor of meeting him for dinner?

Sending the text message, Heather pocketed her phone and strained the pasta. Returning the strained pasta to the pan on the stove, Heather added Alfredo sauce and seasonings before dumping a spoonful onto one of her clean plates.

As Heather ate the Alfredo pasta, she pulled her phone back out to check if there was a response from her roommate. There was a reply, sent only a few minutes before Heather checked.

Hiccup clearly knows my number. Why wouldn't he just ask me himself?

Heather frowned. A _**typical response. Astrid. Always overcritical and analyzing everything.**_ In the reply box, Heather quickly typed another reply.

Okay, you got me. Hiccup didn't ask me to mention this to you. You see, he can become quite nervous when talking to girls that he likes. However, I know he's been planning this outing. He even has a restaurant and a day picked out. You wouldn't want to disappoint him, would you?

Heather sent the text message and placed her phone, face up, on the table beside her. Sure that text had been a bit of a stretch, but if Astrid agreed, Heather could easily determine a location and place. Hiccup wouldn't be picky. The phone lit up, announcing a new text message. As expected, it was again from Astrid.

Fineâ€¦ This better not be a trick or sick joke. Where and when does he have all this planned?

Opening the text message, Heather looked down at the blinking vertical line in the reply box. Okay, time to think like Hiccup. _**If I was Hiccup and was going to take a girl out on a date, what type of restaurant would I choose? Would I start off fancy on a first date? **_After just another moment's thought, Heather knew just the place.

_Hiccup has a table for two reserved for next Thursday at the Viking Crown. 6PM. Make sure to arrive at least 5 minutes early. Hiccup gets pretty nervous about being stood up. _

Another exaggeration, but Heather was certain that Hiccup would thank her later for this setup. The Viking Crown was a popular lounge-style restaurant in Berk, a popular hangout for some of the university students. Now, Heather just needed to talk with Hiccupâ€¦and reserve that table at Viking Crown.

Normally, Heather would call for the reservation, but she did not want to chance having Astrid hearing her making the exact reservation from the text message. Finishing her lunch, Heather quickly washed her plate and set it back amongst her other dishes in the cabinet. She had about an hour until she had to be at the Hotline Headquarters. Plenty of time to drive down to Viking Crown and make the reservation and then she would arrive early and talk with Hiccup. There was no way this plan could fail!

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"No."

The answer was short and firm, uncharacteristic of the nerdy Angel that Heather had gotten to know.

"No?" Heather was dumbfounded. After she had gotten Astrid to agree and then Heather had successfully made the reservation for Viking Crown. It made no sense. All she had done was suggest to Hiccup that he eat dinner at the Viking Crown next Thursday at 6PM.

Hiccup did not look up. He had not looked up from his computer since Heather had walked over to his little section of the hotline

headquarters. "I don't want to sound mean or anything, but I don't want to eat dinner with you, Heather. I would rather work here and help callers find peace."

**Is that why? He thinks that the dinner will be just me and him?** Now that made a little more sense. Sure, Heather would like that, but she already knew that Hiccup would've rejected such an idea. "Oh, no, it's not me who'd be eating dinner with you, Hiccup," Heather laughed a little, taking in Hiccup's confused face.

"Well, a blind date set up by you doesn't sound much more appealing," Hiccup mumbled, his eyes still fixed upon the phone numbers on his computer screen.

"Won't you just give it a chance? I can assure you that you will like this one. She's just your type!" Heather knew that she was just throwing out excuses, but what more could she do to convince Hiccup?

Hiccup finally broke eye contact with his computer and turned to look at Heather. An eyebrow raised in confusion, he asked her, "And how exactly do you know what 'my type' is?"

Heather shrugged. "Lucky guess? How about thisâ€¦if you go on this 'blind date', as you call it, I won't bother you again? Simple enough, right? Just do this one little thing and then I'll stay over there at my station and I won't talk to you again while you're working. Deal?" Knowing that Hiccup tended to feel bothered by her presence, Heather hoped this promise was strong enough to convince Hiccup.

Sighing, Hiccup finally consented. "Fine."

"Great!" Heather replied, pleased that Hiccup actually agreed. "You'll meet her at Viking Crown. 6PM. There is a reserved table with your nameâ€¦well, nickname. All expenses are paid in advance so you can both just enjoy yourselves."

"Wait," Hiccup spoke up, suddenly. "The Viking Crown let you make a reservation under the name 'Hiccup'?"

"Yeah," Heather answered. "They did look at me a little funny, though."

"Why did you use my nickname? Why didn't you just make the reservation in your name?"

"This isn't my dinner," Heather reply, in a tone that implied that the answer was all too obvious. "And I don't remember your real name. It's been awhile since you've used it here. Did you ever go by anything other than 'Hiccup'?"

Ignoring Heather's question, Hiccup turned back to his computer screen. "I'm actually going to do some work now. You knowâ€¦since I'm getting paid to help people and all."

Rolling her eyes at Hiccup's bluntness, Heather walked slowly back to her desk. _**That worked out better than I'd expected. Well, if this whole political science major doesn't work out, I may have a promising career as a matchmaker.**_

* * *

><p>Another 2,000 word chapter for your enjoyment! Those who were asking for long chapters, I heard you loud and clear. Hope these chapters have been to your liking.

**Soâ€¦the restaurant name was actually taken from a lounge aboard a cruise ship that I vacationed on about three years ago. It was actually the premiere lounge on the ship, so imagine how amazing this restaurant must be! (Disclaimer: I take no credit for the Viking Crown Lounge. That name is trademarked to the Royal Caribbean cruise line.) **

Finally, I had not previously thought about what Heather's major would be, but I figured she'd make a good politician. She's very strategic and cunning. What do you guys think?

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: January 17, 2016

36. Blind Date

**I saw all your reviews and many were so excited to read this blind date chapter! Honestly, I'm kinda excited to write it and get it posted for all of you. Well, I won't take up all your time with this opening AN. **

Congratulations to YOPS's 400**th**** reviewer: **_**EagleDragon15**_**! I will add your username to the list on my profileâ€¦when I get around to updating itâ€¦but it will be soon, I promise!**

Review Replies:

**warorpeace****: Heather is indeed playing matchmaker! This chapter is a "Hiccup chapter" so we'll see how that blind date turns out.**

**EagleDragon15****: Congrats again posting the 400****th**** review for this story! I hope this chapter/plot point does prove to be interestingâ€¦because everyone sounds really excited to read about it. Haha.**

**Supergoddad****: Thanks! I actually kinda like how the last chapter turned out (and I'm a super harsh critic of my own work). Hiccup was thinking that Heather was asking him to join her for dinner. Weird, huh? Haha. The tag (Astrid, Hiccup, Heather) already has kinda happened. Astrid "likes" Hiccup and Heather "likes" Hiccup and the poor lad is caught in the center. I don't really envision Hiccup gaining any feelings for Heather, but he definitely has feelings for Astrid. Hopefully I explained that well enough. **

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: I guess compared to some authors my chapters could definitely be considered short. My goal for each chapter is 1,000 words, but lately I've been writing chapters that

are (content only) 2,000 words. Guess it's better than putting out chapters that constantly fall short of my 1,000 word goal.**

**DeathCrawler****: Hopefully, the story does start to pick up now. It was definitely growing a little show there for awhile.**

**Rogue Deity Master****: Well, that is definitely the idea. I'm glad to hear that it's working. Haha.**

**HiccupHaddockIII****: I'm glad that someone else understands my reasoning for Heather's major. I'm so bad with choosing majors for my characters. I have one for Hiccup, but I always struggle with Astrid. I feel like she would be an English major, but I could see her going into the Science field as well. **

**Rayfe (anonymous)****: Wait no longer! The chapter is here! Haha. **

**MrAndersIversen****: Oh, you think you've got it figured out, huh? You'll have to let me know if you guessed correctly.**

**Ultimateblack****: Hiccup's real name was mentioned briefly back in his introduction chapter, but it's used so infrequently that it's definitely reasonable to forget what it is. I actually had not thought about incorporating the new details about Heather from RTTE. (When I started planning the story, I didn't actually think Heather would turn into a major character). I won't outrule yet, though. It could happen. I still have to watch the new episodesâ€¦but first I have to find a non-Netflix way to do it. **

**danethethereed****: I think the reason it might seem that way is because (at least for awhile) Heather was only portrayed through Hiccup's and Astrid's eyes, so we only got their opinions of her. Hiccup found her annoying, so the audience was led to believe that she was annoying. Astrid hates her, so the audience hates her too. That kind of sympathizing with the main characters was something I learned from my classes as an English majorâ€¦and I think we may have touched on it in Psychology class too. Crazy how the mind works sometimes!**

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><p>Chapter 36: Blind Date

**I can't believe I agreed to this!** Tonight had been Hiccup's one night off this week. No night classes and no work. Normally, Thursdays for Hiccup included some work on assignments for his classes and then an opportunity to do a little gaming before getting to bed early for his Friday morning classes. There would be none of that tonight. When Hiccup had arrived home that afternoon, he'd tried to complete some of his assignments, but found he could not concentrate. All he could think about was tonight's blind date. Heather had said that this girl was "just his type". What was that even supposed to mean? Hiccup did not even know what type of girl he liked! In fact, he'd never taken a girl on a date before. Not even to prom. He'd tried to ask one of the girls at Berk High School and she'd laughed at him before rejecting him quite publically. Word traveled around the school and Hiccup gave up trying to find a

date.

**What if this is like prom all over again? Will this girl see me and laugh at me? Walk out of the Viking Crown and leave me there with everyone staring at me?** Hiccup's breath quickened in his chest. He did not think he could go through that again. One time was enough.

**I look ridiculous!** Hiccup stood in front of the mirror in one of the bathrooms of his house. For tonight's date, he had thrown on a pair of nicer brown slacks and an olive green V-necked sweater. Usually, Hiccup preferred jeans and a T-shirt, but the Viking Crown was a restaurant that merited a slightly dressier look. _**Maybe I can lock myself in this bathroom for the rest of my night. Oh Gods, just imagine the conversation if Mom sees me dressed like this!**_

Hiccup brushed out his normally-messy brown hair, but it did little to improve the tangles. Finally, he gave up. _**Why should I try to make it neat if it's just going to get messed up again anyway?**_ As much as Hiccup wanted to just stay locked in the bathroom, he knew that would do little good for anyone. Locking himself in the bathroom would not benefit him or the girl he was meeting.

Luckily for Hiccup, he lived in a large house. Being the son of a CEO definitely had its benefits sometimes. _**Maybe if I'm careful and stealthy, I can make it out of the house without my mom taking notice of me wearing this ridiculous outfit!**_ Hiccup choked down a laugh at the thought. _**Me? Stealthy? Oh, yeah, that's definitely going to work out well. **_

Quietly, Hiccup pulled open the bathroom door. Not that he had to worry too much. The doors in his house never squeaked or made noise. Still, he could never be too careful. Sneaking back to his room, Hiccup easily found his favorite pair of boots. He reached for them, but then his eyes caught a glimpse at the pants he had chosen to wear tonight. Sighing, Hiccup realized that his favorite pair of boots would not match the pants. Instead, he picked up a pair of brown dress shoes and slipped them on. He'd only worn the pair a few times, but he owned them because his father insisted on having the pair "just in case you have to stop by the Company". Hiccup rolled his eyes. _**Sometimes I think my father loves his company more than he loves me. Actually, I know that he loves his company more.**_

Now that Hiccup was ready to go, he made his way to the foyer to grab a coat to wear. January was one of Berk's coldest months and Hiccup definitely did not want to be caught outside without a warm winter coat. On his way to the foyer, Hiccup's eyes fell upon the face of one of the house's many clocks. 5:50. He was right on schedule. It would not take him ten minutes to drive to the Viking Crown, but that just meant he'd have a little extra time to park and find the reserved table.

"Hanson?"

Crap. Hiccup had hoped to avoid seeing his mother until after he came home. So much for that plan! "Momâ€¦uhâ€¦hi?"

Valka Haddock walked into the foyer behind her son. "You look nice. Where are you heading out to tonight?"

"Uhâ€¦I'mâ€¦getting dinnerâ€¦with some friends," Hiccup lied. He could immediately sense that his mother could see right through the lie.

"You have friends?"

The question was not meant to sound mean. Hiccup so rarely talked about hanging out with others his age becauseâ€¦well, he actually didn't really have any friends.

"Of course I have friends," Hiccup answered with a fake laugh that only made the statement sound even more false. "In fact," he continued, taking a glance back at the clock in the dining room behind his mother. "I was supposed to meet them five minutes ago. Now, I'm late. Uhâ€¦I'll tell you all about it when I get home." Before his mother could reply, Hiccup grabbed his coat, slipped it on, and left the house without zipping up the coat. Hiccup almost regretted that decision when the cold bite of Berk wind cut right through the sweater he was wearing. Quickly, he zipped the coat up, but he still shivered from the cold he'd felt when he'd first stepped out the door.

It was a quick five minute drive to Viking Crown Lounge, not even enough time for Hiccup's car to warm up completely. The Viking Crown Lounge was located right on the main road of Berk, but there was a small parking lot located behind the building. Later on, the parking lot would fill up as students piled into the lounge for "Thirsty Thursday" drink specials, but Hiccup hoped to be long gone before that happened. Having grown up in Berk, Hiccup found that he was not impressed with the selection of bars that the town had to offer.

The walk from the parking lot to the entrance was short, but Hiccup had to be extra careful. Winter was an especially hard time for someone sporting a prosthetic leg. Hiccup couldn't even count how often he'd had to go in for repairs simply because he had slid on a patch of ice and come down the wrong way on the expensive piece of metal that served as his lower left leg.

Even at the dinner hour, the Viking Crown was busy. The lights were dim and the music was loud. Hiccup, naturally quiet, had to raise his voice a little louder to be heard by the host. "Uhâ€¦reservation for Haâ€¦Hiccup." For a moment, Hiccup had forgotten that the reservation was under the name "Hiccup". Most of the time when reservations are made, they're made under his father's name, so Hiccup had just gotten so used to stating "Haddock".

"Ah, right. Private table for two. All expenses paid." The hostess pointed out the table and Hiccup began to make his way toward where he had been directed. As he approached the table, Hiccup could make out a girl about his age, blonde, seated facing toward him. She was looking down toward the floor, most likely at her cell phone. Even without seeing her eyes, Hiccup recognized her instantly. _**Astrid**_. How did Heather know about Astrid? _**Waitâ€¦Heather knows Astrid?! What the-? Oh the Gods really do hate me!**_

Suddenly, Hiccup found that he didn't feel so well. _**I can't go through with this! I meanâ€¦if she learns that Hiccup and Hanson are the same person. If she learns that I'm the awkward kid who rushed

out of English classâ€¦the weird guy that she spilled coffee on the morning after the English class fiasco. Noâ€¦I can't do this.**_

Discreetly, so as not to attract attention, Hiccup turned to walk back out toward the entrance. As he walked past the hostess station, the hostess he'd talked with earlier asked about him, wondering why he was leaving so soon.

"Iâ€¦I'm sorry, but I don't feel well." Reaching into his pockets, Hiccup found a fifty dollar bill and a random envelope. Placing the money into the envelope, Hiccup did not bother to seal it before passing it to the hostess. "Make sure the girl at the reserved table gets this. Tell her that I'm sorry, but something came up and I can't have dinner with her tonight. Tell her that this is a gift for her time tonight."

Hiccup rushed out the door before the hostess could ask him any more questions. If he had taken time to flip the envelope, he would have noticed the Haddock family crest stamped onto the front.

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><p>You didn't actually think I would make it that easy, do you? Come on, you all know me! I do promise, though, that there will be some genuine Hiccup and Astrid coming up inâ€¦well, within the next couple chapters. (I swear it's true this time! I actually have a timeline for this story now!)

I will say, though, for all you Mrs. Hofferson hatersâ€¦she'll be "in" the next chapter. I'll let you fantasize on that while I set to writing it up for you all!

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

**Posted: January 21, 2016
>**Less than a week to my 25****th**** birthday!**

37. No More Calls

Hi, everyone! I'm back with more YOPS. P.S. If you think you hated me after last chapter, just wait until you've read this chapter! P.P.S. I absolutely love all of your hate. Go ahead. Call me sadistic. I love it. Haha.

**If you reviewed and have an account, check your PMs. There was an abundance of reviews for chapter 36 (as is to be expected), so I'm just going to be answering anonymous reviews here. **

Review Replies:

**Ollie (anonymous)****: Yep! Nothing comes easily in my fics. Haha.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: I can assure you that the "cat-and-mouse" game is coming to an end. However, the story will be about at its end by that point because, really, when Astrid and Hiccup finally do meet (for real), there's not much more to cover once that

happens.**

**Rayfe (anonymous)****: Unfortunately, if Hiccup's parents do question him about it, it won't be covered in this story. The story must go on. Haha.**

**zzzeus11 (anonymous)****: I'm not thinking that this chapter will be much better. Can I offer a raincheck? Next chapter will be better, I promise. Haha.**

**Red-Knight (anonymous)****: It will be worth it! Well, I hope so, at least! Also, no, Astrid will not cut herself. That I can say with certainty. She's moved past that thanks to the medically-induced coma that scared her back inâ€¦I don't remember what chapter number that was anymore. Haha.**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: He was nervous. Normally, no, he wouldn't, butâ€¦I can attest to this type of nervousness. It really does make you feel as if you're really sick! Actually, no, that's not going to happen because, recall, Astrid does not know that Heather set this up! Why? Because drama is fun! Well, yes and noâ€¦about Mrs. Hofferson. You'll see what I mean. Ohâ€¦sorry. I'm so used to people complaining about "short chapters" that I was ready with my arsenal of retorts.**

Guest (anonymous): No, Mrs. Hofferson is not going to blame Astrid. Mrs. Hofferson did not know about the blind date. There'sâ€¦a different reason why Mrs. Hofferson is "in" this chapter. Haha.

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><p>Chapter 37: No More Calls

Astrid was having a bad weekend. Maybe that was an understatement. It had begun on Thursday with the failed date and it'd only gone downhill from there. She had arrived plenty early to the Viking Crown on Thursday night and had been shown to a beautiful private table set for two.

Shortly after 6PM, a woman on the wait staff stopped by her table and passed her an envelope. "A young man asked us to pass this along to you 'for your time'." That was all she had said before moving on to check on another table.

When the envelope had been passed to her, the back was showing, open, and Astrid could see a fifty dollar bill placed inside. Had the envelope been from Hiccup? Was he rich? He must have been. Why else would he have so easily given her this much money as a consolation gift?

Now, Astrid turned the envelope over, just as she had done that night. On the front was clearly stamped a familiar family crest: the crest of the Haddock family. Because her father worked for Stanton Haddock, Astrid had seen the crest many times before and easily recognized it. Still, Astrid did not understand why the envelope that she had received from Hiccup would have the Haddock family crest stamped onto it. Was Hiccup associated with the Haddocks? Maybe Stanton Haddock owned the hotline? It sounded absurd, but Stanton Haddock was an excellent businessman, one of the best. He probably owned several companies in addition to the one where Astrid's father

worked. Astrid had tried to puzzle out situations and scenarios, but only managed to leave the restaurant with a severe headache and no answers. It just didn't make any sense.

Laying on her bed on a cold Saturday afternoon, Astrid continued to stare at the white envelope. It was a little crumpled; it had been that way since she had received it on Thursday night. Still, the Haddock crest was as bright and recognizable as ever on the front. The chime of her iPhone startled Astrid and she set the envelope on her nightstand to pick up the phone. The icon on her lock screen showed that she had a new text message.

Dad (1:48 PM): Your mother wants to talk with you. Please call her whenever you can.

Astrid stared at the screen without unlocking her iPhone. Her mother never wanted to talk with her, so why now? Making to slide her finger along the bottom of the screen to unlock her phone, Astrid stopped. She really did not want to talk with her mother either.

Shakily, Astrid set her iPhone back down on her nightstand and gathered some spare clothing. _**I'll call herâ€¦later. First, I need a hot shower to calm my thoughts.**_ Not even bothering to ask Heather if the other girl needed the bathroom, Astrid entered and locked the door. Setting her fresh set of clothing down on the countertop, Astrid started the water and ran it until it reached a perfectly warm temperature.

Astrid lingered in the shower, letting the hot water loosen her stressed muscles and allowing herself to forget about what hadâ€¦or rather, had not occurred on Thursday night. When the water grew cold, Astrid shut off the shower and stepped out, instantly grabbing her towel and wrapping it tightly around herself. She stood there for several minutes, eyes closed, just allowing her mind to go blank. Once she finally felt relaxed and at peace, Astrid finished drying herself off and slipped on her fresh pair of clothes.

Leaving the bathroom, Astrid returned to her room and locked the door. Checking her iPhone, Astrid saw that it was approaching 3:00 and she had not received any more text messages from her parents. Not that she was expecting any. Her father usually would give her space, text once and then wait for an answer. Her mother, Astrid knew, hated texting. The older Hofferson woman believed it to be too informal, not something that sophisticated Hofferson woman should do.

_**Guess I can't put it off anymore, **_Astrid decided as she unlocked her iPhone. Opening her contacts list, Astrid scrolled down to where she had stored "Mother". Her finger hovered over the contact listing before finally tapping it and allowing the iPhone to open the phone application and connect her to her Mother's phone.

Her mother answered after two rings. "Astrid, dear, it's so good to hear from you! How are you?"

"I heard that you wanted to talk with me," Astrid replied without greeting. The quicker she could end this call, the better she would feel.

The false delightfulness dropped from Astrid's mother's voice. "Yes, I did," she replied, taking on the more formal tone with which Astrid

was very familiar. Even the hint of disappointment was there. "I was looking at our recent phone bills."

Astrid could feel her iPhone slipping as her hands began to sweat. She had an idea where this conversation was going.

"There's been anâ€¦increase lately in the amount that we have to pay and I was wondering if you could clear up this situation for me."

"Uhâ€¦yeah? What do you need to know?" Astrid knew that her voice came out quickly and slightly higher-pitched, but she still hoped that her mother hadn't noticed.

"Well, on the phone bill, there are several calls to this strange number. Long calls too and all rather late in the evening. Would you happen to know anything about those, Astrid?"

**The Hotline! I thought it was supposed to be toll-free! Guess notâ€¦oh, Thor, what do I say? What do I tell her?** Knowing that she was a horrible liar, Astrid decided to just tell the truthâ€¦well, mostly. "Yeah, I know about that number. It'sâ€¦uh..." _**Whose number should I say that it is? **_"myâ€¦boyfriend's number. Yeah, I'm sorry about the calls, butâ€¦" Astrid broke off her reply and hoped that her lie was good enough to fool her mother. The last thing Astrid needed was to have her mother ask her why she had been making calls to a depression hotline.

"Boyfriend or not, it's no excuse for this, Astrid. It stops now. I don't want to see any more calls made to that number."

**No more calls to the Hotline? What if I need to talk to Hiccup? Sure, he stood me up on Thursday night, but he's still the only person who has ever helped me overcome my depression. Will I never be able to talk with him ever again?**

* * *

><p>I knowâ€¦it's short. Originally, I was going to have this chapter and the next chapter as one, but this is a good breaking point.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

**Posted: January 27, 2016
>My 25th Birthday!

38. Last Call

**What a turn of events in that last chapter! How will Astrid overcome this one? The answers to that are to be found in this chapter. I know that many have been waiting for this, so we'll get right to it. **

**Just like in the last chapter, only anonymous reviews will be answered here. All other replies will be delivered through this site's review reply system. **

Review Replies:

**zzzeus11 (anonymous)****: Thanks for the birthday wishes! Yes, Astrid's mother really does suck.**

**Ollie (anonymous)****: Surprise! Yep, I've been 25 for just over a week now. Well, let's see now what Astrid does about this.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: Thanks for the birthday wishes! I'm glad you like the story. Let's see what Astrid does now after hearing this news!**

**Tjjenkins (anonymous)****: Thanks for the birthday wishes! I'm glad that you like the story and, yes, Astrid's mother is horrible.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: Something tells me that Mrs. Hofferson will keep trying to (unknowingly) slowly ruin her daughter's life.**

**Red-Knight (anonymous)****: Thanks for the birthday wishes! Yeah, Mrs. Hofferson would definitely not approve of that idea.**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: Thanks for the birthday wishes! Well, I actually write chapters to be about the length that I prefer (which is between 1,000-2,000 words). Haha. Well, it will be fairly soon, yeah, but first Astrid needs to solve this dilemma! Haha.**

**Courtney (anonymous)****: Surprisingly, I was just about finished writing this chapter when you posted your review. I'm glad that you really like the story!**

* * *

><p>Chapter 38: Last Call

**No more calls to the Hotline? What if I need to talk to Hiccup? Sure, he stood me up on Thursday night, but he's still the only person who has ever helped me overcome my depression. Will I never be able to talk with him ever again?**

Though Astrid desperately wanted to argue, state her case and defend her reasons for why she wanted to keep calling the Hotline, she knew that it would only be a lost cause. Her mother would never change her mind about thisâ€¦especially if she knew the truth. Defeated, Astrid bowed her head. "Of course. I'llâ€¦tell him that I can't call him anymore."

Mrs. Hofferson, satisfied with the response, quickly ended the call. Astrid sighed. _**It's really as if she does not want to talk with me. **_Astrid stared at her blank iPhone and thought over the conversation (if you could actually call it that) she'd just had with her mother. Though she had only talked with Hiccup a few times, Astrid felt a safe security every time she heard his voice. He reminded her that she was in control, her depression did not run her life. Would she be okay if she never talked with him ever again? No.

Unlocking her iPhone, Astrid scrolled through her list of recent incoming and outgoing calls. _**One**_ _**more call. Just one last time. **_Just like always, there were two rings before the automated answering system took the call, directing callers as to which numbers to press. Astrid pressed the number 1 and waited. _**Surely Hiccup's taking calls today. He seems just like the sort of person who would be working on a Saturday afternoon. **_

"Heavenly Hopes Hotline. This is Hiccup."

**It's him!** It seemed like forever since Astrid had managed to reach him. "Somehow I knew you'd be working on a Saturday afternoon," Astrid spoke up, wondering briefly if Hiccup would recognize her voice.

"Well, if it isn't the lovely Astrid," Hiccup replied, confirming to Astrid that he did still remember her voice. "Just like every time I've ever spoken with you, you do not sound depressed."

"Uhâ€¦well, I guess I'm notâ€¦" Astrid replied. Sure she was upset by her mother's news, but (strangely enough) it had not pushed her across that line, the imaginary spot where distressed becomes depressed.

"And I'm guessing it's too much to hope that this is a casual 'I just wanted to talk with you, Hiccup' callâ€¦even if you did personally select me from the list of Angels. So, what can I help you with than today, Astrid?"

"Actually, I can't talk for long," Astrid told Hiccup. "Apparently, this Hotline number is not toll-free and my mother does not like the cost." Astrid heard silence on the line but she knew that Hiccup was still listening. "Just making this call is pretty risky. I meanâ€¦you don't know my motherâ€¦and, trust me, you don't want to know her." Hiccup still had yet to respond, so Astrid took a breath and continued. "The worst part of this isn't that I won't be able to get advice about my depression. I meanâ€¦I started attending therapy and I've been using the techniques you already taught me. No, I think the worst part isâ€¦" She paused briefly wondering if she should finish. Astrid Hofferson never admitted to weakness. The idea that this could be the last time that she ever talked with Hiccup, though, was enough to temporarily tear down those walls. "The worst part is that I'll miss talking with you, Hiccup."

There was a brief silence on the other end of the line and it was broken only with a stammered response from the Angel. "Uhâ€¦wellâ€¦" Astrid could just picture him at some desk, startled and drumming his fingers against the wood as he tried to think of a suitable response.

"So I wanted to quickly call you today," Astrid continued, trying to speed up her explanation, "to let you know and to see if maybe there was any other way that we could communicate."

"Wellâ€¦I can'tâ€¦" Hiccup started, but Astrid interrupted.

"Please, I insist. It will help me. Isn't that your job? To help others?"

"Yeah, it is, butâ€¦"

Astrid sighed. Hiccup could be so stubborn sometimes. "No buts, Hiccup. I'm sure you already know my number. It probably shows up somewhere or something. That's my cell phone number. Text me sometimâ€¦Actually, text me right now."

"Astridâ€¦"

Astrid's persistence refused to give up. Not now when she was so close. "Your job is to help people. So help me by texting me. I would text you, but I don't know your number. You know mine, so text me. I have to go now. Already, I'm sure that I'm going to hear it from my mother later for this. Please don't let this be the last time I ever talk with you, Hiccup!" She quickly ended the call before he could say anything else in reply.

The phone application closed and Astrid waited, staring at her iPhone. Would Hiccup text her like she asked him to do? Maybe he was glad that she wouldn't be calling him anymore? Two minutes passed from the time Astrid ended the call to the Hotline. Still no text messages.

Astrid looked back into her recent calls to double check the time since she'd ended the final call to the Hotline. It was now almost five minutes since she'd ended the call. I guess Hiccup really isn't going to text me.

Just when Astrid was about to set her iPhone down on the nightstand beside her bed, she felt it vibrate. Only once which meant that there was a new text message or a new email message. It's probably just another email from Berk University. Gods know I get enough emails daily on that email account!

Lightly pressing the on button, Astrid's iPhone lit up and the screen showed a notification for a new text message. The text message was from a number that was not already listed in Astrid's contacts. From the lock screen, Astrid read the message before her iPhone blinked back to black.

_I'm really going to hear about this later. _

With a smile, Astrid unlocked her iPhone, and opened her text messaging application to reply to Hiccup's message.

No you won't. I already told you. I insisted on this arrangement. So, if anyone gives you trouble about it, just tell them the truth. I asked you to text me because I believe that will help me out better than having me continue to call the Hotline.

As Astrid waited for another reply from Hiccup, she added his number into her contacts list. _**Now, I'll always be able to see when I receive a response from 'Hiccup'. **_Across the top of her iPhone, the notification banner popped up, showing that Hiccup had replied. Without hesitation, Astrid opened the text messaging app again.

Okay. Fine. Hopefully they just don't ask about it.

_I'm sure they won't. Hiccupâ€¦thank you. You don't know how much it

means to me that you are willing to continue our conversations through text messages. My family's plan includes unlimited messaging, so I don't have to worry about my mother getting on my case about this arrangement._

Hiccup's reply was quicker this time, as if he was finally warming up to the idea of holding an ongoing text messaging conversation with Astrid.

No problem, Astrid. Soâ€¦now that we have this conversation goingâ€¦what do you want to talk about?

* * *

><p>Well, you guys were right again! Resourceful Astrid has managed to find a way to "one-up" her mother. So, a look at what's to come. The next chapter I think is going to be pretty funâ€¦especially now that Hiccup and Astrid have this texting thing going on. Then, we'll have some more Hiccup and Astrid face-to-face interaction. Probably not in the next chapter, but DEFINITELY in the following chapter.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

**Posted: February 10, 2016
>**Happy Ash Wednesday!**

39. Don't Get Caught!

I think you all will like this chapter. Of course, as of the time that I'm writing this opening AN, I haven't started writing the chapter yet, but the notes that I have created for this chapter tell me that it's going to be a lot of fun. I hope that you all like it!

Review Replies:

**PuppeteerOllie****: Yes. Yes, they did.**

**Ken106348****: Actually, I am Methodist Christian, but there are some customs that we do that are similar. Like Ash Wednesday and observance of Lent. **

**Red-Knight (anonymous)****: Well, I'm glad that the chapter helped to make your day a little better.**

**Rogue Deity Master****: Is Astrid's mother really THAT evil? Haha.**

**Cloudjumper Kat****: Thanks! I'm glad that you like it. Thanks also for the belated birthday wishes. I think that Astrid is definitely going to use it to her advantage now that she can text Hiccup. **

**Bookfisher****: Yes! Definitely!**

**zzzeus11 (anonymous)****: Well, it's definitely starting, yeah! Thanks. Here's the next chapter.**

**DreamTear****: Thanks! I promise you that I'm almost done with that. I should probably start getting more serious and actually move their "relationship" further. I guess.**

**tjjenkins (anonymous)****: Because it's an awesome story? Haha. I dunno, but I'm glad that you love it!**

**MrAndersIversen****: Well, here's the next chapter and I suppose there will be some conversation between Hiccup and Astrid.**

**Supergoddad****: Oh yes! You can't NOT have awkwardness between these two because that's seriously half of the reason why this couple even works (the other half is that they're just too cute together!). It's been a few weeksâ€¦actually, almost a month since my birthday, but thanks for the birthday wishes! It's fine that it's late. I don't mind! **

**Andy493****: Well, I'm honored for that title. I hope to live up to itâ€¦but maybe not this chapterâ€¦or maybe. Who knows? Haha. **

**httydlunatic (anonymous)****: I'm glad that you love it! Haha.**

**Joan McCreedy****: Wellâ€¦eventually. Probably not this chapter, though. Iâ€¦have something else in store for them in this chapter. Here's the next chapter!**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: Yeah. It was a fun little conversation. I'll have to work on formatting for text messages, though. I have no idea how I want those formatted in my chapters and so it's never consistent. #writerprobs Haha. **

**waveringshadow****: Yep, one step closer. Yeah. They are taking it a bit slow, but it's going to pick up soon. Here's the next chapter.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 39: Don't Get Caught!

Astrid and Hiccup talkedâ€¦well, texted about everything. One topic always seemed to lead to another in an endless conversation that never seemed to exhaust itself of possibilities. For Astrid, the conversation began anew each morning when she awoke and lasted into the night until one of the two finally decided to sleep. Personally, Astrid preferred the nights when she chose to sleep before Hiccup because it always brightened her morning to wake up to a text from him sent after she'd already fallen asleep. Sometimes, Astrid wondered if on those nights when Hiccup decided to sleep first, if he felt the same way in the morning when he woke up and read her text message from the night before.

The days were always better now that she knew she could easily just text Hiccup for advice whenever she started to feel a bit depressed. Mornings always seemed brighter (even on rainy days) because Astrid knew that she could just pick up the phone and write a short message

to Hiccup. Even days like today when she stressed over her classes. Midterms exams were approaching faster than she'd like to admit, but Hiccup (as always) knew exactly what to say to make her feel confident that she could overcome any obstacleâ€¦even reaching the often-unachievable expectations set forth by her mother.

Dressing quickly, Astrid packed her backpack with everything that she would need for her classes and then made to leave. On the way out, Astrid felt her iPhone vibrate in her pocket. She knew what that meant. A new text message from Hiccup. Making sure that she could safely take a look at the message without injuring herself or someone else, Astrid pulled out her iPhone and read Hiccup's latest text message. Hiccup's text brought a smile to Astrid's face (but all of his texts somehow managed to do that). It was just a simple response to continue their conversation from last night, but it was enough to brighten Astrid's morning.

Tapping out a quick reply, Astrid pocketed her phone again and made her way to English class. Surprisingly, she arrived to class early and there were very few students in the classroom. Actually, there was just her and another kid, that enigmatic boy that did not talk very much. The very same boy who had walked out of the room rather than introduce himself. He was seated at his usual place in the back of the room and he was silent (as usual) looking down at his Android phone and tapping out a text message. For a moment, Astrid was surprised that he even had friends to text; he always seemed so reserved and solitary!

Astrid wanted to greet him, ask him how his morning was going, but she decided just to take her seat as she felt her iPhone vibrate once again. Pulling her backpack from her shoulders and setting it down on the floor, Astrid took a seat to read Hiccup's latest text message. As she began to type out a reply, more students began to filter into the classroom and take their seats. _**Maybe I should warn Hiccup that I have class soon. Just in case he wonders why I stop replying so quickly.**_

Astrid (9:53 AM): My class starts soon. I might still try to text though because my professor is so boringâ€¦ Hopefully she doesn't catch me texting, though. I could do without that embarrassmentâ€¦

Leaving her iPhone face-up on the desk, Astrid dug through her backpack to find her notebook and the required book for class. As she pulled her materials from her bag and made to set them atop her desk, she heard her iPhone vibrate loudly against the surface of the desk. Setting down her materials, Astrid unlocked her iPhone and read Hiccup's text.

Hiccup (9:55 AM): That's okay. You don't have to do that. I can wait. Trust me. I definitely understand. Don't get caught.

Astrid smiled and began to type out a reply. As she typed out her message, her professor arrived and prepared her materials so class could begin right on time.

_Astrid (9:58 AM): Oh, I won't. I'm very good at this whole "not getting caught" thing. _

Opting to leave her phone on vibrate, Astrid stuck it back into her

pocket as her professor called the class to attention. She felt her phone vibrate one last time just as her professor was beginning class. Waiting for an opportune moment to read and reply to the text, Astrid pretended to take notes on the lecture but really just took a particular interest in the wall above the front white board.

It was several minutes before Astrid realized that she had been staring at the wall. Blinking, she glanced between her notes and her professor. The woman didn't seem to be looking directly at her. _**Maybe I can chance a quick reply to Hiccup.**_ Carefully, Astrid pulled her iPhone from her pocket and positioned it so the person in the seat in front of her kept her professor from seeing it sitting on Astrid's upper leg.

Hiccup (10:00 AM): Oh, sure, Astrid. I'll believe it when I see it! â€¦which will be never, of course, because I'll never see it because I'm not in your class.

Astrid would've laughed at Hiccup's response if she knew that she could without getting caught. _**He's so awkward sometimes. I meanâ€¦why would he even write something like that?**_ Briefly looking back up, Astrid took some notes before typing out a response.

Astrid (10:17 AM): And it's texts like this that remind me how you are the most socially awkward advice giver with whom I've ever had the pleasure of speaking.

Tapping the send button, Astrid watched the little blue bar at the top of the screen. Maybe it was a coincidence but almost immediately after the bar disappeared on Astrid's screen, a loud "ding" echoed throughout the room. The sound seemed to come from the back of the classroom because all heads turned back to stare at one boy. His face had already turned red as a ripe tomato from embarrassment.

The professor walked back the aisle until she stood above the shy boy's desk. "Hanson, turn off the phone and hand it over or leave this classroom. I will have no more disruptions."

Astrid felt bad as she watched the boy, clearly humiliated, turn off his Android phone and place it in their professor's outstretched hand. _**The text message was probably from his mother too. How awful would that be? **_

"Now, as I was sayingâ€¦" their professor continued, walking back up to the front of the classroom and dropping Hanson's phone onto the table beside her materials. "Mid-terms will be here before you know it. That is why I am introducing you to your final project for this class. No, this project will not be replacing your final exam."

The professor continued on explaining the partner project that they would be completing and presenting during the last week of classes. Astrid glanced around the room and noticed that most of the students had stashed their cell phones away after Hanson's had been confiscated; no one wanted to take a chance of being the next one to suffer embarrassment during English class.

"I will be picking your partners and you will need to research one of the authors or texts that we have read or will be reading in this class," their professor continued to explain as she passed out a

requirements page.

When Astrid was passed her requirements page and rubric, she skimmed over it. _**Soâ€¦we need to use at least ten sources to research a topic of our choice and then give a presentation with a visual aid? This sounds like a high school project. Greatâ€¦ The only individual part of this project is that we have to write a 10-15 page paper. Why couldn't we just write the paper and not give a presentation on the topic? I'd prefer that option. At least that way, it wouldn't feel soâ€¦high school.**_

The professor began to list off the partners that she'd already chosen. Astrid listened for her name, but she was barely paying attention as she reread the requirements page.

"Astrid," the professor spoke up, instantly catching the girls attention, "you are paired withâ€¦Hanson."

The professor continued listing off names but Astrid stopped listening. She looked back to face her partner and, hopefully, make eye contact with him. Her efforts failed, however, as he had placed his head down on to his desk. _**Probably to hide his embarrassment at having his phone confiscated earlier.**_

**Well, this might prove to be interesting**, Astrid decided. _**I've been hoping to learn more about this mysterious Hanson and now that we're paired up for the rest of the semester to work on this projectâ€¦I just might.**_

* * *

><p>Soâ€¦I know that I promised some Hiccup-Astrid face-to-face interaction in the next chapterâ€¦and that might still happen, but I decided to add another Hiccup chapter in there first. (Y'know because I keep putting off the face-to-face interaction anyway.) There will be plenty of face-to-face interaction coming up thoughâ€¦seeing as they're paired for this project and all.

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: February 17, 2016

40. Really Going To Hear About This Later

That last chapterâ€¦as I'm thinking back to itâ€¦was so much fun to write! Gotta love it when the teacher takes away the phone from the disruptive student! Anyway, back to the story.

Congratulations to YOPS's 500**th**** reviewer: mary (anonymous)!**

Anonymous reviews will be answered below. Everyone else, check your PMs!

Review Replies:

**Guest (anonymous)****: I know, right? That chapter was so much

fun!**

**zzzeus11 (anonymous)****: That's me! Haha. I know, right? Starting off slow but at least it's something. I'm glad that you're enjoying the story.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: Thanks!**

**Guest (anonymous)****: Thanks! Here's the next chapter.**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: Yes! There will be Hiccup-Astrid interactions upcoming! Yeah, score a point for Astrid! Her decision to begin a text message conversation is foolproof. Well, this chapter will be that Hiccup chapter for which you await. It would be interesting if he disguised his voice. Haha.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: If she could she would! Haha. Here's the next chapter.**

Me (anonymous): Yeah, I know. It's been a busy month thus far. Most schools are going on spring break now, so I can take a breather and do some writing. Here's the next chapter.

mary (anonymous): Congrats again on the 500th review! (It was the review where you figured out my little allusion to Big Hero 6.) I'm glad that you're enjoying the story!

* * *

><p>Chapter 40: Really Going To Hear About This Later

A Few Days Previous

Hiccup had begun working a little earlier than usual this Saturdayâ€¦and he already wished that he hadn't agreed to it. Though cool outside, it was a nice Saturday afternoon and he was stuck inside, working. That wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't such a slow afternoon for the Hotline. With the weather slowly beginning to warm up, there were often less calls to the Hotline, especially on Saturday afternoons. _**Well, at least I have time to work on my classwork**_, he reasoned as he turned another page of his current English class reading.

He was just attempting to convince himself that the story was growing more interesting when his desk phone rang. Glad for any reason to set aside his English reading, Hiccup set the book down and picked up the phone after three rings. "Heavenly Hopes Hotline. This is Hiccup."

"Somehow I knew you'd be working on a Saturday afternoon," the voice on the other end of the line responded.

Instantly, Hiccup recognized the girl's familiar voice and a smile formed upon his face. "Well, if it isn't the lovely Astrid. Just like every time I've ever spoken with you, you do not sound depressed."

"Uhâ€¦well, I guess I'm notâ€¦" Astrid replied, stuttering slightly

as if testing her words, debating what to say.

"And I'm guessing it's too much to hope that this is a casual 'I just wanted to talk with you, Hiccup' callâ€¦even if you did personally select me from the list of Angels. So, what can I help you with than today, Astrid?"

Hiccup listened as Astrid explained how her mother had forbid her from calling the Hotline. Once she was done explaining the situation and after a brief pause of complete silence across the line, she continued, "The worst part of this isn't that I won't be able to get advice about my depression. I meanâ€¦I started attending therapy and I've been using the techniques you already taught me. No, I think the worst part isâ€¦" Astrid trailed off and paused again. Hiccup waited patiently for Astrid to finish. "The worst part is that I'll miss talking with you, Hiccup."

Astrid's words left Hiccup speechless_**. She'll miss talking with me? Why? I'm no one special. Not that I mindâ€¦I meanâ€¦I'll miss talking with her tooâ€¦more than she'll ever know.**_ "Uhâ€¦wellâ€¦" he responded. _**Totally intelligible, Hiccup. Nice work, **_he sarcastically complimented himself.

While Hiccup continued his almost-hopeless quest to form a complete sentence length reply, Astrid continued her explanation. "So I wanted to quickly call you today to let you know and to see if maybe there was any other way that we could communicate."

**Yes!** That's the answer Hiccup so desperately wanted to give. How he would love to keep in contact with Astrid and come to know her outside of just speaking with her on the Hotline. Still, he knew that he couldn't give her that answer; it would go against every single policy that he'd learned during his training. _**You know the rules, Hiccup. Don't get personal. It's posted on all those signs around the room. **_"Wellâ€¦I can'tâ€¦" he began, trying to explain his situation, but Astrid interrupted him before he could.

"Please, I insist. It will help me. Isn't that your job? To help others?"

**She has a point,** Hiccup told himself, but he still tried to reason with Astrid. "Yeah, it is, butâ€¦"

"No buts, Hiccup. I'm sure you already know my number. It probably shows up somewhere or something. That's my cell phone number. Text me sometimâ€¦Actually, text me right now."

Now Hiccup was convinced that Astrid was way too smart for her own good. _**There is no way I'm going to win this, is there?**_ "Astridâ€¦"

"Your job is to help people. So help me by texting me. I would text you, but I don't know your number. You know mine, so text me. I have to go now. Already, I'm sure that I'm going to hear it from my mother later for this. Please don't let this be the last time I ever talk with you, Hiccup!"

Hiccup drew a breath to reply, but the line was already dead before he could even form the words. For a solid minute, Hiccup listened to the dial tone before he set the phone back down into its cradle.

Pulling out his Android phone, Hiccup unlocked it and opened his text messages. He stared at the blank screen and watched the cursor blink, waiting to produce typed words. _**I'm really going to hear about this later if I actually do text Astridâ€¦but she wants me to text her. What is the right choice here?**_

Slowly, Hiccup typed out a few words, testing the action.

_I'm really going to hear about this later. _

He stared down at the words as he typed in Astrid's phone number into the recipient's line. With a sigh, he finally hit the "Send" button.

Astrid's reply was quick. _**She must've been watching her phone and waiting for me to actually do as she asked.**_

No you won't. I already told you. I insisted on this arrangement. So, if anyone gives you trouble about it, just tell them the truth. I asked you to text me because I believe that will help me out better than having me continue to call the Hotline.

Hiccup sighed. _**What have I done? Hopefully, no one asks me about this.**_

Okay. Fine. Hopefully they just don't ask about it.

Hiccup waited for Astrid's reply and, just like before, it was almost immediate.

I'm sure they won't. Hiccupâ€¦thank you. You don't know how much it means to me that you are willing to continue our conversations through text messages. My family's plan includes unlimited messaging, so I don't have to worry about my mother getting on my case about this arrangement.

Hiccup smiled. _**Sure, this is wrong of me to text Astrid. It goes against every policy that we ever learned in training, butâ€¦I guess it'll be fine.**_ Quicker than before, Hiccup tapped out a reply and sent it.

No problem, Astrid. Soâ€¦now that we have this conversation goingâ€¦what do you want to talk about?

* * *

><p>I really did consider combining both of the most recent chapters into this one, butâ€¦it took me long enough to write this one as it is. Which just means that you all can look forward to the awkwardness of the next chapterâ€¦this time in Hiccup's POV. Then, even more awkwardness as they begin work on their project.

An opportunity for reader input!: Any thoughts about what topic Hiccup and Astrid should choose for their project topic? (I majored in English, so I have no problem coming up with options, but I'm interested to know what you guys think!)

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: March 24, 2016

41. Caught! (The Gods Really Hate Hiccup)

**As promised, the next Hiccup chapter is here! Then, in the next chapter, we'll finally get to the start of the project. (I promise, it will actually happen this time!) The inevitable meeting is finally approaching! **

Review Replies:

**Ctd183****: Thanks! Awesome topic idea! Noted. Haha.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: I knowâ€¦but I promise to stop doing that. Next chapter they will really interact face-to-face with each other! Promise!**

**Rogue Deity Master****: Thanks! Well, that time is approaching. I will say that.**

**zzzeus11 (anonymous)****: Loaded? Maybe I'm not following because it's late at night as I begin writing up this chapter. Haha.**

**Imzy (anonymous)****: Thanks! I'm glad that you like the story.**

**_RiseOfADragon_: Huhâ€¦neat idea. I got so many great suggestions about the project topic! Haha. Hopefully, I'll be able to update faster soon. School's starting to wind down (only a few monthsâ€”one marking period to go!) and then it'll be summer!
**

MrAndersIversen: Glad to hear that you're still liking the story!

**UnbreakableWarrior****: Thanks!**

**waveringshadow****: It's no problem. Trust me, I understand. I can't tell you the last time I read any stories on hereâ€¦even the ones that I've listed on my favorites list (I don't use the follow optionâ€”I get enough emails already as it is). Actually, I'm still decidingâ€¦so I guess it's a good thing that there's this Hiccup chapter here. **

**That guest (anonymous)****: You read 40 chapters in two days? That's impressive. I could never do that. Believe me, I've tried. Haha. The chapters would have to be super short (like 300 words or something) for me to even hope to do that. Haha. **

**Red-Knight (anonymous)****: No, no. It wasn't confusing. Might be an interesting topic to use. I'm still deciding because I got so many great suggestions!**

**weesh****: I hear that a lot actually from readers. That they don't normally read HTTYD AU stories but really enjoy this one. Yeah, I envision Hiccup (in this story, anyway) as someone who'd rather keep his distance. **

**Supergoddad****: Thanks! Oh, the awkwardness is comingâ€¦and it will be awesome! Glad to hear it. It really makes my day to know that my stories are worth reading. Haha. Oh, I could spend hours talking about English literature. What do you want to know? Haha.
**

**warorpeace****: Yeah, that's my day jobâ€¦well, kind of. I'm just a substitute teacher right now, but I'm working my way toward a full-time job as an English teacher someday. Surprise! (Guess that explains now why I never have any time to write. Haha.) I was thinking about potentially using a writer, but I'm trying to decide which one would fit well with the theme of this story. I haven't made a definite decision about the topic yetâ€¦and I feel like the next chapter might end up reflecting thatâ€¦**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)****: Got to be fast. Haha. Everyone wants the prestigious honor of being a milestone reviewer. Haha. These two chapters are the same as the previous chaptersâ€”just from Hiccup's side of the story. I was getting requests to write those scenes with his observations. I know it's kinda boring, but I feel that it adds a little to the story. Next chapter we get back to the action.**

**Rie (anonymous)****: Well, it's only been a couple days since your review, so hopefully that's fast enough. Haha. **

Nightstar Fury: I'm glad you're enjoying the story. Here's the next chapter!

* * *

><p>Chapter 41: Caught! (The Gods Really Hate Hiccup)

Hiccup's nervousness about texting Astrid faded quickly. She was interesting to chat with (although, he did already know this) and even though they spent most days exchanging text messages, they never seemed to run out of topics to discuss. Though he knew that he shouldn't (you know, company policy and all), Hiccup looked forward to receiving text messages from Astrid. She was one of the few people who ever actually took time to text him. Before beginning this text message conversation with Astrid, he would only receive text messages from his parents or Fishlegs. Text messages from Astrid were a pleasant relief from the seriousness of his parents' texts or the nerd overload of the text messages he would receive from Fishlegs.

English class would be starting soon and Hiccup was not looking forward to it. In English class, he was Hanson Haddock, the weird nerdy kid whose name nobody actually knew because he'd walked out before actually introducing himself. Not to mention that, but Astrid was in that class and that heightened the chances of her figuring out his identity. Maybe it would be easier if she would just figure out who her mysterious "Hiccup" actually was; he could drop the act and talk normally with her. Still, if she ever figured out that he, the nerdy Hanson Haddock, was actually her advice angel "Hiccup", who knows what would happen. She'd probably never talk with him ever again.

Hiccup slipped his hand into his pocket as he walked toward the Humanities building on campus which housed classes in the English, Communications and Journalism, and Social Studies majors. Though he would not admit it, he hoped to feel the tell-tale vibration of a new text message. However, his phone remained silent.

Entering the classroom, Hiccup found that he was the first student to arrive. Actually, he was the first person to make it to the classroom. Not even their English professor had arrived yet. Usually Hiccup was the first to arrive, though, which was surprising for a commuter student. However, the earlier he could make it to the classroom, the better his chances were of securing a seat in the back of the classroom which is exactly what he did.

As he waited for class to start, Hiccup placed his Android phone on top of his desk and pulled out the materials that he would need for class. The phone vibrated loudly atop the desk and Hiccup quickly snatched it up to read Astrid's latest message. He was in the middle of typing out a reply when the classroom door opened and another student entered the room. Hiccup did not glance up until he'd sent his reply. When he glanced up and recognized his classmate, he immediately dipped his eyes down to the phone screen again and hoped that she had not made eye contact with him. _**Of course, she'd be the second one to arrive. I'm alone in the classroom with Astrid. It's just meâ€¦and Astridâ€¦alone.**_ Silently, Hiccup said a prayer of relief that his phone was on vibrate.

More students were beginning to filter into the classroom as Hiccup felt his phone vibrate with Astrid's latest text message. Quickly, Hiccup opened the message and read the words that Astrid had just sent to him.

Astrid (9:53 AM): My class starts soon. I might still try to text though because my professor is so boringâ€¦ Hopefully she doesn't catch me texting, though. I could do without that embarrassmentâ€¦

Reading the message, Hiccup softly laughed a little. Not enough to catch Astrid's attention, but enough. _**She's right. Our English professor is pretty boring.**_

Hiccup (9:55 AM): That's okay. You don't have to do that. I can wait. Trust me. I definitely understand. Don't get caught.

Their English professor arrived and began to set her materials up at the front of the class. Hiccup sighed softly. _**Guess it was too much to hope that she would have to cancel class at the last minute. It's going to be a long semester. Well, at leastâ€¦depending on how quickly Astrid can type, I should be able to receive and send one more text before class starts.**_

Hiccup received Astrid's next text message only a couple minutes before class was to begin.

Astrid (9:58 AM): Oh, I won't. I'm very good at this whole "not getting caught" thing.

One more message. Just one more message, Hiccup encouraged himself as he speed-typed out one last text message.

Just as Hiccup finished his text message and hit "send", the English professor began her lecture. In his haste to pocket his phone, Hiccup forgot to lock the screen and did not notice that he accidentally switched the phone from "vibrate" to "ring".

Always the diligent student, Hiccup's undivided attention was focused on the day's lecture. He scribbled notes, but it was quite a task to keep up with his English professor; she spoke so quickly and seemed to zoom right through the lecture as if she didn't expect the class to actually take notes on what she was saying. _**Gods, the class only started ten minutes ago and I already have a cramp in my wrist and a headache from trying to process all this information at the speed she is saying it!**_

Several minutes later, a loud "ding" resonated through the classroom and startled Hiccup from his note-taking. _**Oh boy, someone's going to hear it nowâ€¦oh, waitâ€¦**_ Everyone in the class had turned to look at him and Hiccup could feel his face growing red from the surge of attention directed to him. _**Waitâ€¦that wasâ€¦my phone?**_

The professor walked back the aisle toward him. Slowly. _**Well, she sure knows how to intimidate her students, I'll give her that**_, Hiccup joked to himself in an attempt not to think about his impending punishment.

Standing over Hiccup's desk, the professor seemed much taller. She held her hand out to Hiccup and told him, ""Hanson, turn off the phone and hand it over or leave this classroom. I will have no more disruptions."

Carefully, Hiccup pulled his phone out of his pocket, turned off the Android phone, and placed it into his professor's hand.

"Now, as I was sayingâ€¦" their professor continued, walking back up to the front of the classroom. Hiccup watched as the English professor deposited his phone onto the front table near the rest of the materials she had brought in when she'd arrived before class. "Mid-terms will be here before you know it. That is why I am introducing you to your final project for this class. No, this project will not be replacing your final exam."

The professor continued on explaining the partner project that they would be completing and presenting during the last week of classes. Hiccup barely listened. All he could think about was the humiliation he felt. _**I guess it's a good thing this isn't high school. At least this teacher won't call my parents like high school teachers would. **_

"I will be picking your partners and you will need to research one of the authors or texts that we have read or will be reading in this class," their professor continued to explain as she passed out a requirements page.

The student in front of Hiccup passed back the requirements page and Hiccup took it. He barely looked at it even though he knew that he probably should. If college projects were anything like high school projects, he'd end up doing all the work anyway.

As the English professor began to list off the names of the partnerships for the research project, Hiccup glanced around the

classroom. Other than Astrid, Hiccup did not know the others in the class. He'd never taken the time to learn their namesâ€¦especially after the disaster that was the first class introductions. _**Well, that's fantastic. This really will be like high school projects all over againâ€¦**_

"Astrid," the professor spoke up. Hiccup saw the girl look up, waiting. Hiccup waited too so he could hear who Astrid would be paired up with for the project. "You are paired withâ€¦Hanson."

The professor continued to list off the names of the pairs, but Hiccup had stopped listening when he heard the teacher announce his nameâ€¦well, real name. Touching his forehead to the top surface of his desk, Hiccup closed his eyes and sighed quietly. _**Oh the Gods really do hate me today! Out of all the other students in the class I get paired withâ€¦ Not that I don't want to be paired with Astrid or anythingâ€¦I mean, it would be great if she knew that I'm Hiccupâ€¦and accepted that I'm Hiccup, of course. If she learns that I'm Hiccupâ€¦oh, Gods, this is going to be a disaster!**_

* * *

><p>Soâ€¦I thought about continuing on, but realized that I didn't want to introduce new content. Why not? Because originally I wrote this story to follow Astrid, so I want it to be one of her chapters in which I move the story forward. (That probably made no senseâ€¦).

**Recently, I've gotten back into reading manga and I realized that this story is very similar to a manga titled Dengeki Daisy. I'm sure no one's read it, but the story plot has many similarities.
**

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: April 9, 2016

42. Unproductive Project Planning

**As promised, now begins the project. I don't think the reveal of the research topic will be in this chapter but that's just because there's always the "let's exchange phone numbers and decide on meet-up times" first. **

Review Replies:

**Sonochu****: I suppose I could, but I do tend to prefer replying to reviews this way because there are some that pose great questions that would be nice for other readers to see. I guess I just figure that those who aren't interested in reading this section can just click through it. As for the group project angle, I remember from my time in university, we didn't have many group research projects, but we did have a few and that's going to serve as the basis for this project.**

**ScarletFuryn (anonymous)****: I'm glad you're enjoying the story! Haha.**

**Nightstar Fury****: You must develop and type chapters pretty quickly. As you can see, it takes me a while sometimes to update my stories.**

**That guest (anonymous)****: Of course it makes sense! You're definitely not the only one who asked to see Hiccup's POV. Although, there's not going to be any more Hiccup chapters for a while because apparently some readers don't like themâ€¦**

**Deadlypixel****: I'm glad that you're enjoying the story!**

_**secret**__**love**__**writer**_**: You are most welcome! It's a good manga. I'm actually currently finishing up reading volume 6 of the series right now.**

_**Rogue**__**Deity**__**Master**_**: This is Hiccup, though. Those types of scenarios always find him.**

**Guest (anonymous)****: Okay, first, I added the Hiccup POV chapters because some readers asked for them. Secondly, I did not add it all into one chapter because (and I've explained this many times before) I try to keep my chapters at a manageable length of 1,000-2,000 words. It's convenient for the readers and chapters longer than that take me forever to get written and published.
**

**MrAndersIversen****: Well, there will be some Hiccup and Astrid in this chapterâ€¦which I hope didn't take too long to get posted.**

_**Commander**__**Chandell**__**919**_**: I know, right?! It wasn't my intent when I started this story to have such a similar plot, but it seems to have taken that turn lately. Here's the next chapter.**

**FuryNight****: Hopefully, I will. I'll let the readers be the judge of that!**

**warorpeace****: Uhâ€¦yeah, I guess it makes sense. (It's also 12:30AMâ€”on a school nightâ€”here as I write this reply, soâ€¦)**

UnbreakableWarrior: Yeah. I think you're right.

Rogue NightFury Skywalker: Thanks! I'm glad you're enjoying the story.

Noctus Fury (anonymous): Never. That would be way too easy. Haha.

Psp reader (anonymous): I guess you're enjoying the story. Haha.

* * *

><p>Chapter 42: Unproductive Project Planning

The rest of the allotted class time was devoted for students to begin working with their newly assigned partners on planning their topics

and scheduling meet-up times to work on their projects. As students began to move seats to sit near their partners, Astrid took another glance back to Hanson. He hadn't moved._** Okay, I guess I'll move back to sit near him since it doesn't appear that he'll be moving up front. **_Picking up her backpack, Astrid found an empty desk and took a seat, placing her backpack on the floor beside the desk.

It seemed that Hanson had not noticed her approach, so Astrid quietly cleared her throat and softly spoke his name. This effectively caught the boy's attention and he jerked his head up from his desk.

Astrid was nervous about initiating conversation with her partner. From the very brief encounters she'd had with Hanson, Astrid already knew that he was extremely introvertedâ€”even to the point where he preferred silence to speaking. _**Oh greatâ€¦I'll probably be the one doing all the work and presentation on this project,**_ she silently moaned, not looking forward to that prospect at all. "Okayâ€¦well, I guessâ€¦we should exchange phone numbers and discuss possible meet-up times to work on the dumb project," Astrid initiated, her voice sounding unsure in its slight stutter.

Pulling out her phone, Astrid clicked the "on" button and her iPhone's wallpaper stared back at her. _**Huhâ€¦no texts from Hiccup? Strange. **_She did not think much on it, though; right now, she needed to focus on the English research project. Later she'd ponder over possible reasons why Hiccup had not texted her back yet. On a half sheet of paper, Astrid wrote her name, phone number, and school email address. Ripping off a section of paper, Astrid passed it to Hanson so he could write his own contact information onto it.

Hanson looked down at the paper for a brief half-second or so before grabbing a pencil and scribbling his contact information onto it and passing it back to Astrid. Astrid scanned over the contact information briefly before replying, "You only wrote down your email addressâ€¦which I can barely even read anyway. What about your phone number? And don't say that you don't have a phone because I just watched it get taken from you."

Hanson merely shrugged and looked back down at his desk, drawing patterns on it with the eraser of his pencil. Astrid sighed, feeling her frustration starting to rise. _**This project can't be over soon enough.**_ "Fine. Fine," she finally concluded, "let's discuss possible meeting times and then we can use the remaining class time to start deciding on some research topics that we might want to study."

Astrid was hoping that it would be easier to debate meet-up times, but she quickly found that was not the case. Any time she even suggested a possibility, the only responses she got from Hanson were nods or shakes of his head; he never offered any suggestions of his own. Finally, out of frustration, Astrid just set a day and time and told Hanson that he'd "better meet me in the library then or else!". She was not usually one to make such borderline-threats, but, by this point, Astrid's patience was quickly fading.

"Okay, now that's decided. Let's discuss possible research topics," Astrid spoke up, taking the lead once again. _**This is going to be such a waste of time,**_ Astrid told herself. _**He's just going to shrug it off and give me no input. Guess I'll have to make this decision too.**_ They pulled their class syllabuses from their

backpacks and scanned over the stories that their professor had assigned for the semester. As she glanced over her syllabus, Astrid wrote notes in the margins. Looking up, Astrid noticed Hanson writing something on his own syllabus as well. _**Maybe he will actually assist in making this decision**_, she hoped.

On her syllabus in an open space, Astrid wrote out a list of topics that she thought could be worth researching. When she was finished, she set her pencil back down and looked up, waiting for Hanson so they could discuss their thoughts.

A minute later, Astrid saw Hanson look up and their eyes met briefly before his gaze dropped back to his desk once again. Knowing that he was not going to look at her as they discussed, Astrid decided to share her thoughts. "Okay, so I looked over the syllabus and came up with some possible topics that I think we could find enough research on to create a fairly interesting presentation." She listed off her suggestions and waited, hoping that Hanson would share his thoughts. He said nothing in reply. "I know you took notes. I saw you. What are your thoughts?" Somehow Astrid's question came out calm, despite her current lack of patience with her partner's silence. "This is a partner project," she reminded him. "That means we both have to work on this. Let's start now. Share your thoughts."

Hanson shrugged and very softly replied, "They're all okay, I guess."

Astrid really could not hear his response, but she knew that he probably would not repeat it even if she asked. _**I guess we're not going to come to a decision during class today,**_ she figured as she touched the home button of her iPhone so she could check the time. _**Still no texts from Hiccup. Weird. He usually responds so quickly.**_

The professor spoke up then, catching the students' attention to tell them that their class time was just about over and that they would have to clear the room so the next scheduled class could begin on time. "I saw a lot of good discussion between partners today," she told them in closing. "I'm looking forward to some great presentations."

Astrid had to really restrain herself so as not to roll her eyes at the comment, spoken with borderline-sarcasm. _**I really hate this class.**_ Once class was dismissed, she packed away her syllabus again and picked up her backpack.

Hanson tried to sneak past Astrid, but before he could leave, she grabbed the straps of his backpack and pulled him closer to whisper to him. "You," she addressed him, "don't even think about forgetting to meet me in the library on the day we agreed upon. We're already behind on this project because you didn't help at all in our discussion of topics today." Astrid could feel Hanson tense up underneath the backpack positioned on his thin back. "I have enough stress to deal with right now and I do not want to have to do this entire project by myself, you understand?"

The boy nodded and Astrid released his backpack strap from her grasp. She watched as he walked quickly to the table at the front of the room where their professor was gathering all her materials to leave. _**Probably to get his phone back.**_ Once Astrid was out of the

classroom, she started to walk down the hall, but stopped and looked back toward the direction of the door. She wondered why her partner was soâ€¦strange. _**Why was he so hesitant to give me his contact informationâ€¦and what is with his demeanor? I haven't been mean to himâ€¦well, before today, but I was so frustrated. He can't be scared of meâ€¦is he?**_

Astrid heard the classroom door open and close as Hanson left the room. He walked away in the opposite direction, but Astrid could see that he was again texting out a message on his recently-reacquired Android phone. _**That didn't take long for him to already be texting again. Whoever he's texting must be someone really importantâ€¦or close to him.**_ Walking away, Astrid found that she felt a strange feeling about seeing Hanson textingâ€¦whoever it was he was texting. At first, Astrid thought it was a feeling of jealousy, watching this boy (who was so hesitant to converse with her about their partner project) so easily pull out his cell phone and hold an ongoing conversationâ€¦even if it was only technically just typing to a screen. _** No way, I'm not jealous of Hanson. He's just someâ€¦nerd that I happen to be stuck with until this project is completed and has been presented to the rest of the class,**_ Astrid decided. Convinced, Astrid decided that it must just be a feeling of anger._** How can he just so nonchalantly continue to text this other person when he couldn't even talk with me today to discuss our stupid project? What aâ€¦.aâ€¦self-centered jerk!**_

Sure it was childish to silently curse her partner, but it helped Astrid to release her tensions that had been building up during the end of English class. So focused on her anger, Astrid did not even feel her phone vibrate and it was several minutes before she found Hiccup's latest text message. _**Finally!**_ As she walked, Astrid opened Hiccup's text message and read it with a smile.

Hiccup (10:53 AM): That is quite the title, Milady. I'll take it. P.S. Sorry for the late reply. I got caught texting while I was supposed to be working. Guess you can tell that it didn't quite go so wellâ€¦but I managed to convince the boss to give me my phone back.

Astrid laughed at the winking emoticon that Hiccup had written at the end of his text. Sure, it was just a semicolon followed by an end parenthesis, but she could just picture him winking to her as she spoke his words. _**What does Hiccup look like?**_ Astrid wondered as she continued her walk back to her dorm. She thought of his voice that she had heard those few times that she'd called the Hotline. _**Would it be too clichÃ© to lead myself to believe that Hiccup is tall, dark, and handsome? **_Astrid wondered. She gave it a moment's thought as she walked and then decided that description was pretty overused.

As Astrid arrived back to Borg Hall, she decided that Hiccup's outward appearance really didn't matter. All that mattered that he was a caring person who truly wanted the best for her. _**So different from that no-good mute partner I was assigned for that stupid project!**_ She would accept Hiccup no matter what he looked likeâ€¦well almost. _**As long as he's nothing like my nerdy project partner, Hanson!**_

* * *

><p>I feel like I've been having such troubles writing chapters lately. It never used to take me weeks to write up chapter updates. Oh well, I hope the chapter was good enough. I kinda liked this one.

By the way, before anyone asks why Astrid reads Hiccup's text message and does not associate it with Hanson. First, as you can see from the end of the chapter, she'd think it absurd if she knew that Hanson and Hiccup are the same person. Second, she doesn't know that Hiccup goes to Berk University. She thinks that he only works at the Hotline. Okay?

Thank you all for reading and supporting Your Own Personal Savior!

Posted: April 21, 2016

End
file.